THE MAN'S MAGAZINE 50 CENTS DECEMBER 1965 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

TRUE

STAR-OF-INDIA THIEVES: Their Own Story of the Robbery

TRAFFIC: How Long Before You Lose Your Right to Drive?

RACE RIOT: A Senseless Act Started the Nation's Worst

HITLER: Secret Documents Show How He Could Have Won

GI CHRISTMAS
IN VIET NAM

1104263 14 60U36 566
HOWARD HAWKAR
HAZEL DELL ILL

© 1968 Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.; Brooklyn, N. Y.; Los Angeles and San Francisco, Cal.; Kansas City, Mo.; Tampa, Fla.

Jim Cramer worked his way up the hard way. He likes a beer that drinks down the easy way.

real gusto

in a great light beer

Schlitz

The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous ...simply because it tastes so good.

Only Ronson gives you a 5-way shave

from face | to collar zone | to mustache | to sideburns | to back of neck

Shaves Closest!

Flexible micro-thin shaving screen allows blades to get to the very base of your whiskers. Gets all the stubble. Leaves you cleaner than any other shaver. Without nicks, cuts or scrapes.

Shaves Fastest!

New-type stainless steel blades—36 of them, work with the most powerful motor to give mile-a-minute shaving action. That's faster than any other shaver. And the motor is lubricated for life.

Trims the Neatest!

Man-sized "Super Trim" clipper does every trimming job, from sideburns to mustache. It's wider, does the job in one clean sweep. Gives you the neatest, trimmest shave of all.

Power Cleans Itself!

Only Ronson Electric Razors have Powerclean. With just a flick of a switch, your Ronson Razor cleans itself instantly automatically.

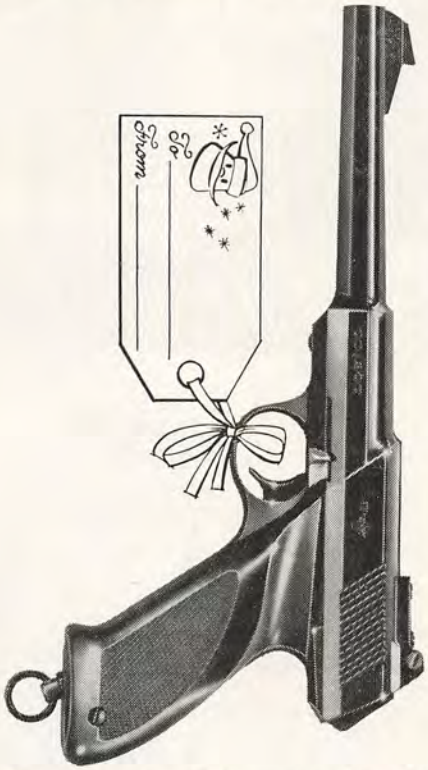
Choose the Ronson "400", or the Ronson "260" with 32 stainless steel blades. Both with unbreakable Lexan bodies and compact travel cases. Both give you a 5-Way Shave.

Remember, RONSON does a lot more than light cigarettes.

automatically better ®

Ronson Corp., Woodbridge, N. J. Also available in Canada.

GIFT GUN



Some stocking stuffer! Say "Merry Christmas" with a Daisy $CO_2$200

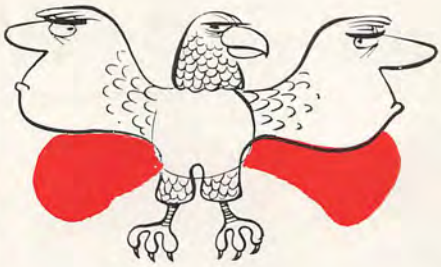
All the heft and feel of a more-powerful handgun . . . yet plinks all day for pennies! Fires inexpensive .177 caliber B•Bs semi-automatically at 400 feet per second. Constant full power from standard or giant Jett® CO_2 cylinders (no "O" ring to leak) . . . more than 150 shots from the large size. Adjustable sights. Ideal for indoor target ranges, camping out, fishing trips. How about it, Santa? About $18.50.

Daisy®
CO_2 GUN DIVISION

For more information, see your local dealer or write DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, CO_2 Division, Box 1265M, Rogers, Ark. 72756.

TRUELY YOURS

tell it to TRUE
67 West 44th Street,
New York 36, N. Y.



No doubt these self-appointed guardians of our liberty will tell us that these volumes had been infiltrated by the communists as early as 1894. It would seem that most of these extremists entered school after 1894, so why didn't they become affected by this "communist propaganda?"

—Interested Reader
New York, N. Y.

TRUE doesn't expect its readers to agree with everything it publishes. Our aim is to publish entertaining and enlightening articles reflecting *all* opinions.

EXTREMIST EXTREMES

After reading TRUE for over 20 years and considering it to be a factual American magazine, I'm surprised you would permit the article (September) *The Extremist Plot To Rewrite Our History,* by Joseph N. Bell to be published.

Some groups may be extreme in their views and influence the PTA or downgrade Thomas Jefferson, but not the John Birch Society. I'm a member of the Birch group and would never think of influencing the almost useless PTA, and I do think Tom Jefferson was one of the greatest men in our country's history. I don't agree with everything Robert Welch says, but then I don't agree with everything my mother says either—or my wife.

I did not think you would print an article about the only effective anticommunistic pro-American organization in the country which has been completely cleared by committees that studied the Birch groups. If we have radicals in our group I hope they quit and join A.D.A. or some other pro-socialist organization. We would like to educate people away from that type of thing.

—D. A. Tykeson
Lompoc, Calif.

Has anyone told the FBI that the Birch Society is the *only* effective anticommunistic group in the country?

In reference to your article by Mr. Bell, I would like to quote the remark by Nathan Hale as it appears in two reference works: "I only regret that I have but one life to *lose* for my country."

The reference works in which this quote was found are The Encyclopedia Britannica, Vol. XI, 1894, and Hill's Practical Reference of General Knowledge, Vol. II, 1906.

SEX ON CAMPUS

I never thought I would live to see the day that men's and women's colleges would allow and even encourage their students to have sex orgies in each other's rooms. Colleges were built and used for cultural and educational purposes, but now some of them have turned into nothing more or less than whore houses.

How ignorant, stupid and immature can these young people be? I wonder if they ever heard of the word discipline? This sex situation in colleges is appalling, frightening and disgusting to say the least, and something should be done by the heads of these colleges to wipe out this degradation.

—W. B. I.
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

I think your article *Desire Under The Campus Elms* in your October issue was slanted just a little bit too much. You make it seem like today all the kids in college have nothing on their minds but sex. Come

[*Continued on page* 4]

TRUE is published monthly by Fawcett Publications, Inc., Fawcett Bldg., Greenwich, Conn.

ADDRESS ALL MAIL: Subscriptions, change of address, Form 3579 to Subscription Dept., Fawcett Bldg., Greenwich, Conn. 06830, and all editorial and advertising to Fawcett Publications, Inc. 67 W. 44th St., New York, N. Y. 10036.

Second-class postage paid at Greenwich, Conn., and at additional mailing offices. This issue published in national and separate editions.

EDITORIAL OFFICES: 67 W. 44th St., New York, N. Y. 10036. ADVERTISING OFFICES: 67 W. 44th St., New York, N. Y. 10036; 612 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611; 1532 Guardian Bldg., Detroit, Mich. 48226; 2978 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 220 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 123 S. Broad St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19109; 1430 West Peachtree St. N.W., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; James B. Boynton, 370 Tequesta Dr., Jupiter, Fla.

Printed in U.S.A. Copyright © 1965 by Fawcett Publications, Inc.

Reprinting in whole or in part forbidden except by permission of the Publisher. Address manuscripts to N. Y. editorial office. Unacceptable contributions will be returned if accompanied by sufficient first class postage. Not responsible for lost manuscripts or photos.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: $5.00 a year in U.S., possessions and Canada. All other countries $7.00 a year. Foreign subscriptions and sales should be remitted by International Money Order in U.S. funds payable at Greenwich, Conn. 06830.

Printed by Fawcett-Haynes Printing Corp., Louisville, Ky.

Member of: Audit Bureau of Circulations ABC Magazine Publishers Association, Inc. MPA

ARTHUR GODFREY SAYS: "I.C.S. MADE THE IMPOSSIBLE–EASY!"

You've probably heard Arthur Godfrey on his coast-to-coast TV and radio programs. But have you ever heard what this famous personality has to say on the subject of International Correspondence Schools?

"I had to quit high school before the end of my second year. Later in life, at the U. S. Naval Materiel School at Bellevue, D. C., I had to master a working knowledge of math, all the way from simple decimals and fractions through trigonometry, in the first six weeks or be dropped from the course. So I took an I.C.S. course and finished at the head of the class! I.C.S. made the impossible – easy!"

As usual, Arthur Godfrey knows what he's talking about. And as an I.C.S. graduate, Mr. Godfrey is in the best of all positions to tell you about the educational system for men and women that's served so long as talent scout for American business and industry.

Read what he has to say carefully. Then mark your interest on the coupon and mail it today for full information on what I.C.S. can do for you!

Clip coupon here—and take your first big step to real success! **I.C.S., Scranton, Penna. 18515**

Accredited Member National Home Study Council

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS ICS 75th YEAR

Dept. 1392, Scranton, Penna. 18515 (In Hawaii: P. O. Box 418, Honolulu. In Canada: I. C. S. Canadian, Ltd.)

Without cost or obligation, rush me FREE Success Kit, with 3 valuable booklets: (1) How to Succeed; (2) opportunity booklet about the field I've checked below; (3) sample I. C. S. lesson.

Write for new W. I. C. S. package for women.

ARCHITECTURE and BUILDING TRADES
- ☐ Air Conditioning
- ☐ Architecture
- ☐ Arch. Drawing
- ☐ Building Contractor
- ☐ Carpentry & Millwork
- ☐ House Planning
- ☐ Painting
- ☐ Plumbing & Heating

ART and DESIGN
- ☐ Commercial Art
- ☐ Interior Decorating
- ☐ Illustrating
- ☐ Show Card & Sign Painting
- ☐ Sketching and Painting

AUTOMOTIVE
- ☐ Auto Electrical Technician
- ☐ Automotive Mechanic
- ☐ Engine (Gas & Diesel)
- ☐ Engine Tune-Up
- ☐ Transmission Specialist

BUSINESS
- ☐ Accounting
- ☐ Cost Accounting
- ☐ Public Accounting
- ☐ Bus. Administration
- ☐ Executive Training
- ☐ Marketing
- ☐ Personnel-Labor Relations
- ☐ Practical Accounting
- ☐ Programming for Digital Computers
- ☐ Purchasing Agent
- ☐ Real Estate
- ☐ Salesmanship
- ☐ Sales Mgmt.
- ☐ Small Business Mgmt.
- ☐ Traffic Mgmt.

CHEMICAL
- ☐ Analytical Chemistry
- ☐ Chem. Engineering
- ☐ General Chemistry
- ☐ Chem. Lab. Technician
- ☐ Nuclear Energy
- ☐ Plastics
- ☐ Pulp, Paper

CIVIL ENGINEERING
- ☐ Civil Engineering
- ☐ Highway Blueprints
- ☐ Highway Engineering
- ☐ Structural Blueprints
- ☐ Sanitary Engineering
- ☐ Structural Engineering
- ☐ Surveying & Mapping

DRAFTING
- ☐ Architectural
- ☐ Drafting Technology
- ☐ Electrical and Electronic
- ☐ Mechanical

ELECTRICAL
- ☐ Elec. Appliance Servicing
- ☐ Electrical Engineering
- ☐ Elec. Motor Repairman
- ☐ Industrial Telemetering
- ☐ Instrument Technician
- ☐ Practical Electrician
- ☐ Practical Lineman

ELECTRONICS
- ☐ Automation
- ☐ Electronic Computers
- ☐ Electronics Technician
- ☐ General Electronics
- ☐ Hi-Fi Stereo and Sound Systems
- ☐ Industrial Electronics

ENGINEERING (Professional)
- ☐ Chemical ☐ Civil
- ☐ Electrical
- ☐ Mechanical

ENGLISH and WRITING
- ☐ Better Business Writing
- ☐ Introductory Technical Writing
- ☐ Short Story Writing
- ☐ Practical English

HIGH SCHOOL
- ☐ High School Business
- ☐ High School General
- ☐ High School Math
- ☐ High School Secretarial
- ☐ High School Vocational
- ☐ College Preparatory

LANGUAGES (Edited by Berlitz)
- ☐ French ☐ German
- ☐ Italian ☐ Spanish

MECHANICAL and SHOP
- ☐ Gas and Electric Welding
- ☐ Industrial Engineering
- ☐ Industrial Instrumentation
- ☐ Machine Design
- ☐ Machine Shop Practice
- ☐ Mechanical Engineering
- ☐ Reading Shop Blueprints
- ☐ Tool Design
- ☐ Toolmaking
- ☐ Safety Engineering

SECRETARIAL
- ☐ Clerk-Typist
- ☐ Legal Secretary
- ☐ Medical Secretary
- ☐ Professional Secretary
- ☐ Shorthand
- ☐ Stenographic ☐ Typist

STEAM and DIESEL POWER
- ☐ Boiler Inspector
- ☐ Power Plant Engineering
- ☐ Stationary Diesel Engineering
- ☐ Steam Engineering

SUPERVISION
- ☐ Foremanship—Supry'n
- ☐ Personnel—Lab. Rel'ns

TV-RADIO
- ☐ Radio and TV Servicing
- ☐ Radio-Telephone License
- ☐ TV Technician
- ☐ Practical Radio-TV Engineering

MISCELLANEOUS
- ☐ Textile
- ☐ Other (please specify) _____

Mr. Miss Mrs._____ Age_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip Code_____

Occupation_____

Employed by_____ Working Hours___ A.M. to___ P.M.

Special low rates to members of the U. S. Armed Forces! Special training programs for industry.

[*Continued from page 2*]
on; sure, there are some individuals today who go too far, but let's not fool ourselves. A lot of kids go to college to better themselves by learning something. I advise you to take a closer inventory check.

—*Andy Bonacic*
Allendale, N. J.

Man's Best Friend

Thanks to your author Russell Annabel and to True for giving us the fine story about *One-Eyed Mike* in the October issue. The "courage and pride" of the dog Mike typify the great-hearted Labrador Retriever breed.

Our family is owned by one of these fun-loving characters. He is officially an AKC Bench Champion, hunter and obedience trainee; unofficially he is a nursemaid, watchdog, politician and clown!

Let's have more articles about man's best friend.

—*Mrs. T. G. Dangelmaier*
Webster, N. Y.

Politician? What a terrible thing to say about a dog.

Marine Magician

In your recent issue (October) you ran an article *A Coolhead Hits It Hot* by Martin Cohen. The article was about Lee Marvin, actor and ex-Marine. As a Marine with 24 years of active service, I find it hard to believe that one man made 21 combat landings with the Marine Corps during the Pacific campaigns, unless some of the landings were liberty runs or practice landings, not combat beachheads. Since he was hit at Saipan and was hospitalized for 13 months, he must still have been in the hospital when the war ended.

—*1st Sgt. Jack De Loache*
Durham, N. C.

Really enjoyed your story on Lee Marvin. However, you lost me when you say he shipped off to the South Pacific and made 21 landings. I was a Marine BAR man and went to the South Pacific in May of 1942 with Carlson's Raiders. I shipped for 38 months and made *five* combat landings, which I always considered a decent score.

—*Don Gardner*
Canon City, Colo.

Probably actor/Marine Marvin was doing retakes.

Crime or Medicine?

I have just read True's article *Abortion: The Civilized Crime* (September) by Lawrence Lader. It is among the most accurate and impressive discussions that I have seen.

I, myself, did abortions openly rather than clandestinely, and reasonable to a point considered absurd by many. I was and still remain convinced that it is the girl or couple who cannot afford an abortion who needs one the most.

I served my four-year sentence (after pleading guilty to an abortion death) in the state penitentiary, and now work at the effort to change our laws. The only way our hypocritical abortion laws will be changed is by education with more articles like this one. It should be printed in pamphlet form for distribution by associations dedicated to the reform of our abortion laws. From my study and experience I state frankly that the law should be restricted solely to directing who shall perform an abortion, never on whom it shall not be done.

—*Name withheld*
Grove, Okla.

. . . if we are to justify abortion, then there is no reason that later on we cannot also justify selective breeding and the killing off of older persons. All in the name of humanity, of course.

—*Russell S. Pond*
Derry, N. H.

Jacks and Jills

In your October issue you ran an article called *The TV Plot To Slander Manhood* by Max Gunther. It makes me feel that the male race is suddenly becoming a self-pitying, humorless bunch of jackasses. I've never seen a jackass smile, but all jackasses have that self-pitying look about them.

If it wasn't for women you dear hearts would have it pretty tough. For years you've been running cartoons that slander women. Have any of us come out yet with an article, *How Cartoonists Plot To Slander Womanhood?* No. Because we can laugh at ourselves.

It's time you learned that a TV show or a comic strip can't hurt your precious ego. Only you can do that—or make a jackass of yourself.

—*C. Haugen*
Fargo, N. Dak.

What in the world is Max Gunther trying to stir up now?

Does he not know that man is next to God and woman runs a poor third? So let's have a laugh or two at a man's expense. It will not change nature or God. You can afford a couple of laughs, fellows. You know *you* are smarter than any female you know of.

So relax!

—*Mrs. Maurice C. Miller*
Canton, Ohio

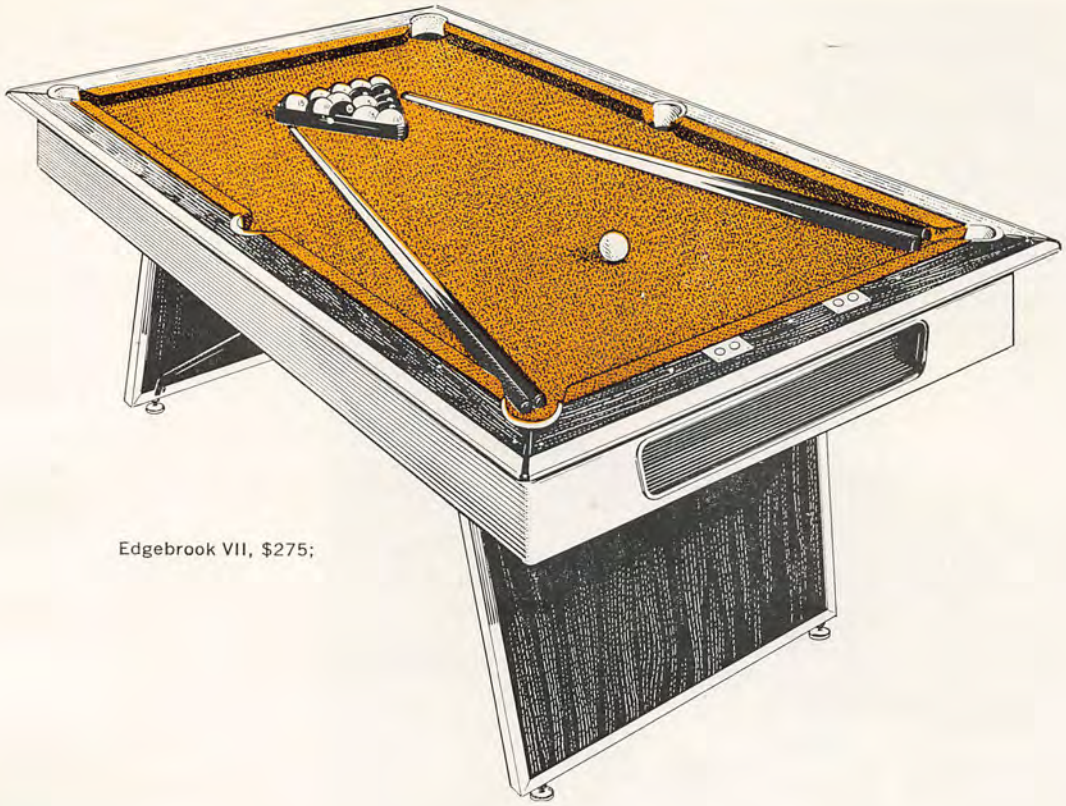
And *you* are almost as smart as we are, Mrs. M.

Brunswick
THE NO. 1 NAME IN BILLIARDS

see BRUNSWICK Home Tables
at these fine dealers

COLORADO
Denver—Dave Cook Sporting Goods
Denver—Gart Bros. Sporting Goods
Denver—May D & F Department Store
Denver—Recreation Equipment Co.
Denver—Super Cue
Denver—Triangle Billiard Supply
ILLINOIS
Alton—Biederman Furniture Company
Chicago—Carson Pirie Scott & Company
Chicago—Evergreen Park Sales (All Stores)
Chicago—Gee Sports Center
Chicago—Hanson Billiard Supply
Chicago—Mages Sporting Goods (All Stores)
Chicago—Polk Bros. (All Stores)
Chicago—Recreation Equipment Co., Inc.
Chicago—Spiegel, Inc. (All Catalog Stores)
Chicago—Universal Bowling & Golf Corp.
Evergreen Park—Carson Pirie Scott & Co.
Hillside—Carson Pirie Scott & Company
Melrose Park—Polk Bros.
Mt. Prospect—Carson Pirie Scott & Co.
Palatine—Pro Sport Center
Peoria—Peoria Suppliers
Rockford—Rockford Sports Center
Wilmette—Carson Pirie Scott & Company
INDIANA
Indianapolis—Bel-Air Pools, Inc.
Indianapolis—R.E.D. Enterprises, Inc.
IOWA
Waterloo—Cadillac Lanes
KANSAS
Hutchinson—P & R Pro Shop
Leawood—King Louie Bowling Corp.
Overland Park—King Louie Bowling Corp.
Wichita—Thurman Funk Supply Co.
MINNESOTA
Moorhead—Arvid Benson Supply
St. Paul—Emporium Sporting Goods
MISSOURI
Independence—Maywood Pool Table Co.
Kansas City—King Louie Bowling Corp. (All Stores)
St. Louis—Baden Billiard Supply
St. Louis—Biederman Furniture Co. (All Stores)
St. Louis—Ray George Company
St. Louis—Powell Billiard Supply
St. Louis—St. Louis Recreation
NEBRASKA
Omaha—Bahnsen Sporting Goods
Omaha—Karschner Billiard Supply
Omaha—Nebraska Furniture Mart
WISCONSIN
Appleton—H. C. Prange Company
Cudahy—Gimbels
Green Bay—H. C. Prange Company
Kenosha—Tyson Sport Shop
Madison—Gimbels
Milwaukee—Ned Day Bowling & Billiard Supplies
Milwaukee—Gimbels (All Stores)
Milwaukee—Personalized Pro Shop
Milwaukee—Sure Strike, Inc.
Sheboygan—H. C. Prange Company
Wauwatosa—Gimbels

and at other billiard table dealers and department stores in your area
BRUNSWICK CORPORATION



Edgebrook VII, $275;

imagine! you can own a Brunswick home billiard table for only $275

Interested in a home billiard table? Wonder what's meant when they're advertised as "professional quality"? Well, Brunswick's the world's largest and oldest manufacturer of commercial billiard tables. There are more Brunswick tables in professional use than any other. It stands to reason then, that "professional quality" really means Brunswick quality.

So, why buy an imitation when you can have the real thing!

You can choose a Brunswick billiard table from 8 apartment and home weight models. Prices start at $275. (If you're a real pro you'll want to see the Squire IX at $1095.) But, whichever model fits your purse (and your room), it will give you longer years of better play. More fun, too. Choose from Honeycomb up to five inches thick, PERMALEVEL or LEVELITE® . . . warranted exclusive table beds featuring rigid portability, and a host of other Brunswick features are built-in for professional playability.

So see the real thing . . . see Brunswick home tables at the nearest sporting goods or department store.

ALSO AVAILABLE:
Edgebrook VIII, $295
Executive VII, $365 • Executive VIII, $395
Celebrity, $495 • Monarch, $595
Squire VIII, $995 • Squire IX, $1095.

Brunswick
THE NO. 1 NAME IN BILLIARDS

"I'm interested in a Brunswick home table; please furnish more details."

Brunswick Corporation
Department R
Billiards Division, Adv. Mgr.
623 S. Wabash Ave. • Chicago, Ill. 60606

Name

Address

Phone No.

City State Zip Code

What's new at
Summer Cottages?
- WINTER!

Your investment in summer pleasure pays extra-season dividends with a Johnson Skee-Horse . . . flying carpet to a fascinating winter world! Hunt and fish and camp with it. Ski with it. Cruise with it — up hill and down, at 30 mph or better on the level. Investigate new winter territory. Enjoy new thrills like Skee-Horse racing. Easier to trailer than a boat, Skee-Horse takes you where the winter fun is — its engine and drive train is arctic-proved to 50° below. Ask your dealer for a demonstration.

CLOSE-UP REPORT *Johnson Skee-Horse*

3 Models — 15½" and 20½" track, and 20½" track model with electric starting. New wide-track design for greater stability . . . "Snow-Claw" traction for greater go. New Torque Sensitive Drive gears itself to hill and load demands. New soft suspension cushions your ride. Positive disc brake. Exclusive lock-out neutral. Hi-lo beam headlight. Replaceable ski runners. Quick detachable engine cab. Chrome bumper.

Write for Your FREE 24-Page "FUN GUIDE TO SNOWMOBILING"

Johnson Motors, Dept. T-61, Waukegan, Illinois 60086 • Division of Outboard Marine Corporation

President
W. H. Fawcett, Jr.

General Manager
Roger Fawcett

Sec.-Treas.
Gordon Fawcett

Circulation Director
Roscoe K. Fawcett

Asst. General Manager
Donald P. Hanson

Vice President
Ralph Daigh

Advertising Director
Mortimer Berkowitz, Jr.

Production Director
George H. Carl

Production Manager
Annette C. Packer

Art Director
Al Allard

Assoc. Art Director
Ralph Mattison

EDITOR
Douglas S. Kennedy

EXECUTIVE EDITOR
Charles N. Barnard

MANAGING EDITOR
Howard Cohn

ART EDITOR
Norman P. Schoenfeld

ASST. MANAGING EDITOR
Andrew Mills

OUTDOORS EDITOR
Peter Barrett

PICTURE EDITOR
Patricia M. Graves

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
Lenwood H. Bowman
Clyde F. Newstrand
John Bender
Ron Butler
Laurence Stell
Norbert R. Darga
Eleanor K. Kossack

ASST. ART EDITOR
Ernest Macioci

ART ASSOCIATES
Bob Spitzer

RESEARCH EDITOR
Dorothy Van Dyke

RESEARCH ASSOCIATES
Rhea Finkelstein
Bridget Toolan

NATIONAL ADVERTISING MANAGER
Walter S. Ferrigan

PICTURE CREDITS
10—Left, Tim Boxer
12—FPG
14—Ken Arai
16—Top, Ken Arai; bot. Wide World
28—Chan Bush
56—20th Century
58—UPI
108—Detroit News

For Mailing Addresses, see page 2.

THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

TRUE

'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange—stranger than fiction.
BYRON

DECEMBER 1965

CONTENTS

BONUS BOOK CONDENSATION

GILLES PERRAULT **56** The Secret D-Day Spy Plot

Allied and Nazi espionage records now uncloaked for the first time reveal that Normandy's longest day could have been June 9, 1944—D-Day plus three. But by then, spies—including his own—had so baffled Hitler about everything that he lost his last chance to fling the invaders back into the sea.

TRUE ADVENTURE

RUSSELL ANNABEL **42** The Horse That Was Marked for Death

IN THE NEWS

THE BEACHBOYS & FRED FERRETTI **33** How We Stole the Star of India

DALE SHAW **36** Bad News for Bad Bears

MALCOLM W. BROWNE **38** Ghosts of Christmas Past

GENE CAESAR **58** Bloody Monday: Detroit's Ordeal by Riot

RON BUTLER **68** TRUE Brings Christmas to You

TRUE'S WHO

WALT SHELDON **14** Ned Warren: America's Legal Eagle in Japan

HUNTING

DAN HOLLAND **46** Bird Hunting Adventures in a New Eden

AUTOMOTIVE

HENRY BARNES & ROBERT A. LISTON **40** Drivers Unite! (You Have Nothing to Lose But Your Freedom)

SCIENCE

LEONARD A. STEVENS **52** Medicine's Most Famous Hole-in-the-Head

PICTORIAL

DON W. JONES **64** Shoot 'Em Up Party

HUMOR

JOHNNY CARSON **30** Happiness Is a Dry Martini

VIRGIL PARTCH **54** The College Football Star

AMERICANA

PAT GRAVES **48** To Keep the Vanishing West

HY TURNER & BOB LIPSYTE **66** The Brief, Bogus Life of the Great Sin Ship

COLLECTION

DENNIS J. CIPNIC **44** Badges of the Brave

FACT CRIME

A. I. SCHUTZER **61** The Kaiser's One-Man Underground

SHORT FEATURES

2 TRUEly Yours
8 TRUE Goes Shopping
10 It's a Man's World
28 Escape to Riches
74 Strange But True
78 It Happened in Sports
96 Man to Man Answers
144 This Funny Life

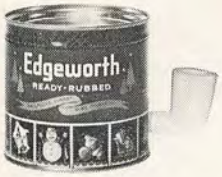
COVER DESIGN BY BLAKE HAMPTON. PHOTOGRAPHED BY BEN SOMOROFF

Permission hereby granted to quote from this issue of this magazine on radio or television, provided a total of not more than 1,000 words is quoted and credit is given to the title of the magazine and issue, as well as the statement, copyright 1965, by Fawcett Publications, Inc.

VOL. 46 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION No. 343

Light up Christmas

Favorite of seasoned pipe smokers in 70 countries.



Famous aroma men relish and women welcome, too.

Supreme flavor, aroma with no added aromatics.

Outdoor flavor and aroma of Sweet Birch Southern.

Peach Brandy Flavor. New pleasure breakthrough.

LARUS & BROTHER COMPANY, INC.
Richmond, Virginia
Fine Tobacco Products Since 1877

FROM THE HOUSE OF Edgeworth

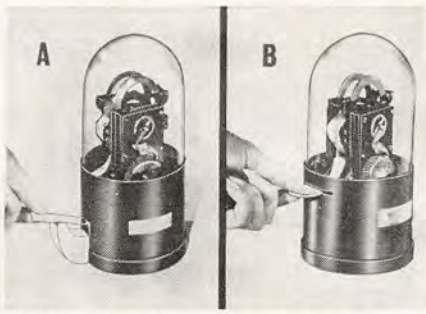
ASK FOR PENNZOIL

Ask for Pennzoil. What do you get? Peace of mind. Peace of mind in a can of pure Pennsylvania oil . . . the one that contains Z-7 (needs no other additives). You know your engine has the safest protection possible. And that's what peace of mind is all about. Ask for Pennzoil at service stations, new car dealers, and garages.

TRUE goes shopping

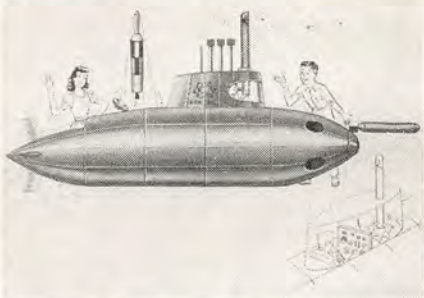
This department is not composed of paid advertising. Some of the products and services are new, some old, but all, we think, are interesting. Order what you want. Refunds are guaranteed (except on personalized items). Prices include postage unless otherwise specified.

WORLD'S LARGEST WRIST WATCH is a Wall Clock. Whopping 40" wrist-watch causes double takes by friends when they see the 4" wide gold buckle, 2½ foot leather-textured band, giant 7x7" silver dial, gold numerals and hour markers. With fine 110V electric movement, $17.98. Cordless battery operation, $25.98. Add 75¢ postage. Greenland Studios, Dept. T-12, Miami 47, Fla.



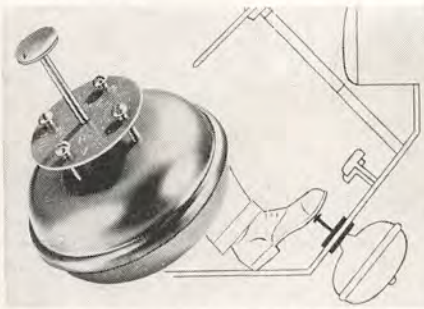
STOCK TICKER for executives pays big dividends in cellophane tape or savings. 8½" exact replica of an oldtime stock ticker machine has see-through dome which reveals the fascinating inner works. Choice of styles—one with a base containing a tape dispenser; the other a savings bank slotted to receive coins. $9.95+65¢ pp. Hanover House, Dept. 3580, Hanover, Penna.

SILVER BRANDY SNIFTERS are really elegant, the skilled work of Spanish silversmiths who have been hand-fashioning silver for centuries. For liqueurs or wine, these kingly goblets have intricately decorated silver bowls. Graceful stems and bases are sterling, too. Imported, a regal gift. Set of 4, $14.95. Park Galleries, Dept. TR-12, 103 Park Ave., New York 17, N.Y.



POLARIS NUCLEAR SUB fires rockets and torpedoes. An unusual toy for would-be Commander. 7 feet long, it seats 2 children. The controls work, the periscope is real and the instrument panel is electrically lit. The Sub is made of sturdy fibreboard and comes with complete assembly instructions. $6.98 plus 75¢ shipping. Honor House, Dept. T-12, Lynbrook, N.Y.

8 EXQUISITE SILVER SOMBREROS, each an exact replica of the real thing down to the braided rim and the crease in the crown, are linked together to form this unusual ¾" wide heavy silver bracelet. Crafted by Spanish silversmiths, this imported bracelet makes a truly impressive gift for any gal. $8.95. Gerard, Dept. TR-12, 333 East 50th Street, New York 22, N.Y.



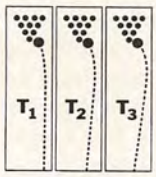
BERMUDA CARRIAGE BELL—Not available for a long time, this famous bell is back with its mellow-toned gong that'll add a novel and distinctive touch to any car. We'll guarantee its two-toned clangor will attract attention. Nickel on brass; easily installed (takes 5 minutes) through floorboards. Good fun. $12.95. ADF Co., Dept. TR-12, 380 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

For more True Goes Shopping, turn to page 125

DEC.—TRUE—WC

what to get for "old hard-to-get-for"

You just slip a Brunswick Bowler's Gift Certificate into his Christmas sock. They start at $4.95. Then he can pick whatever piece of Brunswick bowling equipment that strikes his fancy. May we suggest our Trac-Master. Even if he already has a ball, he'll appreciate a Trac-Master. It's the only bowling ball with a choice of 3 hooking potentials.



Or, he can choose a new bowling bag, or a new pair of professional bowling shoes. What's that? He's a she? No problem. Brunswick makes bowling balls, bags and shoes for the gals, too. Very smart equipment, sensibly priced. Merry Christmas.

Brunswick
THE NO. 1 NAME IN BOWLING

SEE YOUR PRO DEALER

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

A monthly commentary by TRUE's editors to keep you entertained and informed—and to keep the little woman firmly in her place

APHROTIC REVOLUTION

No longer will women's garments be handicapped by connubial impediments if Dr. William Swartley has his way. Doctor Swartley, a Philadelphia psychologist, which he says means psychological guide, has given thought to "what happens to Victorian nightwear during the exchange of love?" and decided that entangling, inhibiting, frustrating garments must go. What is needed is attire "engineered for lovemaking," a need which he has filled by creating a remarkably functional line of "Aphrotic gowns." The word, which rhymes with erotic, combines Aphrodite and Eros, Greek goddess and god of love. We were present at an eye-opening Aphrotic unveiling held in the seductively dim Ginza Oriental Discotheque in Manhattan against a background of frugging Go-Go girls, Chinese smorgasbord and lovely Oriental waitresses. To coin a phrase, Aphrotic gowns beggar description but we'll try. Underlying the gowns, among other things, is a forthright principle: feminine attire specifically designed for lovemaking. "We have engineered our kitchen appliances and our spacecraft to near perfection," said Dr. Swartley. "We have yet to begin to engineer our attire for love!" To that end, his gowns are designed "to entice and reveal at appropriate times," to convert esthetically from one stage of lovemaking to the next, to combine gradual disencumbrance with in-phase revelations of the occupant. Thus "the new lines which the gown continues to reveal during the course of lovemaking are ever more beautiful." Structurally, Doctor Swartley likens his gowns to sculptors' mobiles that hang from ceilings and writhe and twitch in sensuous air currents. His mobile garments are "constructed of colors, textures, lines and the human body"—here a flutter, there a flutter, everywhere a fall-away. Engineered, phased-in, programmed to passion. It will be fascinating to see how women cotton to Aphrotic attire. Come to think of it, Eros was the son of Aphrodite, but only a classicist would cavil at an inbred trademark.

BIRTH OF A SALESMAN

A friend who is general sales manager of a big corporation told us of a knack that has served him well during years of rough-and-tumble selling. He reads upside down. Upside-down correspondence, that is, on another man's desk. "Is that cricket?" we asked. "Is it cricket," he countered, "when a conniving buyer slyly nudges a price quoted by a competitor into my line of sight? When I know the quotation is phony?" We stopped lecturing him on ethics and asked how he had become so backward in his reading.

He said it took time and patience but that any man could learn by practicing on lines like this.

HANDS OFF THE VOTER

Election season brings the usual drum-beating to "get out the vote." Some kooks even want to fine voters for not voting. It is implied that the larger the turnout at the polls, the better off the country will be. Hokum. About 35 percent of qualified voters were too indifferent to cast ballots in the last Presidential election, and it is unlikely that those who were too apathetic to vote deprived the nation of any vast amount of wisdom. Politicians who get all lathered up about a big turnout are not motivated solely by civic nobility. They want to get out the vote of their own party and would be just as happy if the opposition stayed in bed. Not every voter who chooses not to vote is a moral delinquent. It is conceivable that some voters, not totally insane, have such low opinions of competing candidates that they would be ashamed of voting for either. A voter is entitled to abstain if he wants to. It's a civil right.

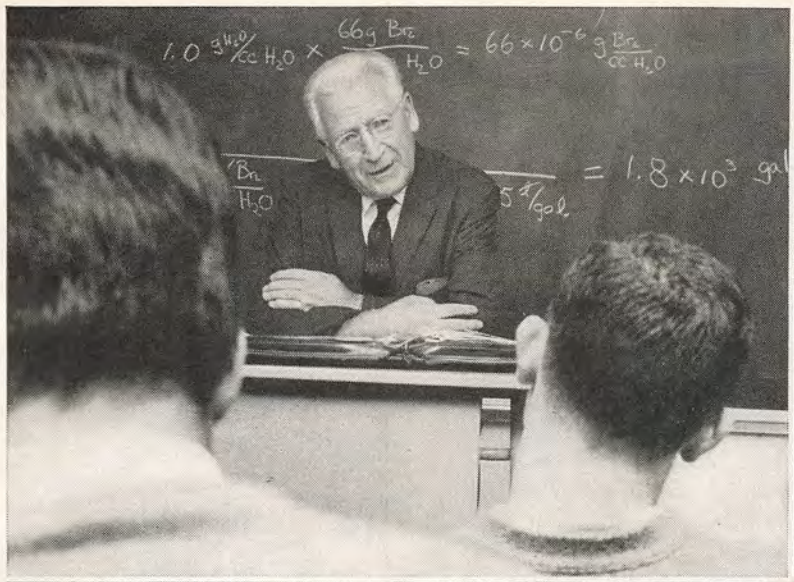
CANCELLED STAMP

Long ago we predicted the decline of the obnoxious trading stamp and urged men to adopt the slogan, "Lips that lap mucilage shall never touch mine." Our prediction is coming true. The absurd claim that trading stamps (costing about 2 cents on the dollar) do not increase retail prices is being demolished in the most forceful way—by competing merchants who don't give stamps and can offer lower prices. Daitch Shopwell, an Eastern supermarket, is giving up stamps and passing on a saving of some $2,500,000 a year in the form of lower prices. Waldbaum's, another supermarket, is abandoning stamps and cutting prices. Firms have abandoned stamps in other areas to meet vigorous price competition. Low prices, not a sticky collection of books that can be traded for gimcracks, appeal to sensible people. Customers of several Food Fair stores, asked for their opinions, preferred reduced prices to trading stamps. A wise man once said that you can't fool all of the people all of the time.

CLIP JOINT

Only a comedian would think of opening a clip joint for ratfinks. Comedian Jackie Kannon's New Ratfink Clippe Shoppe is so far out that we'd be scratching our head over it except that it would cost us $28 for a dandruff treatment if he caught us at it. Kannon's establishment in New York's 57th Street is a barber shop that doesn't give haircuts ("we style the hair") and offers "new experience in tonsorial torture." A black Jolly Roger ensign bearing the image of a rodent, Ratfink the Barber, flaps outside a second-story window behind which one crazily lucky

(Continued on page 12)



Tape it.

General Electric's new Family Tape Recorder costs under $40.*

It's a new idea. It's a portable tape recorder designed by General Electric for the whole family to use.

Use it to record baby's first words. Birthday and partytime fun.

Dad can test out a speech, record a lecture. Teen-agers can tape jazz. Mother can tape a voice-letter to send to her son in the Service.

It's easy to operate. Just press the button to record, rewind, play back or stop.

It's rugged. Plays back words and music with a clear, true sound on ½-hour reels. (General Electric is first to design Ultra-Balance into an inexpensive tape recorder. This engineering breakthrough installs a precision-balanced flywheel into the recorder's capstan drive to give you the constant tape speed so important for faithful fidelity.)

It's portable. Goes anywhere. Works on 4 standard flashlight batteries. Operates in any position. Special Safety Brake prevents tape from ever spilling off reels. (That's G-E engineering, again.)

The price is family-budget size, under $40. See it at your dealer's. Try it.

If you have a family camera, you should also have a new General Electric Family Tape Recorder.

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Actual price varies with dealer. Slightly higher West and South.

M 8000

Radio Receiver Department, Utica, New York

GENERAL ELECTRIC

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

(Continued from page 10)

patron a day is clipped in public. Access is gained by lurching up a red stairway into a room flanked by what looks like a bar and is. Drinks to give Dutch courage are on the house. Waiting customers are given peanuts in the shell and encouraged to throw shucks on the floor. These give a crunching sound as the last mile is trod to bulbous red leather chairs under gaslight chandeliers. Pride of the house is a "two-finger haircut,"—like two fingers of Scotch, hair is cut an even two-finger length all over the noggin. This is represented to be perfection because after a week or even four weeks a man can comb it himself. Is there a haircut a man can't comb himself? Years ago when we had need of a comb we no more dreamed of getting outside help than of asking someone to put on our hat for us. Finky ministrations encourage all sorts of helpless dependencies—sojourns in a tinting and wig room, 30-second sunlamp treatments instead of half a minute in the sun, vibrators to massage muscles. At a price. How much? Kannon says, "If you have to ask the price, take your brown brogues and get out of here." Always gagging.

BULL'S-EYE OR BUST

Old-fashioned shooting galleries will seem pretty tame after patrons get a look at a new kind shown in a movie *The Tenth Victim.* The new lure is not the gun but the target, mammalian in the fullest sense and a spectacular improvement on a moving line of tin ducks. The movie, a science-fiction thriller laid in the 21st century, features a night club "shooting gal-lery"—("gal," get it?)—of lissome dancers clad in trick brassieres. The bras are electrified and bust out with light all over when hit by rays from an electronic rifle. This can unsteady even a steely-nerved rifleman but if he lowers his sights there are other anatomical areas that light up when pinged. One of the stars of the movie, Ursula Andress, portrays a two-gun woman with a deadly advantage over an ordinary two-gun badman. She wears a metal bra that shoots real bullets. She has only to confront her enemy, inhale pointedly, and mow him down. Is a bullet-spraying bra a concealed weapon? The question is moot. Concealment is a vanishing purpose of the modern bra.

FRANK MERRIWELL RIDES AGAIN

The head of the how-stuffy-can-you-get department of his college (St. John's) must have given Tom Farrell some bad coaching when he testified before a Senate committee looking into the feud between the National Collegiate Athletic Association and the Amateur Athletic Union. Young Farrell, a runner, testified that he was in hot water for defying an NCAA boycott of an AAU meet which picked track and field teams to compete with Russia. What nerved him to take this incredibly reckless step? He had "a patriotic desire" to represent his country and believed he should use his "God-given talent." These sterling words might have been uttered by Frank Merriwell himself and indicate that there are still some athletes whose souls burn only to give the last ounce of talent for the dear old school, at any cost. The whole business of punishing athletes for crossing jurisdictional lines of competing governing bodies is unconscionable. The fight between the NCAA and AAU has the same smell and importance as a brawl between fishmongers pelting each other with bad herring.

THOSE SAFE WOMEN DRIVERS

There's something missing in statistics on which auto insurance rates are based. The missing factor is the number of driver accidents per miles driven. Men drive many more miles than women—how many more, nobody knows—and are exposed to many more chances of accident. Thus, defective statistics seem to show that women are safer drivers than men. It's a generality that lacks data and is becoming suspect. Insurance companies which tacked surcharges on young male drivers but not on young females are having second thoughts. They have found that girls are worse drivers than they thought. In 34 states, women under 21 now have to pay a surcharge on their auto insurance.

TAG, YOU'RE OUT

The nuisance of removing price tags from new garments is eased by a gadget called Swiftach put out by the Dennison Mfg. Co. Everything falls apart when a plastic thread attached by the instrument is simply snipped in the middle. Okay, Dennison, but if there's a leftover genius around the shop, put him to work on a problem that has baffled manufacturers for years: how to package a shirt without sticking it full of pins. The present method is no better than it was in 1880 when some mad seamstress invented it. The average shirt contains a dozen pins plus an overlooked one that draws blood.

DOWN WITH COP-HATERS

The worst hate groups in the country are punks, hoodlums, pushers, mobs, and looters that automatically yell "brutality!" when a cop collars a lawbreaker. Insensate hatred of cops is a vicious by-product of law-despising mentalities. A copless city would be a far more murderous jungle than it is. A cop leaving for work has a very good chance of never coming home and it is no consolation to his widow and orphans to remember his gentility. A man who has the guts to be a cop must be given all the backing he needs to control law-haters who attack and revile him.

IT IS TO LAUGH

Groucho Marx says that "women don't understand crazy humor: Chaplin, the Marx Brothers, Robert Benchley — it appeals only to a masculine sense of humor." You can say that again, Groucho, but it makes us wonder anew about woman's sense of humor, which by and large is a feeble thing, hardly ever erupting into a real belly laugh. Women rarely laugh at themselves; you seldom see a female circus clown. Men often enjoy a bright quip about something they respect highly, while women tend to feel insulted. Women take preposterous things quite seriously, and overvalue dignity, probably because they lack self-confidence. The world would be better if women laughed at what is ridiculous instead of perpetuating it. A wife who can laugh off her irritations is a pearl above price. We men should build women's self-confidence so they can laugh without worrying about cracking their lip polish.

DEPT. OF ODD INFORMATION

The daily consumption of aspirin in this country amounts to 37 tons.

—THE EDITORS

A 17-jewel man's watch for only $14.95?

(How else can we make a name for ourselves?)

Ask any jeweler about us. Go ahead and ask him.

He'll tell you we're a new watch line with almost every kind of man's and lady's watch you can think of. He'll tell you we make good watches. Jewelers' quality watches. Only trouble is, not enough people know about us yet.

So we've got to make a name for ourselves.

One way we're doing that is by putting 17 jewels in a $14.95 watch. And still selling it for $14.95.

Another way we're doing it is by giving you more styles to choose from. 276 watch styles, to be exact.

Sure, it costs us more to give you more jewels and more of a choice in low-cost watches than our big competitors.

But how else are we going to make a name for ourselves?

VANTAGE®
EAST PETERSBURG, PA.
THE JEWELERS' QUALITY WATCH.

In his Yokohama law office, Ned Warren, who has been called "the Clarence Darrow of the Far East," buckles

America's Legal in

For over 20 years a homespun Oklahoman
the lawyer every American hires
ceremonial courts of Japan. And the

down to work with his Japanese aides.

Eagle Japan

named Ned Warren has been if his life is on the line in the Japanese fight to hire him, too

BY WALT SHELDON

YOKOHAMA, JAPAN

■ One quiet summer evening in the late 1950's, on an Army troop transport bound for Japan, Pfc James Martin quarreled with a sergeant named Ernest Cole. Martin chased Cole through the ship for a hundred yards, and, finally cornering him at the bottom of a ladder, stabbed him in the heart and killed him. That much was fact and was supported by at least a dozen witnesses. When the court-martial convened in Tokyo some weeks later it seemed that a verdict of deliberate, premeditated murder was inevitable.

"Gentlemen," said the civilian defense attorney, Franklin E. "Ned" Warren, rising before the court, and peering over his spectacles, "I'm going to prove that my client acted in self-defense!"

How he proved just that—and how he has obtained acquittals or reduced sentences for more than 200 Americans in trouble in Japan—is all part of the story of a remarkable lawyer from Oklahoma who nearly 20 years ago found a home and a way of life in the Far East. Only once, when serving as a chief counsel, has he ever lost a client in a capital case; that exception was in the war crimes trials where, Warren insists to this day, the deck was stacked against the defendants. Otherwise, defending in both U.S. military and Japanese courts, Warren figures he has earned his clients a total of something like 500 years of freedom. GI's stationed in the Far East, and members of the large postwar American business colony have approximately the same sentiment about what to do if serious legal trouble comes: "Get Ned Warren." A leading member of the American Chamber of Commerce in Japan describes him as "the Clarence Darrow of the Far East," and adds: "though I'm dammed if I know how he does it."

His puzzlement is understandable. Warren, with his Oklahoma drawl, rumpled hair, usually wrinkled suits and somewhat slouched shoulders, looks as though he'd be much more at home in a Dust Bowl county courthouse than in the so-called mysterious East. But this gallus-snapping air makes them sit up and take rather bug-eyed notice in the formal and almost ceremonial Japanese courts, which have no jury or jury box, but a wide bench that accommodates the three judges who preside at the trial.

Ned Warren is actually a former military legal officer of respectable rank, a full professor of law at Japan's Meiji University, a doctor of laws, an internationally known expert on Japanese labor legislation and an avid collector of Oriental art. He is also a prosperous corporation lawyer. Indeed, he takes on criminal cases only because, as he says, with unabashed candor: "I'm a ham, and I happen to love the drama of the courtroom."

Drama and surprise are almost guaranteed when Ned Warren walks into court. James Martin—the Pfc who had chased his victim a hundred yards through the ship before stabbing him—was handled with a typical Warren defense. Warren began by letting the prosecution's own witnesses trace the details of the stabbing, and meanwhile he almost languidly established a few key points on which his case would rest. It wasn't difficult, for example, to bring out that the deceased, Sergeant Cole, had been a much bigger man than Martin and had had the general reputation of a bully. Then there was the business of making sure that everyone recognized that a com-

Though still vividly American, Warren enjoys Japanese practice of relaxing in garden during a court recess.

Warren takes Henry Quackenbush, Jr., to Tokyo court. Defense won suspended sentence on murder charge.

One client he turned down: Pfc Lee Harvey Oswald

bat boot could be a potentially lethal weapon.

The fight had started as Martin lay on his upper bunk, and, deciding to sleep, turned out his light. This spoiled a card game that was going on below. Sergeant Cole told him to turn the light on again; hot words followed. According to the testimony, Cole picked up a combat boot as though to hit Martin with it. Young Martin took a knife from his barracks bag, swung down from the bunk and said, "Get away from me!" Cole dropped the combat boot.

Warren's cross-examination of an eyewitness was casual and friendly:

Q. Exactly what did Private Martin do when Cole dropped the boot?

A. He didn't do nothing. He stopped.

Q. Stopped advancing on Cole?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. And then?

A. Cole picked up another combat boot and came toward Martin. Then he hit Martin with the boot.

Q. Hard?

A. Sir—he knocked the stem-windin' hell out of him!

Even the president of the court had to laugh. Warren smiled and continued to build his case under the prosecutor's nose. As he cross-examined all the witnesses it became evident that perhaps there was after all an aspect of self-defense to the young Pfc's actions. The Trial Judge Advocate, or military prosecutor, tried to erase this impression. Under today's rules GI's may retain civilian counsel in courts-martial, and the uniformed prosecutor sometimes has a way of resenting what he regards as the sly tricks of such gentlemen. Martin, said the T.J.A., had chased his man a hundred yards before stabbing him, and that fact simply couldn't be changed.

Warren answered him in the defense summation. "Gentlemen, although Pfc Martin was *physically* advancing, he was in mortal fear of his life from this bully who had no hesitation to employ lethal weapons such as combat boots. Mentally and emotionally, Martin's back was to the wall! The principle of self-defense holds that *once a fight starts, the man attacked no longer has an obligation to retreat so long as he is in real or apparent danger!*"

The court agreed. James Martin was acquitted, and is today a free man.

Although Ned Warren defends anyone from foreign traders to tourists, he derives special pleasure out of representing GI's before both military and Japanese courts. "The average GI," he says, "doesn't have enough to pay for even an adequate defense. In the States there are lots of lawyers to choose from. Out here, not enough are qualified [*Continued on page* 18]

400-cubic-inch V-8, 4-barrel carb, twin pipes: Buckle up and have yourself a ball! This is the 350-hp 4-4-2. With heavy-duty suspension, built to K.O. the roughest roads. Front and rear stabilizers to take the "bend" out of curves, the bind out of corners. And under it all—pavement-biting red-line tires! But the swinging-est thing about Olds 4-4-2 is its surprisingly modest price! LOOK TO OLDS FOR THE NEW!

Oldsmobile Division • General Motors Corp.

[*Continued from page* 16]
in both Japanese and military law. Those Americans who are, have a moral obligation to serve our men overseas."

Warren's criminal cases are not profitable, and his main source of income—which yearly is about $50,000—comes from his solid corporation practice, in which he represents large U.S. companies with interests in Japan, or Japanese companies involved in litigation with American industry. But his heart is in the courtroom, where he says he gets "satisfaction a lot greater than the small fees these young fellows can afford."

Seaman Richard L. Jackson, having committed his crime off the Yokosuka Naval Base, was brought before a Japanese court. Jackson had been drinking with four others one night in a rabbit warren of bars and cabarets near the big U.S. Naval base. In a scuffle with a Japanese policeman, Jackson had taken the pistol from the officer's holster and shot him dead. Warren talked to Jackson and found him remorseful and frightened. Warren decided Jackson was not a vicious criminal but a kid who'd made a terrible, reprehensible mistake and was willing to pay for it. And, in all justice, should—but not with his life. It wasn't Jackson alone who inspired that belief: Warren is opposed to capital punishment under any circumstances.

Several shots had been fired from the pistol. The policeman had evidently been struck twice, which allowed the prosecution to claim that there had been no accident as a result of the scuffle. Two bullet wounds meant deliberate murder.

Warren pored over close-up photos of the wounds far into the night in his seven-room, rather old-fashioned style home in Yokohama where he lives with his wife Mildred and a grown daughter.

The more Ned studied the photos of the slain policeman's wounds, the more he realized that something about them bothered him, and suddenly—at 3 o'clock in the morning, he recalls—he knew what it was. There was an entrance wound in the policeman's right forearm below the elbow and an exit wound in the biceps of the same arm. A third wound was in the cheek where a slug had entered, and after deflection had lodged in the third cervical vertebra, crushing the spine and causing death.

The next day in court the prosecution's own medical expert took the stand. He was one of Japan's foremost pathologists. He testified that he believed the slain policeman was shot twice, once in the arm, once in the cheek. Warren rose to question him. (Though Warren speaks Japanese, he conducts his questioning in English. "The translation delay is a devise which gives me more time to think," he says.)

Q. Doctor, I wonder if you would examine this picture of the wound in the cheek more closely and tell me if you think it resembles what is generally known as a "keyhole wound"? And, if so, what does that signify?

A. It is a keyhole wound. It means the bullet did not strike directly, but struck something else and was deflected first.

Q. There are no powder burns on the cheek. What would that seem to indicate?

A. That shows that the weapon which fired the shot was not close.

Q. Or was not pointed directly at the cheek?

A. Yes.

Q. Then, doctor, in your opinion is there any possibility that the bullet which entered the cheek was the *same one that had entered and gone through the arm?*

The doctor looked astonished, examined the photo again, and finally told the court: "It is as the defense counsel says—there was only one bullet."

Over the violent objection and subsequent appeal of the prosecutor (for he may appeal in Japan) Seaman Richard L. Jackson was found guilty not of premeditated murder—with its death sentence—but of manslaughter. He is serving 10 years in a Japanese prison now.

Ned Warren's interest in criminal law began in Tulsa in his earliest days as a member of the bar. At the court's request he agreed to defend an indigent old Negro, known as Uncle Dave, who had been accused of stealing a horse. Uncle Dave had a prison record and the charge held that he was leading the spavined old horse toward (a cliche come true) a glue factory. Ned managed to convince the jury that Uncle Dave was really headed home, even if by a somewhat circuitous route, and had meant to hold the horse until its owner claimed it. Uncle Dave was acquitted, and the case led directly to Oklahoma's first public defender law to provide salaried defenders for those who couldn't afford counsel. The assignment to help draft it was given to Ned by presiding District Judge Harry L. S. Halley, who later became a member of the Oklahoma Supreme Court.

"Uncle Dave managed to scrape up my fee, too," says Warren, with a grin. "It was 10 dollars."

Ned Warren was already a successful practicing lawyer in Tulsa when World War II put him into uniform and brought him eventually to the part of the world that was to be his home. He became executive officer to the Air Judge Advocate for the Pacific Theater and reached the rank of lieutenant colonel. After the war he was asked to remain in Japan and serve as defense counsel in the war crimes trials. He assisted in Prime Minister Hidecki Tojo's defense. Tojo, nearly forgotten now, was regarded as the Japanese counterpart of Hitler and Mussolini in World War II. Warren was also chief counsel for Gen. Kenji Doihara who had been reputed to be Japan's master spy in Manchuria.

Doihara's defense led to Warren's decision to remain in Japan. It also had spy-thriller overtones. Japan's Pacific expansion had begun back in 1931 when Japan, claiming that Chinese troops had blown up her treaty-acquired railway in South Manchuria, moved her troops onto the Asian mainland. China claimed that the Japanese themselves caused the explosion, to provide a pretext for aggression, and this, with many other complications, was known as the Manchurian Incident. A puppet emperor, Henry Pu-yi, was set up in Manchuria. As the war crimes trial began, the Allied prosecutor alleged that Pu-yi had been forced to mount this throne against his will, and that his removal from Tientsin to Manchuria amounted to kidnaping. The man in charge of relations with the Chinese at that time was Doihara, then a colonel.

Although Doihara was charged with a number of crimes, Defense Counsel Warren deemed it useful to quash any specifications that had the slightest weakness. The kidnaping charge was one he felt ought to go first. Doihara's story to Warren seemed to indicate that Henry Pu-yi was not dead, as thought, but was being held prisoner somewhere in Manchuria by the Russians. One way to quash the kidnaping charge would be to produce the alleged victim, Henry Pu-yi.

Warren lived in a senior officers' billet in Tokyo's Dai-Ichi Hotel. So did a number of Russian officers. The Americans liked to tease the Russians by feeding them false rumors and watching them scurry to report them. The situation seemed opportune. Warren tried a new rumor on one of the Russians. "Well, we finally located Henry Pu-yi. He's in Hong Kong." The Russian looked surprised. "When did he leave Siberia?" Given this clue, the American authorities made further inquiries, finally located Pu-yi, and had him brought to Tokyo to testify. Doihara had not kidnaped him, Pu-yi said. More direct persuasion by others had forced him to go to Manchuria and become the puppet emperor.

In spite of Warren's vigorous defense, General Doihara was hanged. Ned is still bitter about it. "In a jury trial," he says, "with a unanimous instead of a partial vote required, he never would have received the death penalty. He was denied 21 safeguards that would have been available in an ordinary court-martial."

During the trials Warren began to feel he could not defend his clients properly in a uniform that symbolized enmity; eventually he resigned to do it as a civilian. This led to important work on Japan's labor laws and to further acquaintance in the Japanese community. He soon realized that if he returned to the United States he'd have to build a new law business from scratch, whereas he'd already established a number of important connections in postwar Japan.

He'd also become a minor hero to the Japanese themselves, who, emerging from a dictatorship, were astonished to see an American all but come to blows with the judges of the war crimes tribunal; his arguments for his clients and his angry defiance of a tribunal he felt was determined to convict at any cost made headlines in the Japanese press. Embarrassingly, he was showered with gifts, some of which were fine enough to form the beginnings of his present valuable art collection. Baron Hiranuma, another alleged war criminal, gave him an ivory handled sword that had once belonged to the Emperor Meiji. Strangers bowed to Ned on the street when he left the courtroom. And he was doubly honored when Meiji University, one of Japan's largest, asked him to lecture on law.

Instead of sitting in empty honor at Meiji he began to study Japanese in order to be admitted to the Japanese bar. Meanwhile, he started a thesis on com-

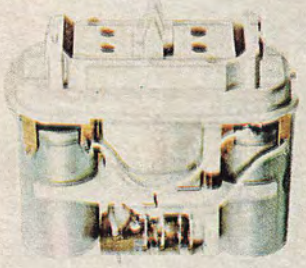
[*Continued on page* 22]

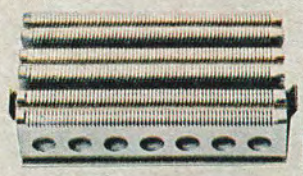
© 1965 MILLER BREWING CO.

If she gives you a Remington shaving system this Christmas, look what you get.

A closer shave than any other electric shave. 3 heads—not just 2. Thinnest made for the closest shave. Trims sideburns too.

Extra power for comfort. The most powerful motor in shaving. No pull or drag.

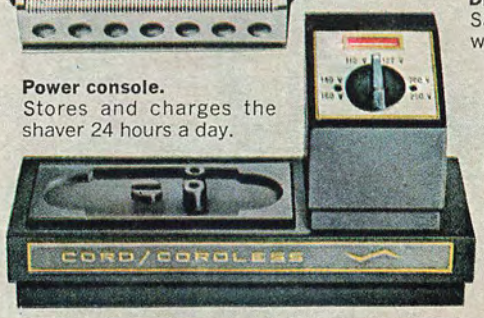




The little red light. An ingenious device. Tells you if the shaver is charging.

Dial any voltage—home or abroad. Same close shaves no matter where you travel.

Power console. Stores and charges the shaver 24 hours a day.



Here's a cord in case you forget to recharge. Plug in, shave on the spot.

Look what else you get.

That's why it costs a bit more. Cord/Cordless **REMINGTON® LEKTRONIC V Shaver**

LEKTRONIC: Trademark of Sperry Rand Corporation

REMINGTON Lektronic
REMINGTON
Lektronic V
140V
160V
250V
CORD/CORDLESS
REMINGTON
ELECTRIC SHAVER • SPERRY RAND CORPORATION
BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT

[*Continued from page* 18]
parisons of Japanese and American constitutional law, submitted it to the university, and was awarded a doctorate. He was asked to become a full professor, a title he still holds although today he seldom has time to lecture.

This knowledge of things Japanese has helped Ned Warren build more than one defense in the Japanese halls of justice. His defense in the internationally known Quackenbush case was built primarily on a point of language.

Henry Quackenbush was a U.S. Air Force civilian employee stationed in Japan and accompanied by his wife Beverly, his 17-year-old son and 14-year-old daughter. The family lived off base, and by the 1960 agreement just concluded between the two countries were therefore subject to Japanese law. Late one night Henry Quackenbush came home from a reported drinking bout. According to testimony, he had violently abused his family, and was then struck over the head with a length of iron pipe and killed. In ancestor-conscious Japan the killing of a parent is the most heinous of crimes. Mrs. Quackenbush was charged with murder. Her son was charged with patricide, an offense peculiar to Japan. The daughter, because of her youth, was not indicted.

Warren knew he had an extremely tough case. It was the first Japanese-jurisdiction criminal case since the agreement, and the press all over the world was reporting it. There might have been a chance to establish self-defense if the family hadn't panicked and dragged the body out under a tree to be discovered the next morning by a milk boy riding by on his bicycle.

As the trial progressed, it was brought out that the deceased had habitually abused his family and on one previous occasion had actually shot and wounded the mother. He had threatened all of them with violence on the night of the killing. But after thinking it over carefully, Warren decided that the Japanese aversion to patricide would make a self-defense plea impossible; he would try instead for another verdict peculiar to Japanese law which is known as Excessive Self Defense.

The chief prosecutor himself, a man named Ebihara, took over from his deputy to prosecute this trial. Ebihara was determined to prove premeditated murder as a result of conspiracy, and his case rested upon the words that had passed between mother and son during the incident. After her husband had fallen, Mrs. Quackenbush had cried, "What will we do with him?" That meant, the prosecutor insisted, that she was asking how to dispose of the body. These words—"What will we do with him?"—were translated at the trial into a similar Japanese phrase, "*Do shi masho?*" Ned's ear was quick to catch it. For the phrase is also, in Japanese, a common expletive often uttered under stress, something like the English: "*What shall I do!*"

Warren argued immediately that the words had been a cry of despair, nothing else. He and the prosecutor went round and round on this point, but in time Ned won it by an appeal before a higher court. Beverly Quackenbush eventually received a four-year sentence and was released in May, 1964, after serving only a third of it. Her son's three-year sentence was suspended and he was set free.

Ned Warren thinks it not particularly astonishing that he has chosen Japanese law and Japanese ways as a lifelong study. "I'm always poking into something," he says. "Criminology, philosophy, abnormal psychology." His feeling for psychology caused him to turn down one client whose name everyone in the world was to learn with shock and dismay in the latter days of November 1963.

One April afternoon in 1958 Warren had two callers in his downtown Yokohama office. They wore civilian clothes. One introduced himself as a Marine sergeant and said, "My friend here is in trouble." The friend's name was Lee Harvey Oswald.

"There was something about him," says Warren, "that alerted me immediately. He had the kind of smile that never left his face, and that I can only describe as smart-alecky. In fact, years later, when I saw his picture in the paper as the accused assassin of President Kennedy, it was not so much his features as that smart-alecky smile I remembered."

Oswald, a Pfc radio maintenance man with Marine Air Control Squadron #1 at Atsugi Naval Air Station, just outside of Yokohama, had been charged with violation of Article 92, military code of justice, for failure to register a personal weapon. The pistol had been discovered when Oswald, taking it from his sea bag, had dropped it on the barrack floor, causing it to go off. He began to tell Warren his side of the story.

"As I listened," Warren says, "I began to see the almost classical picture of a paranoid. He was against everything. Against the Marine Corps and his buddies and the world in general. They were all out to get him.

"The pattern of the paranoid is that he first runs away from trouble, then broods and builds up a case against his imagined enemies, then takes measures to defend himself and, finally, when he feels cornered, he attacks."

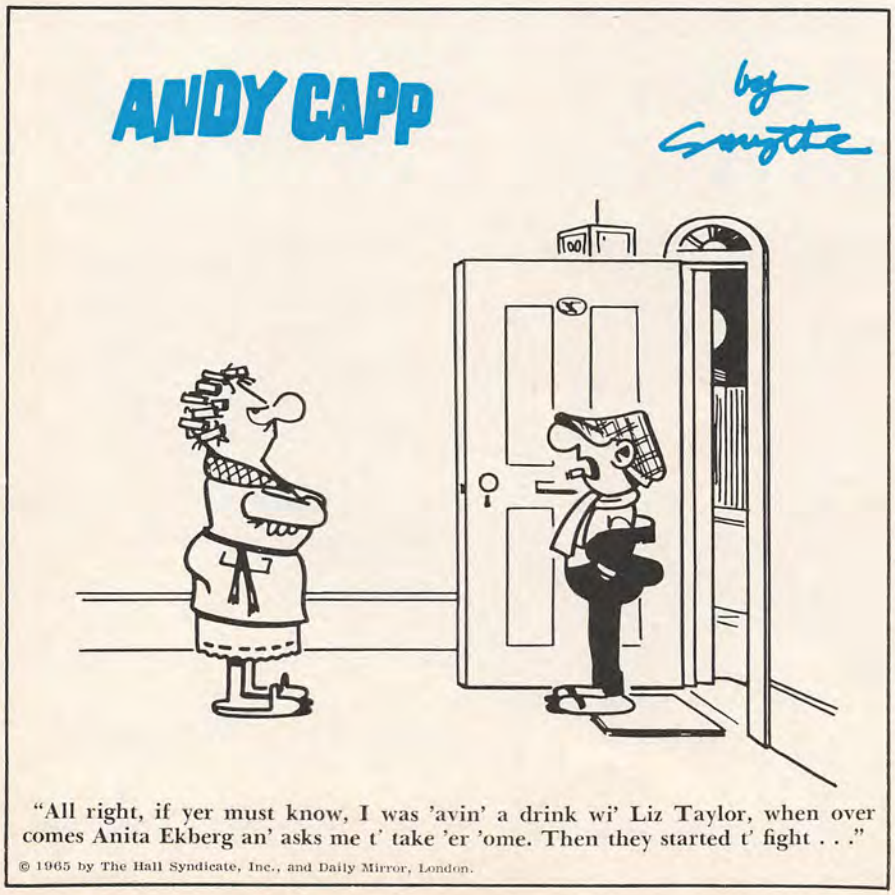
After Oswald had finished his story, Warren leaned forward confidentially and said, "Dropping that pistol was a good way to let those guys know you meant business, wasn't it?"

Oswald showed his smart-alecky smile again. "That's right," he said. "It was no accident."

Warren adds: "Dropping that pistol was his warning to the others. I wanted no part of his case because a man like that would be unpredictable. Besides, the charge was minor and he showed slight delusions of grandeur in trying to hire a criminal lawyer to defend him. I thanked him for coming and told him he'd better go find somebody else."

Oswald was convicted on April 11, 1958, and some of his privileges were taken away. Two months later he was again court-martialed for threatening an NCO, and this time was broken from Pfc to private. He returned to the United States in November.

Warren's knowledge of basic psychology impelled him to turn down Oswald as a client; it was his knowledge of char-



"All right, if yer must know, I was 'avin' a drink wi' Liz Taylor, when over comes Anita Ekberg an' asks me t' take 'er 'ome. Then they started t' fight . . ."

© 1965 by The Hall Syndicate, Inc., and Daily Mirror, London.

Yours for pleasure: The Holiday Treasure

Bourbon Supreme®

RARE

An honored and distinguished American Bourbon, distinctively packaged for the holiday season. It's Charcoal Distilled . . . extra smooth . . . extra light . . . perfect for your holiday pleasure, and for the ultimate in good taste throughout the year.

THE AMERICAN DISTILLING COMPANY, INC. • New York, N. Y. • Pekin, Ill. • Straight Bourbon Whiskey • 86-86.8 Proof

acteristic Japanese psychology that enabled him to save another mentally twisted serviceman from hanging—after he'd already made a full confession to the murder of a Japanese bar girl.

Basic Airman Charles Newall had told in his confession how he'd met Kimie Haruguchi in one of the sordid bars that sprout up near most military bases in the Far East. Kimie pushed drinks in the bar and augmented her income by going out with the customers. She was in her mid-20's but older than Newall, and that night took him home to her small "aparto." He had bought a bottle of cheap Japanese whisky and by this time Kimie was so drunk that he had to help her undress. "I had sexual intercourse with her," he said in his confession, "then went out to the kitchen and got the whisky bottle. When I came back she was laying naked on the bed. I went to her side with the whisky bottle. . . ."

Newall's childhood had been one long period of terror and uncertainty. His widowed mother had married five times and he couldn't remember all the stepfathers he'd lived with. He seemed to have vague recollections of finding his mother in bed with strange men in strange hotel rooms from time to time. As a teen-ager he'd once threatened to kill a girl who refused to submit to him. Another time, in Japan, he'd tried to smother a prostitute with a pillow, but she, a husky girl from the country, had sent him flying.

The boy was sick, and Warren knew it. He deliberately put him on the stand to bring out his mental confusion for the court to see.

Q. When you stood over the girl, what did you intend to do with the bottle?

A. I don't know. I wanted to help her. I went to the kitchen to set some salt. I saw her laying on her side there. I raised the whisky bottle, I think to hit her, and did this three times but couldn't hit her, then I sat on the bed and turned her on her back and had intercourse with her again, but she wasn't moving. And I don't know why, but the next thing I remember was choking her and she quit breathing, and then I gave her artificial respiration.

Q. Why?

A. I don't know. I didn't want to hurt her.

Q. Then what happened?

A. I went to the chest of drawers and found two handkerchiefs and tied them together and then I put them tight around her neck. She was still breathing, so I put the pillow over her face. . . .

Warren carefully traced the boy's previous history in his summation. "This boy was away from home, had never had a home, when these pressures became too much for him. He had an overpowering urge to kill because of a basic hatred for the mother who had never provided him with a real home, hatred and love he wanted to feel, all mixed up within him—"

Recalling that summation, Warren says: "I took a chance on arguing out the psychological aspects myself instead of calling in a psychiatrist. It wouldn't have worked in an American court, but the Japanese are—above all things—sentimental about family life and family ties. And they agreed that a death sentence was not the answer here. Newall got 12 years. My only regret is that intensive psychiatric treatment can't go with it."

Warren's simplest victory, he thinks, was won in a case for which he was never paid, and in which he not only saved his client from death but also won him a complete acquittal. That acquittal was primarily the result of one question—which took him exactly an hour and 15 minutes to ask.

Army Sgt. Joe Gregory had married a beautiful girl back in the States and brought her to live with him during his tour of duty in Japan. But Helen Gregory was bored with the life of a soldier's wife in a strange and distant country. Diversion came along in the form of a husky and somewhat handsome corporal named George Bowden. Helen and Bowden began going to the NCO club and theater together whenever Joe was working at night, and before long Joe had to warn the corporal to stay away from his wife. This led to a disagreement. Both men stepped outside, and Joe Gregory got the worst of it.

Weeks later, recovering from the beating, Gregory sat in the club and brooded.

COMING . . .

Vivid picture of a GI combat mission in Viet Nam

TARGET: THE VIET CONG

Don't miss Malcolm Browne's on-the-scene report

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

Finally, in that matter-of-fact voice that usually accompanies real-life moments of stress, he said to his friends, "I'm going to find that sonofabitch and kill him."

Joe Gregory walked to his home where he found Bowden on the couch with his wife. "Get out," Joe told the corporal.

"Like hell," said Bowden. "I beat you once, and I can do it again."

Joe left calmly and went to his first sergeant's room in the barracks. He wakened him and said, "Hey, Sarge, loan me your .45, will you?" The "first shirt," as he testified later, was sleepy, and handed over the weapon without thinking about it, one way or the other.

Gregory returned to his home. The lovers were now on the couch in what was referred to during the trial as an embrace. At a distance of about 25 feet Joe Gregory assumed the approved shooter's stance and emptied the pistol into Corporal Bowden, every shot striking Bowden in a vital spot, but not one shot struck Helen Gregory.

Ned Warren at this time was a civilian war crimes counsel, idle between sessions. General MacArthur had personally asked him to take some courts-martial cases to relieve the shortage of legal officers. Examining the Joe Gregory case, Warren realized that temporary insanity was the sergeant's only defense. But in the remote camp where it had happened there were no psychiatrists to provide the necessary expert testimony; indeed, there were few in all of Japan at that time. Instead of a psychiatrist, Warren put the post medical doctor in the witness chair.

That was where the hour-and-15-minute question came in. In it, Warren outlined all the circumstances of the case in great detail and finished with: "So, doctor, under these circumstances would you say that this man was suffering from temporary insanity to the extent that he did not know the difference between right and wrong?"

The president of the court was not a lawyer, and he was trying desperately to avoid criticism in the review of the case. He told the doctor, "Don't answer that question!"

Warren said, "Colonel, sir, if that question isn't answered, this case will have to be retried, because the decision will be reversed."

"I want a recess," said the colonel. "This man is not a psychiatrist, but a medical doctor."

"That makes no difference," said Warren. "I've checked the law. If you don't believe me, call the Judge Advocate in Tokyo."

The next day the president looked up with a sigh and said, "All right, doctor. Answer the question."

"Under these circumstances was Joe Gregory suffering from temporary insanity?"

"It could not be ruled out," said the doctor.

The court, after two hours' deliberation, found the accused not guilty. "Maybe," says Warren, chuckling a little, "they just wanted to preserve a fine marksman like that for the Army. Twenty-five feet with a .45—and not a slug touched her! Imagine that!"

Today Ned Warren is busily defending Americans in Japan, Korea, Okinawa and Taiwan. Because of his reputation, they flock to him, but he has to turn down a majority of the cases—he simply hasn't the time. "I charge all clients a fee," he says, "because if a man doesn't pay you he won't listen to your advice. I charge whatever I think the client can reasonably afford. With most GI's that hardly pays expenses."

Meanwhile, it's a good life, a busy life, for Ned Warren. His corporation law provides support; his criminal law the excitement he seems to crave. In the Japanese community he has status that many a stateside seeker would envy. He relaxes with his hobby of boating, or by getting steamed up over the sumo wrestling tournaments. Though he lives a remarkably normal American family life for an expatriate, the exotic aspects of the Far East still appeal to him.

When asked if he thinks he'll go home some time, he looks up in surprise and then murmurs that he's been too busy to think much about it.

But in the past decade he has handled some of the Far East's most colorful trials and in the next decade he expects more interesting cases to turn up.

He'll be one disappointed courtroom lawyer if they don't. **—Walt Sheldon**

Blast off in a Bronco!

NEW 4-WHEEL DRIVE—Bronco adds excitement to the going, wherever you go: through the woods for hunting, up to streamside for fishing, through snow in winter, over beach in summer. Lots of oomph from a smooth six-cylinder powerplant and 4-wheel traction make it possible. Transmission is fully synchronized; you can downshift without stopping. Mono-Beam suspension with big radius rods makes coil springs practical: result—Bronco rides smoothly as a sedan. But how many sedans turn in a 34-foot circle? Or boast a protected underside? Try the Roadster, Wagon, or Sports Utility for a special kind of driving *fun*—on or off the road. At your Ford dealer's now.

New fun one from **Ford**

Budweiser
This is the famous Budweiser beer. We know of no brand produced by any other brewer which costs so much to brew and age. Our exclusive Beechwood Ageing produces a taste, a smoothness and a drinkability you will find in no other beer at any price.
THE WORLD RENOWNED
BUDWEISER LAGER BEER
AMERICA
CONTENTS 12 FL. OZ.
Budweiser
LAGER BEER
Brewed by our original process from the Choicest Hops, Rice and Best Barley Malt
BREWED AND BOTTLED AT ST. LOUIS, MO., U. S. A. BY
Anheuser-Busch, Inc.
ST. LOUIS
NEWARK
LOS ANGELES
TAMPA

what brand of beer does the bartender take home?

If anybody knows a good beer, it should be a bartender. Right? And if most bartenders prefer a particular brand, it must be a pretty good beer.

Well, just for fun, we asked a private research company to interview 2,696 bartenders throughout the country. They were kind of cagey about it, too, because the question on which beer was the bartender's personal choice was hidden among a lot of other questions about turnips and baseball and TV shows.

The results? Two to one for Budweiser over the next closest beer.

The point is, if twice as many bartenders choose Budweiser as *their* beer, there must be a reason. We strongly suspect that it's *taste*. We *do* know that Budweiser has a taste, smoothness and drinkability you'll find in no other beer. That's why we stick to our exclusive Beechwood Ageing even though it takes more time and money and is a little more trouble.

But we'd like for you to find out for *yourself* about the great taste of the King of Beers. After all, Bud® is the best-selling beer in America . . . and we're positive that bartenders aren't buying it *all!*

it's worth it . . . it's Budweiser®

ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC. • ST. LOUIS • NEWARK • LOS ANGELES • TAMPA • *and soon* HOUSTON

SINATRA SINGS: Budweiser presents "FRANK SINATRA - A Man and His Music" a color special on NBC-TV, ***Thanksgiving Eve*** *9-10 p.m. EST.*

ESCAPE TO RICHES
A TRUE Report on a Man Who Has it Made

HE MADE A MINT FROM MONSTERS

By Ross R. Olney

■ When Ed Roth left the Army in 1955 he had a wife, five children, a flat bank account and an obsession for doodling monsters. To keep from starving, he grabbed a job in a Sears, Roebuck stock room in Los Angeles. Today, thanks to a mangy little creature he invented named "Rat Fink," Roth could buy the store he once worked in, if he wanted it.

He doesn't want it. He already owns several choice blocks of L.A. real estate and a nice piece of Revell, Inc., one of the world's largest plastic model makers.

Roth, a bear-sized extrovert who shovels five steaks through his beard at a sitting, has always had a huge appetite, but until recently he had little idea that monsters could maintain it.

For three years after his discharge Roth seemed to be heading the wrong way in the race for riches. The salary of a stock-room clerk barely covered the needs of his substantial family. Nothing was left for play. To maintain a sense of freedom, Roth fell in with the hot-rod set—for when he wasn't doodling bizarre monsters, he was dreaming about welding together a custom car more otherworldly than anything built before. But this would take money, something he didn't have.

So Roth combined hobbies. He decided to finance his custom car by painting his monster doodles—in loud colors—on his friends' T-shirts. People still remember him, in a dirty, paint-stained sweat shirt and overalls, hustling business in the pits of the drag strip in Maywood, California. For a buck or so he would stretch your T-shirt across his easel and paint on it a "Roth original," an ugly, generally snaggletoothed beast, in vivid color. The dragsters hardly thought of their odd-canvased painter as an empire builder.

In the morning Roth would drag himself back to his stock-room job, riches still a dream of the future. Then, one particularly dull morning in January, 1959, the first of several ideas hit him. If Sears, Roebuck could make money by mail order, so could he. That evening he started painting T-shirts at home.

As soon as the mail-order dollars began to trickle into the apartment, Roth sent them out again—this time to buy junk parts for the beginning of his first custom car. He planned to make it completely wild looking and name it "The Outlaw." At the same time he expounded

—in a booming voice to a worried wife—his pet success theory: Every man, he insisted, gets one big chance to make a name for himself, but doesn't often have the nerve to take it.

Roth and his wife considered their assets: an insignificant monster T-shirt business; a planned custom car, which—when built—might bring in exhibition money from auto shows; a steady job in the stock room; plenty of drive and ambition; and an outgoing personality.

Their liabilities included no money in the bank, a large family to support, and a boring 9-to-5 workday.

All he needed, Roth figured, was one thing—a trademark monster for his T-shirts that would be so unforgettable, yet so appealing that some of the millions of dollars which teen-agers spend on themselves would funnel back to him. But the riddle—the monster—eluded him.

Deciding that the stock room wasn't going to inspire any moneymaking beasts, Roth took the plunge. He quit his job and spent his time experimenting with T-shirt art for his mail-order market and slowly fitting together The Outlaw.

The face or name of his dream monster still would not take focus, but The Outlaw did. With it in tow Roth hit the auto shows hoping for fat exhibition fees. But since he had learned not to expect instant success, Roth hired a man to keep slapping his monster designs on T-shirts so that his family could be sure of its living expenses.

A few auto fees did start to come in, but more important, in 1962, Revell, a toy manufacturer, decided it would like to produce replicas of The Outlaw. Tiny copies of the strange car quickly appeared in kit form and Roth got a tidy royalty on each sale. Only then, while he was basking in the temporary but unfamiliar security ushered in by the royalties, did Roth conjure up his trademark.

He was out on the auto-show circuit with The Outlaw when he doodled up "Rat Fink"—a disgusting little moth-eaten creature with bulging eyes and sharp teeth. That night he mailed the design home and told his man to paint the little beast on all incoming orders.

Quickly the demand rose to more than 300 shirts per day. Mail, with money enclosed, started arriving in trucks rather than on a postman's back. By 1963 the Rat Fink staff had grown to 20—all running the new silk-screening equipment Roth had to buy. When production jumped to 600 per day, at $1.98 per shirt, Revell took a long look at Rat Fink and expanded their contract to cover the little unfortunate. To date, more than three million of Roth-designed plastic model car kits—including Rat Fink drivers—have been sold by the Revell company. Each sale increased the golden flow into Ed Roth's pockets.

Roth's days in the stock room were gone forever—as his stock shot up in the eyes of monster conscious teenagers. He is quick to point out, "The kids idolize me because I look like somebody their parents wouldn't like."

Today his original cars appear in showrooms with or without Roth, in more than 65 cities per year, at fees up to $800 per car, per city.

But even more money poured into Roth's coffers recently when Rat Fink had children. At any time you can expect to find the beady eyes of Mother's Worry, Surfink, Superfink and others staring at you from the front seat of a toy car or off an informally adorned chest.

The monster-ous income of this 33-year-old bearded doodler and mechanic now runs to several hundred thousand dollars per year and is still steadily climbing. Roth never has to work another day in his life—so he doesn't.

He sits around one of his Fink Cities happily dreaming of new monsters while the money rolls in. All this moneyed leisure thanks to a scraggly little idea by the name of Rat Fink.

How can you tell Mercury is a great road car? | Point it uphill.

If power alone were enough, Mercury would easily qualify. Mercury's power comes in big new engines, ranging up to a 428 cu. inch V-8. But Mercury isolates you from the raw force of power with the finest, quietest ride this side of the Lincoln Continental. And makes the miles still shorter with a long list of options. If you like uninterrupted music, you'll enjoy our Stereo-Sonic Tape System. It plays 80 minutes with plug-in cartridges. And you should like our unique interval-selector windshield wipers. The sweep adjusts from 2 to over 10 seconds for any kind of weather on your windshield. (Some option! They're standard on all but the Monterey.) Cornering lights will help you navigate dark corners. And front disc brakes will give you sure, grab-free stops. Now level with yourself —are you just about ready for the move to Mercury 1966?

Move ahead with

Mercury

in the Lincoln Continental tradition

HAPPINESS IS A DRY MARTINI

A collection of contemporary comments by America's favorite nighttime comic,

JOHNNY CARSON

Drawings by Whitney Darrow, Jr.

HAPPINESS IS *being stuck in an elevator and discovering the ravishing blonde with you is a liquor salesman with a case of samples.*

HAPPINESS IS *seeing the Imperial Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan light a burning cross and catch his sheet on fire.*

HAPPINESS IS *having your mother-in-law fall down the stairs at a heavily insured neighbor's.*

HAPPINESS IS *having your camera at an office party when you stumble on your boss and his secretary.*

From the book *Happiness is a Dry Martini*. Text copyright © 1965 by Cory-Richard Music, Inc. Illustrations copyright © 1965 by Whitney Darrow, Jr. Published by Doubleday and Company, Inc.

ALL YOUNG MOTHERS WANT General Electric's Heat 'n Serve Baby Dish. No pans or hot water necessary. It heats a 3-course meal, keeps it warm.

SHE'LL LOVE this charming Sugar and Spice Kitchen Clock. Handy pull-out drawer. Cordless ...with General Electric's battery movement.

WOMAN SIZE! General Electric's "low-boy" blender, only 10½ in. high. Grates, chops, purees, blends. Holds 32 oz. Easy to use and store.

SHE'LL FLIP over the professional results she gets with General Electric's "Professional" Portable Hair Dryer. Faster, more comfortable drying. Four heat selections. Adjustable hood.

TWO GIFTS IN ONE! General Electric's Can Opener-Knife Sharpener pierces and opens cans...and the sharpener is front-side for easier use!

SHE'LL HAVE A BALL entertaining with General Electric's deluxe Coffee Urn. Serves 12-30 cups. No-drip faucet. Specially recessed base for cup and saucer. All stainless steel—easy to clean.

Looking for gifts she'll unwrap with a smile?
General Electric has them!

FREE DECCA LP "RUDOLPH" ALBUM featuring Burl Ives—with purchase of any G-E Housewares Product. At participating stores...or send Use & Care Book cover to: Rudolph Record Offer, General Electric Co., Bridgeport, Conn. 06602. For additional albums mailed to yourself or friends...send $1.00 for each album with names and addresses. Offer ends December 31, 1965.

WATCH RUDOLPH THE RED-NOSED REINDEER ON TV! In full color on Sunday, December 5, over N.B.C. ...a special gift for all the family from General Electric.

General Electric Co., Housewares Div., Bridgeport, Conn. 06602

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

When all the doing is done for the day
let The Sure One do something for you.
(Make you a better drink)

Say Seagram's and be Sure

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C., BLENDED WHISKEY, 86 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.

How we stole the Star of India

By Allan Dale Kuhn with Jack (Murph the Surf) Murphy and Roger F. Clark

For the first time anywhere the famed beachboy jewel thieves tell their story of the crime that rocked the country

AS TOLD TO FRED FERRETTI

ILLUSTRATED BY MOZELLE THOMPSON

On the night of October 29, 1964, the American Museum of Natural History in New York was robbed by a daring trio of young jewel thieves from Miami. They scooped up a fistful of famous gems, including the 563-carat Star of India sapphire, the 110-carat Midnight Star sapphire and the 100-carat Star Ruby of Burma. The crime, startlingly similar to the plot of a then-current motion picture titled Topkapi, *both stunned and amused the world. Within 24 hours, two of the robbers were arrested in Miami Beach, Florida, where they worked as beachboys for some of the major hotels. The third man was arrested in New York City. Subsequently some of the stolen jewels would be recovered, the three would plead guilty and be sen-*

tenced to three-year terms at Riker's Island Penitentiary in New York. Through it all, the Beachboys, as they became known in the press, never talked except in wry jest, never explained their motives, never lost their carefully cultivated "cool."

Later, when the charade of innocence was over, it was to newsman Fred Ferretti and to TRUE *that the three swinging, surfing, seducing thieves turned with their exclusive story of the crime.*

Ferretti, a reporter for the New York Herald Tribune, *had covered the glittering caper from the outset. He worked on the story in both Manhattan and Miami —from the Museum's sedate halls to the never-never land of Florida's plush hotels. In the hurly-burly days between their arrest and eventual imprisonment, when Kuhn and Murph and Clark were out on bail and still maintaining sly innocence, Ferretti made himself a part of their bizarre clique—the milieu of the beachboys. He knew that to understand the absurdly bold crime, he would have to understand its absurdly bold perpetrators. His story of that quest for insight forms a necessary prologue to one of the strangest confessions ever made.*

I first met Allan Kuhn on the morning of December 2, 1964, at his $287-a-month furnished apartment in Miami. It had been a little more than a month since the Museum robbery. The jewels were still missing. Kuhn and his friends were out on bail. There were no other suspects. The apartment was all baby blue: carpeting, drapes, terrace. Kuhn warned me the place had probably been bugged by police. The furniture was obviously expensive. "There's about $9,000 worth of stuff in here," said Kuhn as he was dressing. He put on a pair of white ducks and a white shirt, topping it off with a red alpaca sweater-vest. He packed a black alligator wallet with bills, the top two of which, at least, were $100 denomination. He slapped this into his rear pocket and then led the way downstairs, apologizing for having to drive me in his 1961 Oldsmobile convertible because "the New York cops won't release my Caddy."

We were headed for the Beau-Aire, he said. The Beau-Aire is a bar where Miami's beachboy society comes to drink and unwind after work. All during the warm and sunny days the beachboys must put on happy faces as they work the larger, plushier hotels. They must put suntan lotion on aging female backs with just the right touch; set out lounge chairs with towels folded in neat army corners; be quick with the ice water and the cold mixed gin, all the while being excessively masculine, which is a beachboy's most saleable quality. And they must do all this for ten hours a day, always smiling, hoping for fat tips. They make them, too. Kuhn says, "It wasn't unusual for me to pick up $50 or $100 a day. I've done it lots of times."

Except for the money they make, beachboys work in sunlighted obscurity. After a time, they all look alike—lean, lithe and muscular, deeply tanned, with hair bleached sand color by 12 months of Florida sun.

Beachboy society has three castes: the cabana director, the hired beachboy and the boy who hops from hotel to hotel along the Miami Beach Gold Coast picking up what he can—either in money or companionship. Each of the hundreds of hotels along the strip has a cabana director who is sort of a majordomo among beachboys. He in turn hires other beachboys on pitiable salaries but with the promise of huge tips.

Most beachboys earn enough to keep themselves going and maintain a minimal wardrobe which usually consists of duck trousers, varied sport shirts and casual footwear. Beachboys are not necessarily boys. They can be as young as 17 or in their 40's. The older ones are in the work simply because they like the sun. Some of them are married, some have wives holding down "respectable" jobs and kids who regularly go to school. All beachboys are tanned and exude confidence. This is their stock-in-trade.

Kuhn looked the part as he cut his convertible skill-

A massive iron gate barred the thieves' way into the hall of gems. Some other entrance had to be found.

fully through the traffic of downtown Miami. He eyed an overcast sky as he drove and said his friends would probably be surfing despite the weather. "We don't pay too much attention to the weather," he said. "When you're surfing, you don't worry about anything else at all, and *nobody* else either."

He turned his car off the Venetian Causeway into the yard of the Miami Beach Yacht Corp. "I want to show you my yacht," he said.

"They say I got a yacht. This," Kuhn said, "is my yacht. Is that a yacht?" The *Virginia Dare* is a wide flat-bottomed, 16-ton sloop, 38-feet long, painted off-white with brown and maroon trim. The paint is peeling, the boat lines and equipment are rust marked and weathered. "But I like it. It isn't fast. It's sort of a tub actually. Rides way high in the water. You know, you really have to be an adventurous person to own a boat like this." And in the next breath, "Know anybody who wants a bargain? I'd like to sell. These lawyer costs, phew! But who wants a boat like this. It's like selling a hot rod."

Back into the car and across the causeway. Directly in front of Kuhn's car a panel truck moved briskly. Naked women with strategically placed bubbles and feathers were painted on its sides and back. "Strip Tease," said the lettering under the pictures, "Three Shows Nightly, Twenty Girls Twenty."

"See that," Kuhn said, "I'll bet you the FBI is in there. They use all sorts of modern equipment you know, especially in a case like this."

Bouts with the FBI were a conversational favorite with the three beachboys. They publicly taunted its agents and showed off newspaper clippings which proved, to them and their admirers at any rate, that they outwitted the federal agents at every go around.

Kuhn's favorite FBI story was about a time after the robbery when he happened to pause near some of the garden plantings outside his apartment house. "We went upstairs," he said, "and a bare five minutes later the doorman came running up screaming, 'They're tearing up the shrubs, Mr. Kuhn, they're tearing the bushes.' I guess they thought they'd find jewels or something buried there."

Kuhn said another officer called him and "apologized to me for having to ask 'Where were you in October 1962?' I told him I didn't know, why? And he said 'I was told to call you and find out where you were because the Spanish government lost 20 million pesetas in cash then.' He sounded like he knew he was doing something silly."

He pulled off the causeway onto Miami Beach, cut left to 65th Street and pulled up at the Beau-Aire. He told a handler to see that the car was washed and cleaned, then walked through the lobby to the bar. He ordered his vodka collins with grenadine. "I like the pink color," he said.

The Beau-Aire is a square, two-story hotel which seems to have been dropped from the northern tourists' places-to-be-seen-at list. It is clean but worn and

Inside the darkened museum, Kuhn and Murphy shattered the glass cases and grabbed $400,000 in glittering loot.

when you look at its whiteness closely, you see that the walls have been scraped and painted and rescraped and repainted. The carpets have a lot of three-year-old cigarette burns. The concrete patio where the plastic bar is located is streaked with rust and faded droplets of every color the hotel was ever painted.

In the evenings the beachboys come here, unscrew their uniform smiles, put on their starched white ducks, their starched shirts, their laundered tennis shoes and drink. While they drink and laugh, they talk about things they dare not mention in the tiled cabanas and pools where they work. Such as some of the scores of the day; such as "that fat broad waving the twenties around;" such as "We're not beatniks, we bathe;" such as how square their parents, relatives and childhood friends are for living in places like Lowell, Massachusetts, and St. Louis and Sandusky, Ohio, where "nothing's what's happening."

Kuhn was sipping his vodka collins and chatting with Jimmy the bartender when Jack Roland Murphy —by now known from coast [*Continued on page* 76]

BAD NEWS FOR BAD BEARS

Big, hungry bruins are chewing up thousands of trees each year in the northwest timberlands. Until science can find out why, lumbermen have declared open war on the beasts

A damaged area where bears dined on wood: researchers study the results.

BY DALE SHAW

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY THE AUTHOR

■ How much wood would a black bear eat if a black bear would eat wood? The answer to that question is: Plenty. Bears in the timber-rich Northwest destroy enough lumber in one year to build all the houses in a city the size of Rochester, New York. That represents a $15 million annual loss to the lumber industry and has brought about a declaration of man-versus-bear war.

The Forest Research Center at Olympia, Washington, is the headquarters and command post in this battle to protect the tree crop. Here strategy and science are combining to find solutions to a problem that many experts wouldn't believe existed until lately.

Doug Pierson, research chief for the Center says, "A lot of people are surprised to hear that a bear will eat a tree, but evidence goes back at least 50 years. At that time, naturalists thought tree marking was exclusively a way bears had of staking out territory. But now we see trees girdled and stripped as high as 30 feet off the ground. We see a whole family of bears up a tree having dinner. So what can we do but kill off the animals?"

Thousands of bears a year are being brought down by paid hunters, traps and dogs. Meantime, $200,000 a year is being spent to find a more humane way out. Captured bears are kept in cages at the FRC for study. One of these, a 300-pound black, gives a convincing demonstration of what he can do to a piece of wood. Pouncing on a freshly-cut billet of fir that is flipped into his cage, he rips off the outer bark with powerful claws. He rakes at the sweetish cambium layer and sapwood beneath with his keen teeth. Then he looks around for more, licking his chops with a snaky red tongue.

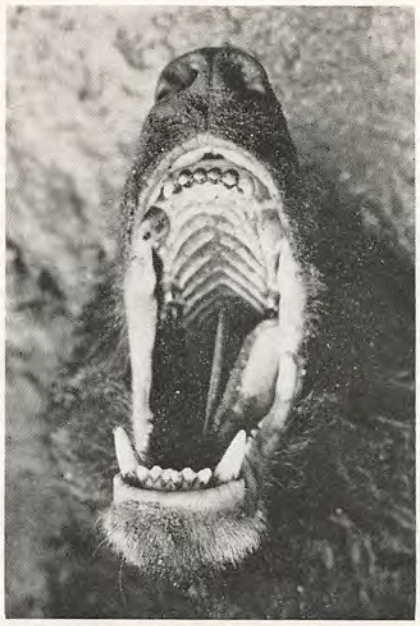
Watching this spectacle, Pierson says, "See what he did to that piece of wood—well, that's what he's doing out in the woods. Until we can find a repellent and a way to get it on the trees, I guess we'll just have to go on shooting all the bears we can find. We're killing 500 a year in western Washington alone. On top of that, an open season on a predator basis is yielding 5,000 more a year."

A lot of people who hate to see so many animals die have come up with other suggestions: catch all the bears and ship them elsewhere; feed the bears so they won't be so hungry, etc. But none of these ideas work. As for the long-sought repellent it hasn't been found yet either. So far, the foulest chemicals have failed to spoil the bears' appetites.

In Pierson's office the bear-war general unrolls a big map of western Washington dominated by the massive mountain uplift known as the Olympic Peninsula. An area of 25,000 square miles is splotched with dark shading indicating bear damage. Trees in 5,000 square miles of this magnificent lumber country have been marred, mauled and killed. On the Olympic Peninsula alone, one thoroughly riddled sector covers 1,000 square miles.

"This is as much as we know," Pierson says, "but the shading on the map doesn't tell the whole story. Timber cruisers can't check every acre and aerial photography indicates only dead trees. But a lot of money trees are peeled up so bad they rot and are ruined by fungus and insects."

One tree man in Washington put it this way: "We may not know for years how bad we're hit, not only here in our state, but south in Oregon and in parts



A bear's mouth is filled with weapons. Hungry, he can destroy 10 trees a day.

The lumbermen's army kills another foe. Paid hunters get $20 per bear.

of California, too. You see, you don't crop for 50 years and in 10 years two bears can turn themselves into 30 bears. They run through the natural food supply like a regiment of Marines and begin ripping up the trees. Coming out of hibernation, they're lean as rails and they kill 20 trees a day for the next 60 days. Douglas fir's the favorite and in lots of the range they've eliminated the species completely. The bears kill young trees which are worth $4 on the stump, so the damage comes to $80 a day per bear. I've seen a swath of dead fir run down one mountain and up the next where a family of bears passed through. How many bears are there? Enough to make trees a thing of the past if we don't find the answer."

Doug Pierson admits that he does not know the answer. But he thinks he knows how the mess got started. When World War II ended, he explains, a big housing boom sent timber cruisers scouting new stands for hungry lumber mills. To their surprise, they found prime woods liberally slashed by tooth and claw.

Biologists agreed on what was happening; the Northwest had been cut over years before, and lush, life-supporting second growth had fostered a bumper crop of long-lived bears. Now the new forest was stretching out of reach, blocking out all light on the forest floor, creating a biological desert down below. The bears went wild with starvation and started eating trees.

Another opinion holds that the bears are missing some rare nutrient found only in bark, something they need like a sick cat or dog chewing grass. A few bear men still cling to this mystery-ingredient theory, even after 15 years' increase in bear damage pointing to one thing—hunger.

Pierson claps a stack of yellow cards together in his hands with a loud *smack*. Each card represents one bear—male, female or cub—brought down by trap, dog pack or gun. Professional hunters have piled up those cards for cash money, sometimes shooting two or three treed cubs at a time.

"Look these cards over," suggests Pierson, "and you'll see the pattern, where the hunter has marked 'condition.' Bear after bear has been described as poor on the cards."

It was in 1951 that the lumber companies decided they had to take action. First they got the Oregon game department to change its policy and declare the bear a predator where tree damage was being inflicted. Then together with landowners and state bureaus, they formed the Forest Protective Association, put together a budget and hired professional bear slayers who took to the timber with old-fashioned iron-jawed bear traps weighing 40 pounds each.

Pierson recalls those iron-trap days with dismay: "Jack Aldrich went up to the north country around Pyscht," he says. "It was a backbreaking job running out a line of a dozen traps. He had to post signs and put a fence around each set to keep hunters from getting their legs broken. Fooling a bear into a cumbersome iron trap is a tough science; Aldrich got the impression that the bears could outthink him."

Jack Aldrich is an ingenious Castle Rock, Washington, outdoorsman who still kills for the association. He is responsible for the gadget that revolutionized the bear war. Fooling around in his home shop, he modernized the original Indian snare, using aircraft cable that would restrain the im- [*Continued on page* 124]

REPORT FROM VIET NAM

GHOSTS OF CHRISTMAS PAST

Four years have gone since the author's first Christmas Eve in Viet Nam. The sergeant he spent it with is dead now. In his place are more than 140,000 new GI's. They'll have turkey and trimmings and USO shows before a new year of war begins

BY MALCOLM W. BROWNE

ILLUSTRATED BY BERNARD D'ANDREA

■ Al Combs managed to fire a whole magazine of carbine slugs at the Viet Cong in the bushes without spilling a drop of gravy from the bucket of Christmas dinners he was cradling in his lap.

It was Christmas Eve, 1961, before many Americans had ever heard of Viet Nam. Instead of the more than 140,000 American servicemen here now, U.S. troops numbered less than 1,000. But they were fighting just as hard as our men are today.

Al Combs of Brooklyn, New York, was one of these soldiers, a Sergeant First Class in the Army's Special Forces—and as tough as they come. Al and I were driving by jeep from Saigon to the jungle Ranger camp at Trung Lap. The dozen Americans there lived mostly on rice with occasional C rations in those days, and Combs and I were bringing them and Vietnamese trainee-soldiers in the camp precooked turkey and cranberry sauce we had scrounged in Saigon.

The 25 miles of road to Trung Lap were just about as dangerous then as they are now and, as usual, the Viet Cong snipers opened fire on us. Al's burst from his carbine may or may not have killed some of them, but the guerrilla firing stopped and we made it to Trung Lap.

That night at the camp, Al and several of the other Special Forces boys began singing Christmas carols. The turkey dinner had been good, there was plenty of juicy, fresh watermelon for dessert and there was cold beer for everyone.

Somehow singing, good food, companionship and Christmas spirit can penetrate even into the jungles of Viet Nam. Combs was about as sentimental as a land mine, but he was bellowing *Silent Night* with real uninhibited fervor.

It was nearly midnight when somewhere off in the distance a rifle cracked and its bullet snapped through the trees near our mess tent. The singing stopped abruptly as if on command.

"I think it's time for a star in the East so we can have a look at what kind of wise men are moving in," Al said grumpily.

A gaily decorated Christmas tree with electric lights was perched atop a pile of 60-mm mortar shells. Al walked over and took out several cases of flare shells. He made some hasty settings on the little mortar outside the tent and then popped off five flare shells in quick succession. They burst with a ghostly white glare over the neighboring rice field, in the rough outline of a Christmas star.

In the field, four or five black figures could be seen moving fast, frantically looking for some place to hide from the dazzling light in the sky.

Some of the soldier-trainees on guard in our camp—Vietnamese citizens of Cambodian stock who have proved to be among South Viet Nam's toughest fighters—spotted the figures immediately and opened fire with two heavy machine guns. The red tracers sliced across the field and one after another the Viet Cong shadows dropped and lay motionless.

The Cambodians howled with laughter and cheers, and broke open more beer which they passed around in aluminum washbasins. Al, who always talked out of the side of his mouth, looked out over the field and said: "That'll teach them bastards to get some Christmas spirit. Now once again, from the top, let's sing: *Siii-lent Night.*"

Al Combs was only about 30, but in some ways he was like an old man. He had been in the army most of his adult life. Until the Viet Cong finally killed him a few months ago, he had been fighting in this corner of the world for five hellish years—longer than any other American serviceman has been here. He had come first to Laos in 1960, in the days when the Special Forces operated more or less as a fighting arm of the super-secret CIA. Little was said then about American military action and the task of the Special Forces men was to beat Communist infiltrators at their own game. The following year he moved to Viet Nam for more of the same.

If Al had any remaining ties back in the States, he never talked about them. All his friends and roots were either in the Army or here. He could be ruthless in battle, but he could also spend a whole month's pay to help out an impoverished Vietnamese family. Tough and cynical as they come, he was at the same time a dedicated fanatic about winning this war.

After I saw Al at Trung Lap, he became an adviser to a group of hard-bitten, bloodthirsty Nung tribesmen who operated as guerrilla partisans. Eventually, he left the Special Forces to become an adviser to the Vietnamese Airborne Brigade. He was on leave in Saigon last June 25 and happened to be having dinner at the My Canh Floating Restaurant. He was one of the 43 people in and around the restaurant who were killed that night when a Viet Cong bomb went off.

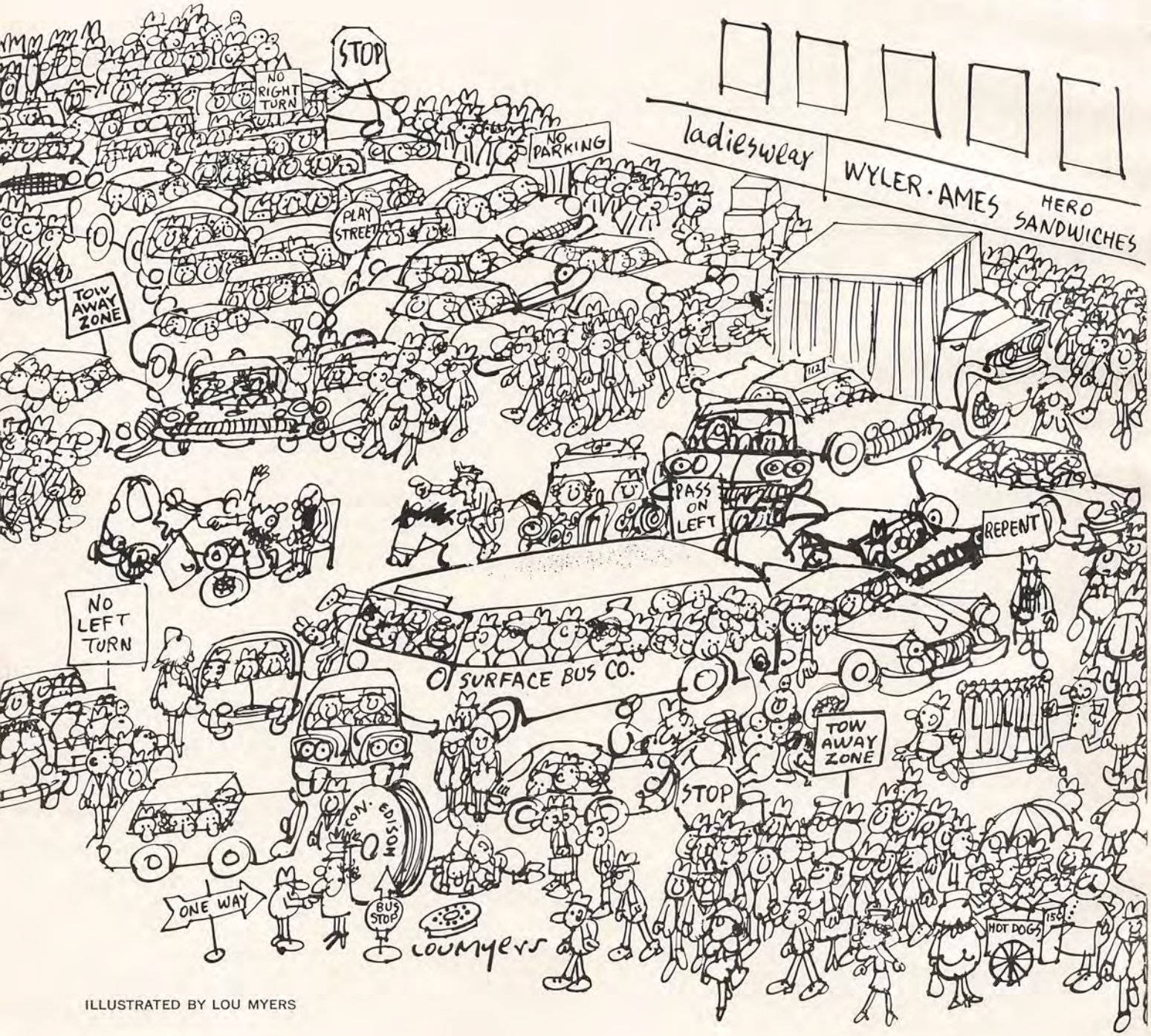
So Al is not here this Christmas. His body, like those of other Americans who have been killed in this strange, unconventional war, was placed in an airtight aluminum temporary casket. The casket was wrapped in a quartermaster issue flag. Brief services were said at the airport chapel, he was flown home for burial, and there are very few people back in the States who will even remember him. But his life was a mixture of the dedication and terror, the simulated joy and the real sentimental loneliness that will be the lot of so many Americans this Christmas—and is reminiscent in some ways of bittersweet Christmases other GI's knew in other wars.

For this Christmas, for example, the PX at Saigon is heavily stocked with special gifts—pearls from Tokyo, jade from Hong Kong, silk from Bangkok—brought in by government shopping teams for GI's to buy and have sent home. Sixty thousand dollars worth of Christmas trimmings are being distributed to U.S. military units in Viet Nam, and most units are also receiving Christmas carols on tape to add to the festivities. More than 100,000 frozen turkeys are being shipped in so each serviceman can have a turkey dinner on Christmas Day, and chaplains will hold services at hundreds of detachments in this war that has no single big front, flying from one place to another by helicopter. [*Continued on page* 123]

New York City's Traffic Commissioner **HENRY BARNES** *says*

DRIVERS UNITE!

Solving this country's traffic problems is a job for experts. If we leave it to politicians, America will soon become one big traffic jam



ILLUSTRATED BY LOU MYERS

AS TOLD TO ROBERT A. LISTON

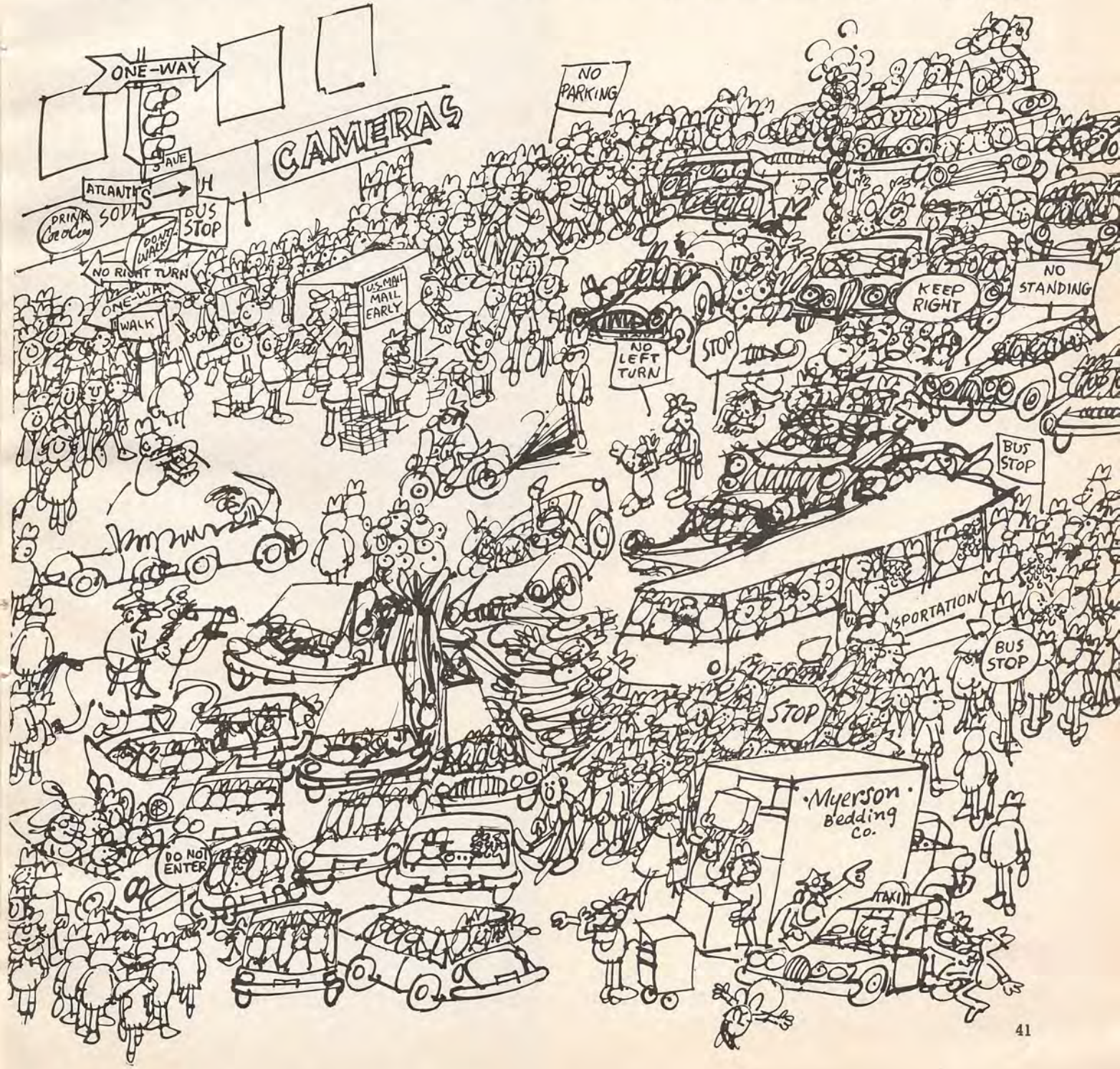
(You Have Nothing To Lose But Your Freedom)

■ You're a motorist and you're used to traffic jams. They're a way of life. People dedicated to the pursuit of stupidity, greed and politics have convinced you over a long period of time that every American driver deserves to be gouged and disregarded. You don't agree you're this kind of sucker?

Look at your plight. You shell out several thousand dollars for an automobile, license it, insure it, fill it with gasoline on which you pay a 50 percent tax, get on a $100 million toll "expressway" and "zoom" off at all of five miles an hour.

When you arrive home an hour late, exhausted, your dinner is cold. Later you open the paper to a piece by Lewis Mumford or turn the TV on to David Susskind, both of whom declare: Get rid of the car—it is ruining our cities.

This is utter nonsense. The car is an essential of modern life. Cities would [*Continued on page* 102]



THE HORSE THAT WAS MARKED FOR DEATH

Nail Keg was the kind of animal that made friends everywhere. But he was doomed from the day the Indians first saw him

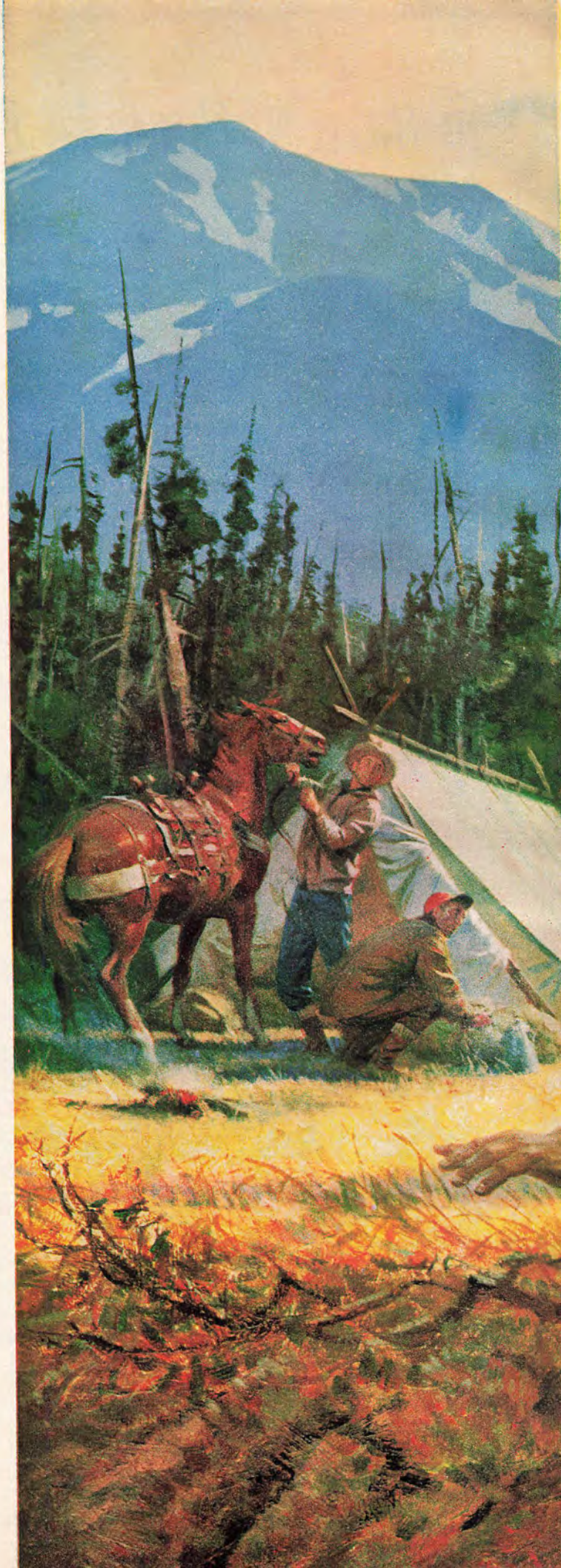
BY RUSSELL ANNABEL
ILLUSTRATED BY TOM LOVELL

■ "Poor Nail Keg. Poor Tiger," my longtime client Gunn Buckingham lamented as he squinted through the blowing snow at the wounded Toclat grizzly. "This may get them buried. But I gotta shoot. It's ethics, dammit."

I told him to go ahead and shoot. The Nail Keg referred to was my ineffable, polka-dotted, pet Appaloosa saddle mount—my profession symbol on the Alaska frontier—and my fast friend. Tiger also belonged to me. But Tiger was just a better-than-average good horse. His value was $300 and he was expendable.

The grizzly was 60 yards up the mountain and visible only between blinding gusts of snow. Within seconds the animal would reach cover. We were in the tangle of peaks above the headwaters of Tonzona River, on the uninhabited north slope of the Alaska Range. An hour ago and two miles from here we had shot the bear on the shore of a freezing timberline lake. Unfortunately, Buck's bullet had hit too far back. Now Buck had his grizzly trophy riveted. All he had to do was plant another soft nose in the bruin where it would accomplish the greatest good.

His worried hesitancy was due in part to the nature of the slide where the wounded bear was moving. It was a steep ribbon of broken shale, a kind of geological deadfall, hair-triggered and waiting to be tripped. We had left the horses ground-hitched 200 [*Continued on page* 97]

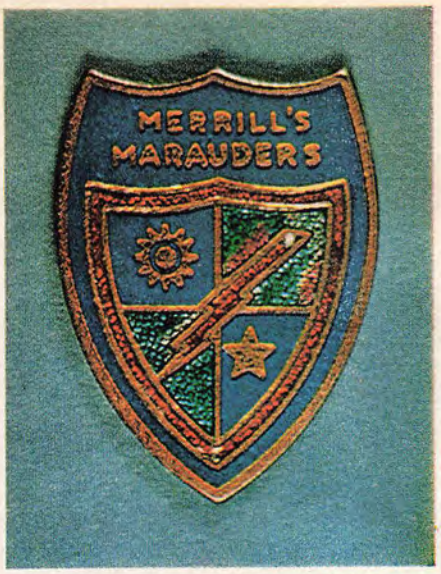


Nail Keg came unglued. With the moose antlers swinging like an engine of destruction, he headed for Frank.

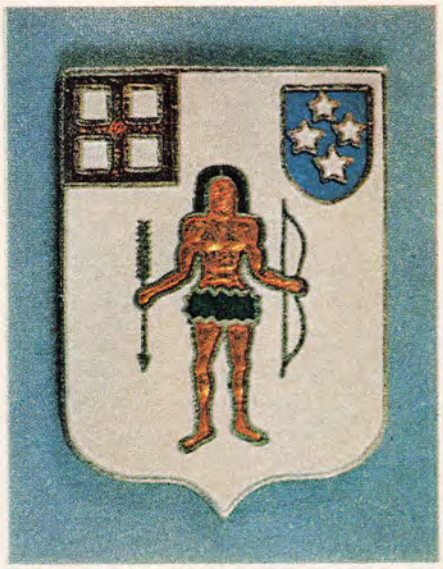
BADGES OF THE BRAVE

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE
BY DENNIS J. CIPNIC

116th—Normandy: After D-Day, first to move inland, leading big Allied push.



475th—Burma: Drove through 600 miles of jungle in brutal guerilla campaign.



182nd—Guadalcanal: Fought through to victory over muck, Japs and fever.

157th—Anzio: Saved beachhead from Nazis in classic gut-fighting battle.

Ever since this country became a free nation, its fighting men have worn military insignia with honor. A man of the infantry, particularly, takes glory in his regiment and is proud to wear its crest.

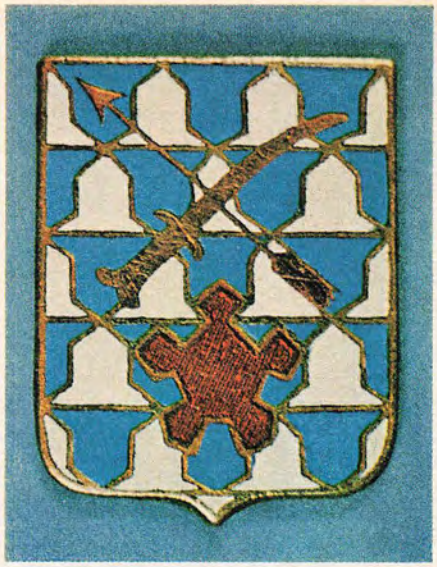
An authorized regimental crest is actually a metal badge. It is usually based on the coat of arms which appears on the regimental colors and is usually worn on the epaulets. The badges shown here represent some of our most famous fighting units, groups that have distinguished themselves in many bloody encounters.

Some regiments have long histories, going back 100 years or more. The 116th (top left) fought under Stonewall Jackson in the Civil War. The 7th (lower

308th—Argonne: Only regiment to hold in famous World War I onslaught.

306th—Pacific: Took part in Leyte invasion, Okinawa and Ie Shima battles.

35th—Korea: Almost surrounded but held firm during bloody five-day attack.



16th—Europe: Fought for Ike all over the map from Tunisia to Germany.

117th—The Bulge: Stubbornly held the Panzers to save the western front.

right) dates back to the War of 1812.

Other regiments had shorter, though equally glorious, lives. The 475th (Merrill's Maurauders) was so decimated by its epic struggle in Burma that it was disbanded soon after. The insignia shown here is a replica of a shoulder patch. No official crest was ever authorized.

The 308th (lower left) was the famous "lost battalion" of World War I but was later disbanded. The badge shown for the 306th is no longer in use. All other badges are authorized insignia of existing units.

These crests are from the 8,000-piece collection of F. B. Koepnick, Houston, Texas.

168th—Italy: Monte Belbedere victory paved way for Allied assault on Cassino.

325th—Landed in gliders on D-Day in middle of raging battle, secured area.

7th—In World War II took part in 10 campaigns and four assault landings.

BY DAN HOLLAND
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BERNI SCHOENFIELD

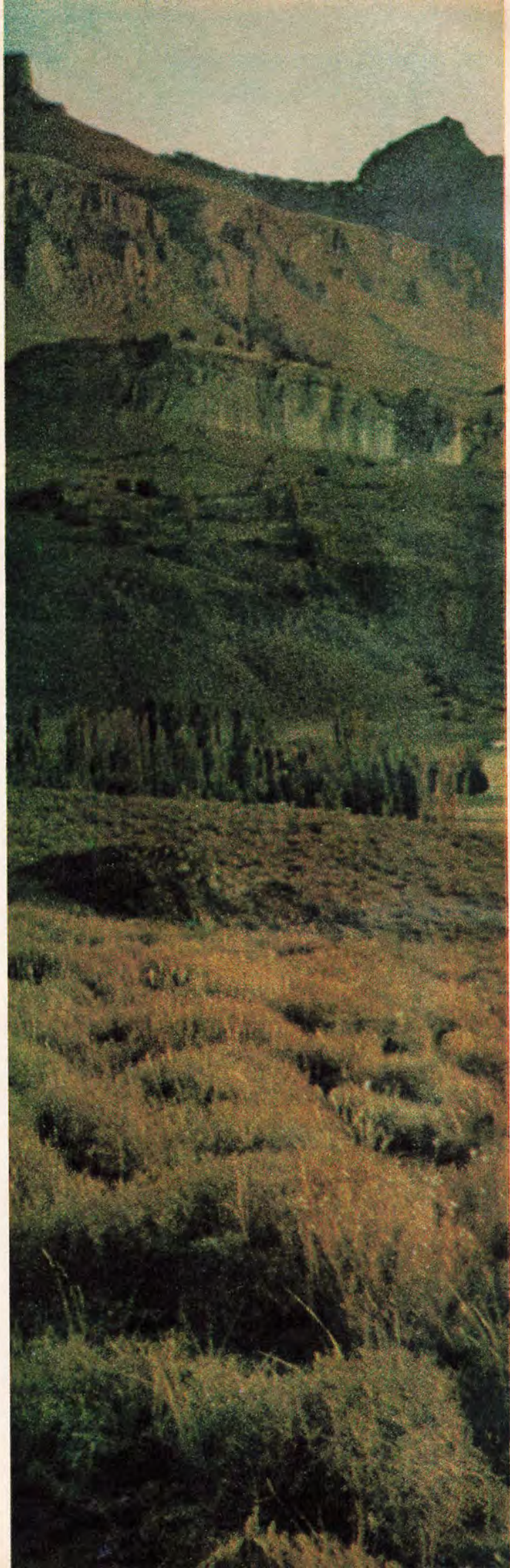
BIRD HUNTING ADVENTURES IN A NEW EDEN

In Chile and Argentina the hunter's only limit is how much game he can carry. It's like the great, bygone days of wingshooting in the U.S. only more so

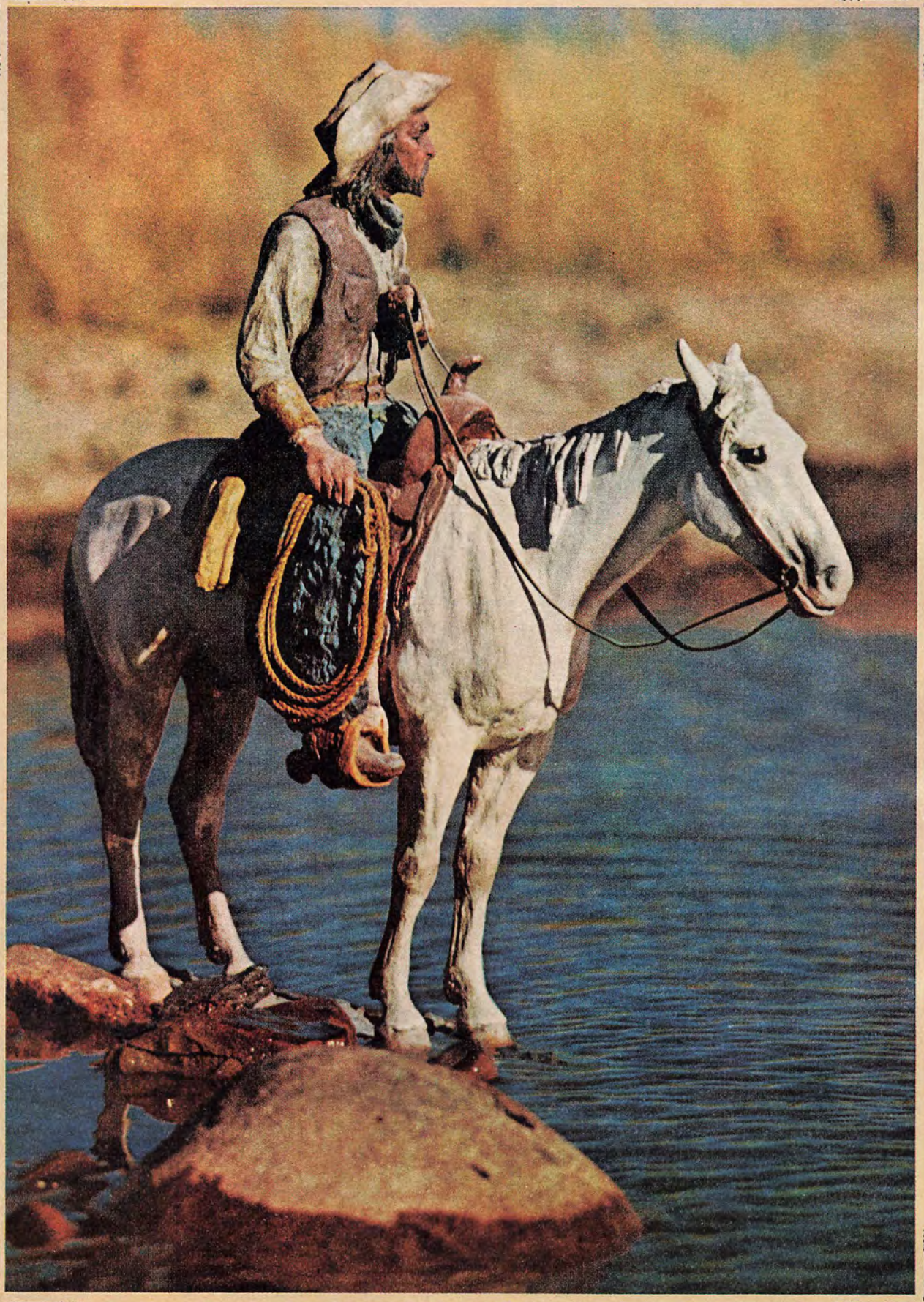
Had a fine afternoon with Laddy Buchanan. Shot 24 ducks. Laddy, with armpit waders, went deeper into marsh and had even faster shooting. "Clouds of ducks around me," he said, but I couldn't have asked for anything more to my liking. Pass shooting, the birds coming from all angles and at all levels. Never too slow and never too fast, although it picked up between 3:30 and 4:30 p.m., when we quit, Laddy being out of shells and both of us having enough ducks.

This isn't lifted from a hunter's journal of half a century ago. It is direct from my own notes made this year. In view of today's stringent duck laws, shooting to such excess would seem to make us extreme violators, especially in the month of May, but of course there is an explanation. This hunt took place in Argentina where May is the equivalent of our November. I had made this exploratory trip in desperation after the poor bird season in the Northeast of 1964.

The exciting truth is this: in Chile and Argentina there are not only thousands of ducks, but geese and doves are considered *pests*. The Republic of Argentina labels them "national plagues" due to the damage to pasturelands by hordes of grass-eating geese and to grain crops by the swarms of doves. Limits and seasons are either liberal or nonexistent, but more exciting than mere numbers is the great variety of shooting. In addition to ducks, geese, California Valley quail and doves, there are native species like chachalacas and tinamou, various wild pigeons, jacksnipe, railbirds and parrots, some of which fly remarkably fast and are highly regarded locally. [*Continued on page* 119]



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY ERWIN A. BAUER AND BILL BROWNING

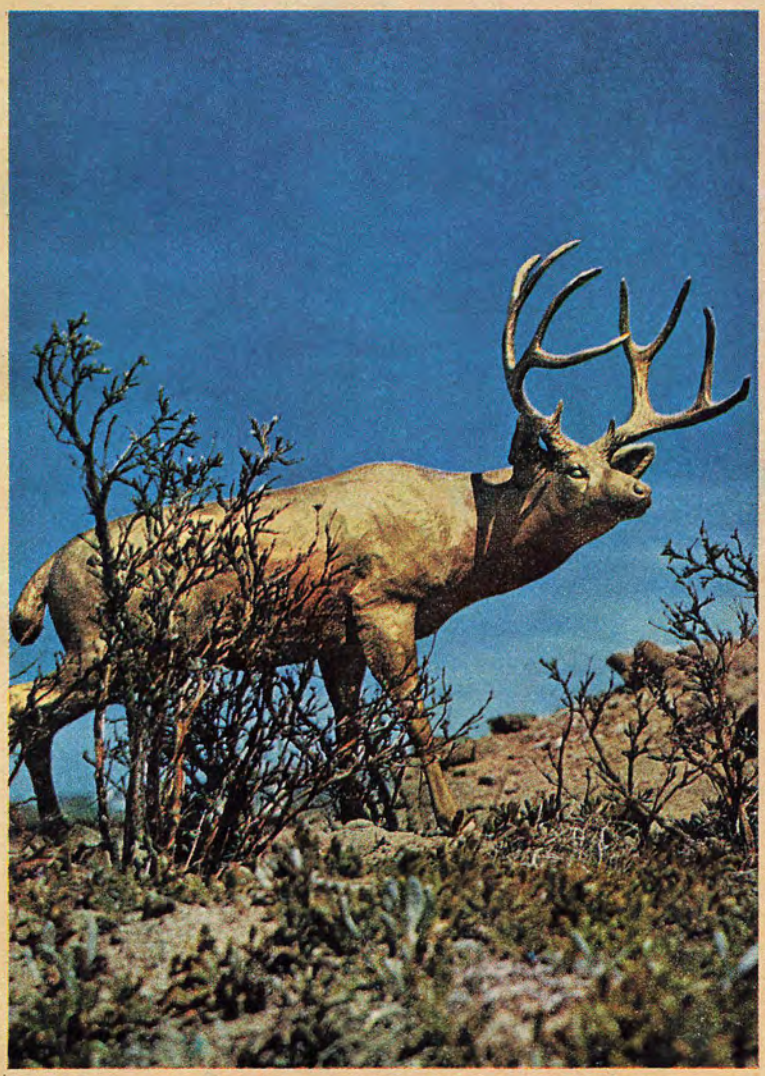


BOSS OF THE TRAIL HERD

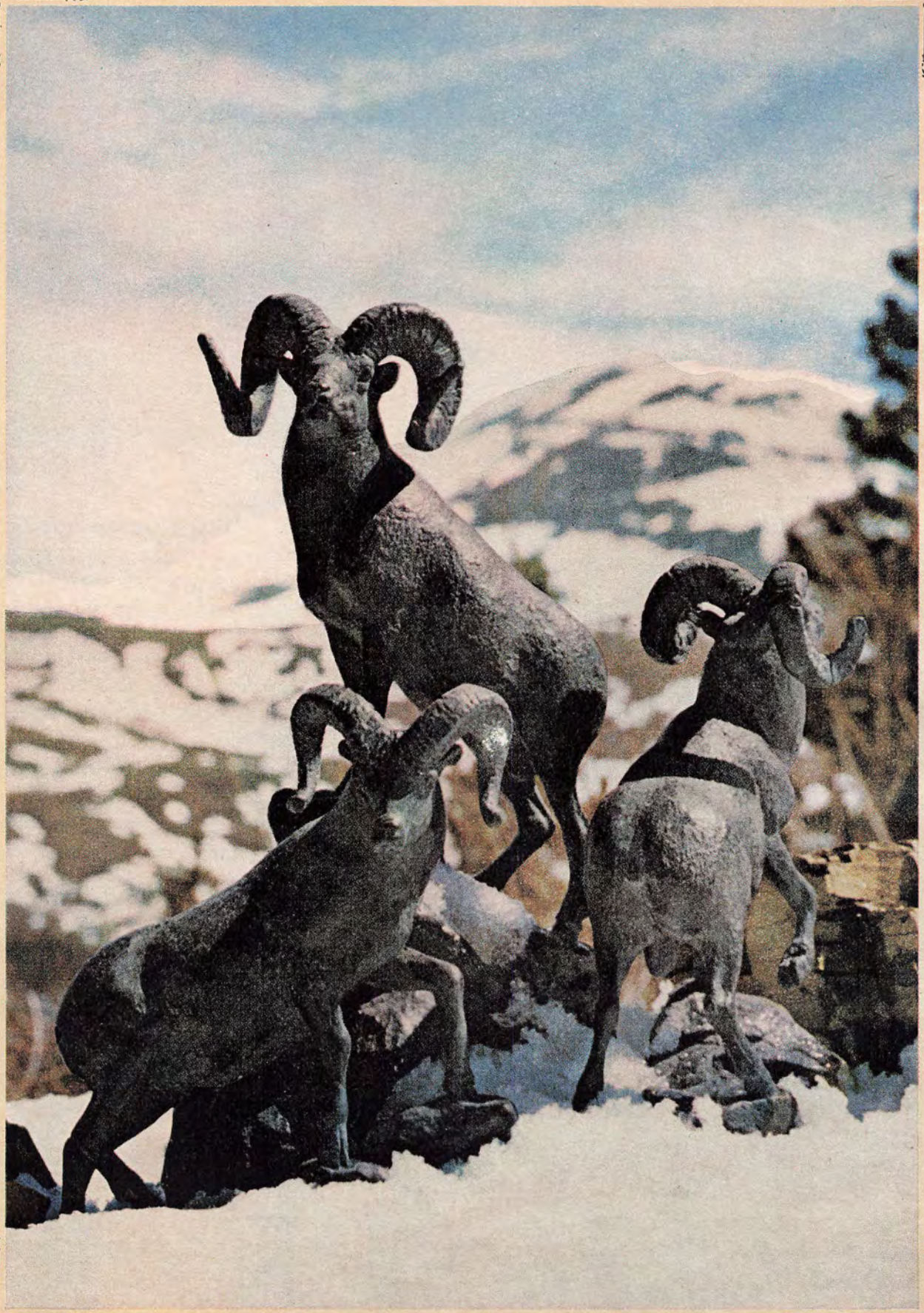
RETURN OF THE RAIDERS

TO KEEP THE VANISHING WEST

Indian raiding parties, countless buffalo herds, fabulous game animals—even mounted cowboys—are going or gone from the West. While there are still men alive who remember this past, sculptor Bob Scriver (below) is

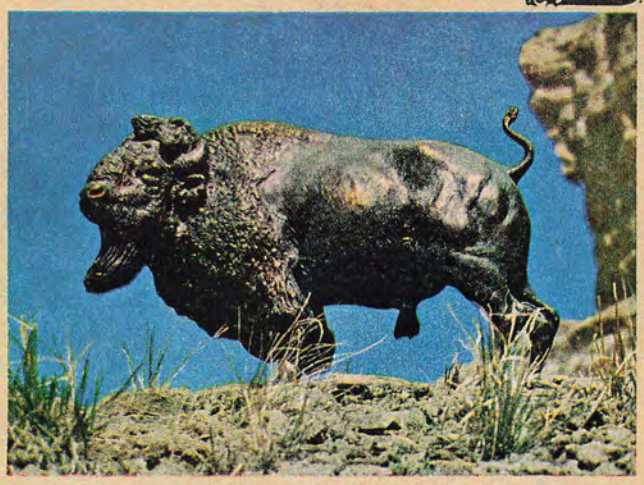


MULE DEER BUCK



TROPHY RAMS

hurrying to capture the flavor and life of the big open spaces in meticulously-detailed, miniature bronze figures. The victorious Blackfeet are part of a series on Indians. Modern cowboys may be turning in their horses for pickup trucks, but Scriver has preserved and enobled the old-time cowboy in another series of figures. He relies on old tales and his own hunting experiences for the nostalgic feeling of the real Old West, its animals and its people.



HERD BULL

VICTORIOUS BLACKFEET

BY LEONARD A. STEVENS
ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT SHORE

MEDICINE'S MOST FAMOUS HOLE-IN-THE-HEAD

The blow should have killed Phineas Gage on the spot, but all it did was increase his vocabulary of cuss words

■ On the day that his employment with Vermont's Rutland and Burlington Railroad abruptly ended, Phineas P. Gage was considered a promising construction foreman. At age 25 he was a hardworking, purposeful man of temperate habits who dealt with his men in a mild, soft-spoken but firm manner that got results. But all that was ended at 4:30 p.m., September 13, 1848.

Gage and his men were working in a new excavation that cut through the rocky hills about a mile south of Cavendish, Vermont. Gage was preparing the blast holes, using a tamping rod which was three feet, seven inches long and one and one quarter inches in diameter, and weighed 13 and a quarter pounds. It was pointed at one end and blunt on the other.

Gage placed a charge at the bottom of a hole, then told an assistant to pour some sand in on top of the explosive. A moment later he turned back to his work and rammed the tamping rod down into the hole.

At that instant a sharp explosion echoed through the hills. Looking up, the startled workmen saw their foreman fall on his back, his legs twitching convulsively. Then his tamping rod landed with a clank on the rocks. It was smeared with blood.

The workers rushed to their foreman's side. Two brutal holes were in his head, one in the left side of his face, directly under the cheekbone, the other a jagged, frightening gap in the front of his skull surrounded by slivers of bone and blood and brains.

Slowly, the men began to understand what had happened: sand had not been poured into the blast hole. As Gage had rammed his rod downward, it had struck a spark which had ignited the unprotected powder. The blast had shot the tamping rod pointed end first, through the foreman's head.

"Get him off the rocks," said one of the men, hoping to comfort the unfortunate man in his dying moments. A couple of workmen put their arms under Gage's shoulders and carefully lifted his mutilated head and upper body from the rocky ground. They noticed that his left eyeball was bugged out about half its diameter. His arms were burnt from the flash of exploding powder.

But as Gage was being raised up, his right eye opened and he looked at the astonished men around him. He then proceeded to sit up on his own, shaking his head and touching the wounds with his hand. Then he began to talk as naturally as ever. "Where's my rod?" he asked and the men explained how it had been blown into the sky by the blast. "But where was the sand?" asked the foreman. The assistant confessed what had happened. Gage had no trouble understanding the cause of the accident, and to the continued amazement of his men, he talked about the mishap most matter of factly.

"Look, you need to get to a doctor," said one of the workmen interrupting Gage, who for the first time considered that he might be badly hurt. He began to stand up on his own, but the men wouldn't allow it. Several of them carried him to a nearby oxcart.

"We'll get him up to the hotel," said the driver. "Some of you run ahead and find Doc Harlow."

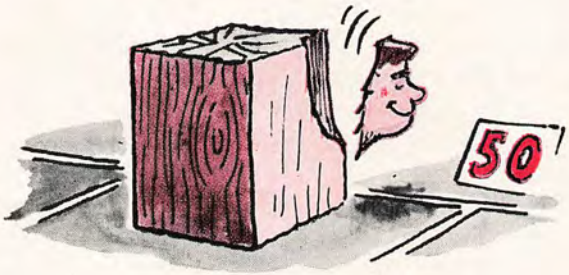
Gage sat upright against the cart's frontboard as he was driven three-fourths [*Continued on page* 92]

The steel shaft shot upward and through his head.

the college football star

as seen by . . .

. . . himself



. . . his father

. . . his mother

. . . his center

. . . nonplaying students

. . . his blockers

. . . his understudy

. . . his fraternity

. . . the pros

THE SECRET D-DAY SPY PLOT

Allied and Nazi espionage records now reveal for the first time that Normandy's longest day could have been June 9, 1944 — D-Day plus three. But by then, spies — including his own — had so baffled Hitler about everything that he lost his last chance to fling the invaders back into the sea

Condensed from *The Secret of D-Day* by Gilles Perrault, copyright © 1965 by Little Brown and Company

BY GILLES PERRAULT

MARCH 1944

■ On March 20, 1944, the commanders of the German army, navy and air force in the west—Field Marshal von Rundstedt, Admiral Krancke and Field Marshal Sperrle—were summoned to Hitler's headquarters. The Führer ended the meeting of his high command with these words:

"The 45 divisions now stationed in Europe are badly needed in Russia. They must be transferred there as soon as victory has been won in the west, so that the situation can be completely reversed. The outcome of this war and the fate of the Reich depend on every soldier on the western front, the number one theater of operations."

This time it was not the usual blustering, the trite exhortation to be killed rather than give ground. This time it was a deliberate strategic gamble. The Führer had stopped ranting and recovered the tone he had used in the early part of the war when explaining his great politico-military decisions to his generals. Now he was chancing everything on a last throw of the dice: an Allied defeat in the west. Hitler was not just waiting for an Allied invasion: he was hoping that the invasion would come.

The Allies were completing their preparations with resolution, but also with fear and trembling for the result. Roosevelt, who was to run for a fourth term five months after D-Day, had told Churchill that he would not survive politically if the invasion failed. Churchill himself had his doubts and fears. He had been reluctant to agree to OVERLORD. He would have preferred to let German power crumble away, limit frontal attacks on "Fortress Europe" to scattered commando raids, gain a foothold in Yugoslavia and advance into the Balkans.

The American generals were confident, but they had also been full of optimism in 1942, when they had wanted to cross the channel and attack the all-powerful Wehrmacht. The British had firmly vetoed any such attempt at that time, and Eisenhower had declared that the day of their refusal "could well go down as the blackest day in history." He later acknowledged that such a premature attack would have been sheer folly.

The Americans had again wanted to cross the channel in 1943, and had got Churchill to agree in 1944 only by threatening to turn all their might against Japan and leave Europe a secondary theater of operations. "They make war as though they were playing rugby," commented a British diplomat. But even Bedell Smith, Eisenhower's chief of staff, gave OVERLORD only a 50 percent [*Continued on page* 129]

BLOODY MONDAY:

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

It broke like an ugly summer storm—a gigantic clash of Negroes and whites. Nothing since has equaled it in senseless savagery

■ The Sunday of June 20, 1943, was hot and heavy, offering no hint or hope that a week-old heat wave was breaking. It was the kind of day when the young men known to that wartime era as "zoot-suiters" left their peak-lapeled coats at home and wore only short-sleeved shirts above their peg-bottomed pants. And a 17-year-old Negro boy named Aaron was nursing a grudge that had grown as unbearable as the molten sun above.

Five days earlier, he'd been one of about 50 colored youths who'd been driven out of Eastwood Amusement Park, just north of Detroit, by whites who'd outnumbered them three to one, after a fight had started over who was going to play the boxing machine next. Aaron found no comfort in the fact that the police had promptly arrested 18 of the brawlers, none of them Negro. All he could think of was the vehemence with which he'd been cursed and stoned. He spent most of that uncommemorated Sunday wandering aimlessly about the parks and beaches of crowded Belle Isle, a huge recreational area in the river near Detroit's downtown district. And all wore only short-sleeved shirts above their peg-bottomed pants.

DETROIT'S ORDEAL BY RIOT

BY GENE CAESAR

If he'd gone swimming, he might have cooled off a bit, and what was probably the most savage race riot in American history might not have occurred. But people were waiting in line at the bathhouses for hours that day. Even some ice cream might have helped, but all the concession stands had long lines as well. So he merely went on walking, with nothing to do but think about the indignities he'd suffered, and early in the evening he came across a 20-year-old friend known as "Little Willie," shooting dice with other youths near the playgrounds.

"Weren't you out at Eastwood Tuesday?" he asked.

Little Willie, whose name was actually Charles, had a hot streak going, but his jubilant smile vanished immediately. "Yeah, I was there, all right!" he muttered.

Everything that had been building up inside young Aaron burst out then, with a dozen sets of sympathetic ears to listen. He looked around him. Negroes vastly outnumbered the whites on the island. "We oughta do them the way they done us at Eastwood!" he decided.

"Yeah!" a fellow known to the others as "Handsome Harry"

chimed in. "Let's go take care o' the Hunkies!"

He really meant Poles, but when this embittered bunch began prowling, none of them bothered to inquire about nationalities. Two of their earliest intended victims, in fact, were actually Negroes, a pair of light-skinned youths who were recognized just in time to escape a beating and were permitted to join the hunt instead. An unmistakably white boy was finally spotted on the swings and Aaron lit into him with a hunk of dead tree limb, sending him running off through the woods. Several white youths were discovered lounging on the grass nearby and were kicked to their feet one by one.

"Time to go home now! All white boys off the island!"

On through the park the growing gang went—driving a man and his wife from a picnic table with threats and curses, then gulping their fill and taking slices of melon and bottles of beer with them. For hours, they roamed and ravaged Belle Isle, leaving a long wake of trouble wherever they went. It was after dark when they headed back for the bus stop, catching and beating two 14-year-olds on the way.

"We ain't got no car fare!" Little Willie mentioned, standing above their bruised and bleeding victims with an empty bottle in each hand. "Give us some money!"

They found two dollars in one boy's pockets, but it wouldn't buy them a ride to the mainland. An approaching bus driver took one look at them and kept on going. Faced with the long walk across the bridge, some of the gang members took out their fury on a 38-year-old man named Joe Josephs, knocking him down and kicking him, then attempting to throw him over the railing. He broke free and ran down the dimly-lit, crowded sidewalk.

"They tried to kill me!" he kept gasping, pointing back.

Three sailors heard him and one whipped out a whistle and blew it hard. Ever since the West Coast brawls between zoot-suiters and servicemen had made headlines, Detroit's sailors had been carrying whistles. The Naval Armory was just the width of little Gabriel Richard Park away from the mainland end of the bridge. Like echoes, the shrill blasts were relayed. Within a few minutes some 200 Navy men were coming on the run.

Their fists fell on the wrong zoot-suiters, though. The marauding gang had crossed the bridge safely. On the mainland young Aaron was busily urging homewardbound groups of Negroes to go back and fight the sailors. "They just killed a colored lady and her baby!" he shouted. "Threw 'em in the river!" He had no taste for going back himself. It was then about 10:45 p.m., and brawling was breaking out along the entire length of the bridge.

"All we wanted," Aaron and Little Willie and the others explained when the police finally caught up with them, "was to do them the way they done us at Eastwood."

This was the spark that set off as vast and vicious a display of sheer animal-like race hatred as this nation has ever seen and it came in a city that had long prided itself on being something of a Mecca for Negroes. Detroit's main colored section may have been called "Paradise Valley" chiefly in jest and occasionally in sarcasm. But even so, the boogie-woogie pianists in the little bars on Hastings Street had long been singing:

Michigan water taste like sherry wine.
Mississippi water taste like turpentine.

That was the way Detroit had always liked to think of its colored citizens—simple, carefree folk, still celebrating their escape from the lynchings and chain-gangs of Dixie. But by 1943 Michigan water had been turning a bit bitter in Negro mouths for several years. World War II had made the Motor City the "Arsenal of Democracy." Recruiting teams from the great production plants had sounded their appeal of patriotism and $15 to $20 a day at every crossroads in the country. Folks had poured by the tens and then the hundreds of thousands into a city that was too busy building bombers and tanks to build houses. They lived in trailers and tents and shack towns. In the Negro neighborhoods slum landlords had simply subdivided apartments until large families were crammed into single rooms. And there was little chance of Paradise Valley finding breathing space by spreading itself; such nearby white districts as Polish Hamtramck were both overcrowded and increasingly hostile.

All through 1941 and 1942 racial incidents had been occurring ever more frequently—slugging matches on the streets, battles on the trolleys and in the overcrowded schools, finally a mob fight involving hundreds at the Sojourner Truth Apartments. And mid-June of 1943 had found thousands of workers leaving their jobs at the big Packard plant. There was nothing unusual about strikes in the Arsenal of Democracy that summer, the hottest and muggiest in any one's memory. Even the foremen were striking at Ford. But the Packard walkout had come simply and solely because three Negroes had been upgraded to jobs on the assembly line. To make matters worse, the self-styled "Reverend" Gerald L. K. Smith was waving the cross and the flag regularly at public meetings and screaming incessantly on the radio about the carnal sin of mixing the races in war plants. And Martin Dies of the House Un-American Activities Committee was making headlines by claiming Nazi agitators were at work in the colored sections of industrial cities, stirring Negroes [*Continued on page* 107]

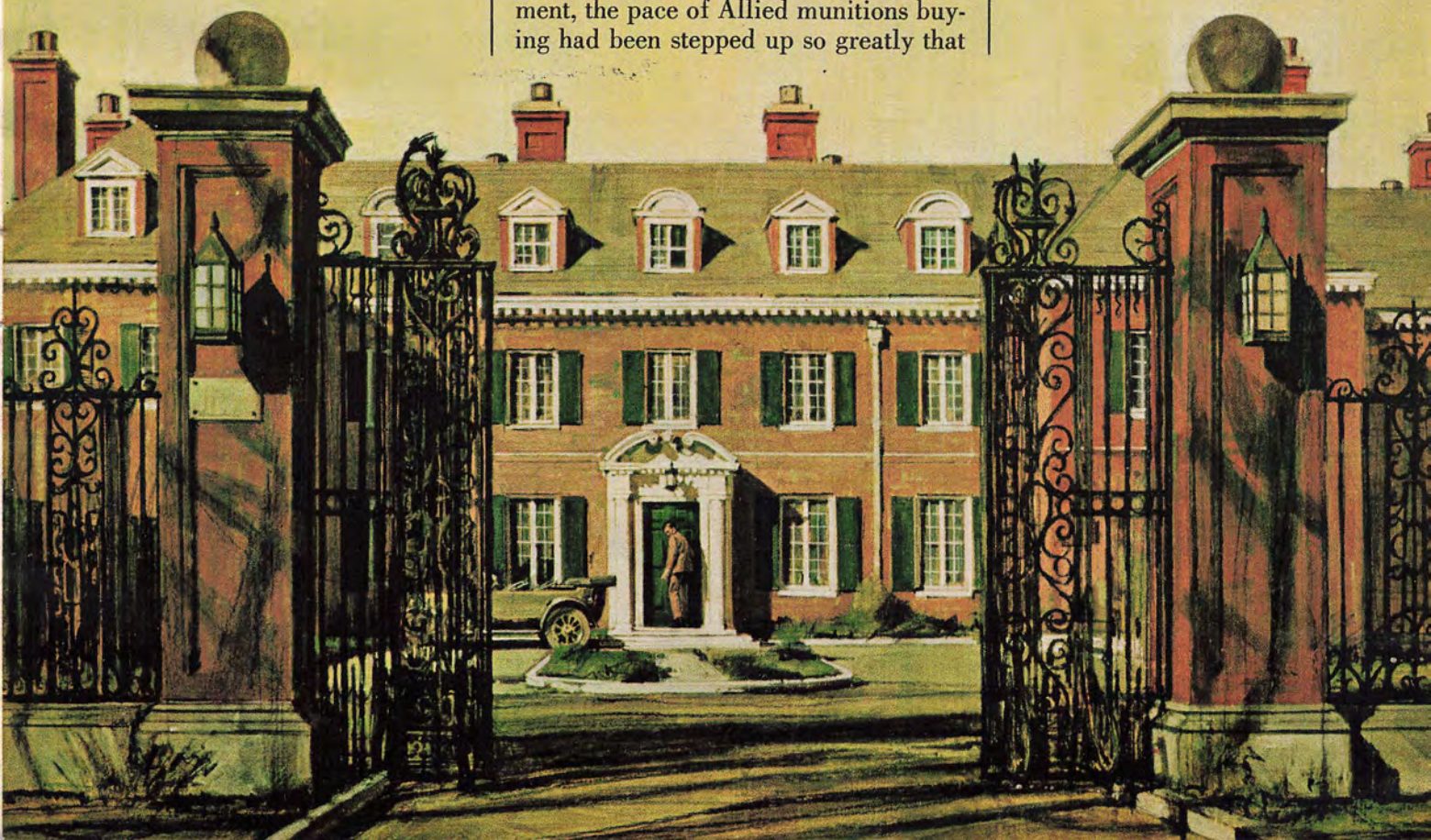
BY A. I. SCHUTZER
ILLUSTRATED BY BILL JOHNSON

The Kaiser's One-Man Underground

Early in World War I, when Britain began buying American munitions, a German-born professor decided to act—by blowing up the U. S. Senate and shooting J. P. Morgan

He was a middle-aged teacher of German at Cornell University and he had decided, completely on his own, to save the Fatherland he had left 26 years before from the economic power of neutral America. He pondered blowing up a ship carrying arms to England, and he determined to enter the Long Island home of J. P. Morgan, Jr., and kill the financier.

Morgan, son and heir of the railroad baron and steel tycoon of the 1880's and '90's, headed the firm which had been appointed official American purchasing agent for the Allies. Since the appointment, the pace of Allied munitions buying had been stepped up so greatly that



Muenter went up to the door of the Morgan mansion and rang the bell.

Europe's faraway war had suddenly brought strange violence to an elegant corner of the U. S.

the Morgan commission, the newspapers reported, ran over $4½ million. To Professor Eric Muenter, this was blood money to be repaid in kind.

But before shooting Morgan, this man—who already had one murder on his record—felt he could best awaken the American public to the need for an embargo on war supplies by zeroing in on the Capitol itself. And he set out on the first step of his fatal plot.

J. P. Morgan landed his bulk on his attacker, and the two men tumbled down as the ambassador and the butler raced toward them.

A few minutes before 4 p.m. of a hot July day in 1915, a tall violin string of a man, with a Teutonic haircut, and a sauerkraut-and-wiener-schnitzel accent, carried a Gladstone bag up the steps of the Capitol in Washington, D.C. He threaded his way through the weekend tourists in the great rotunda and approached one of the building guards.

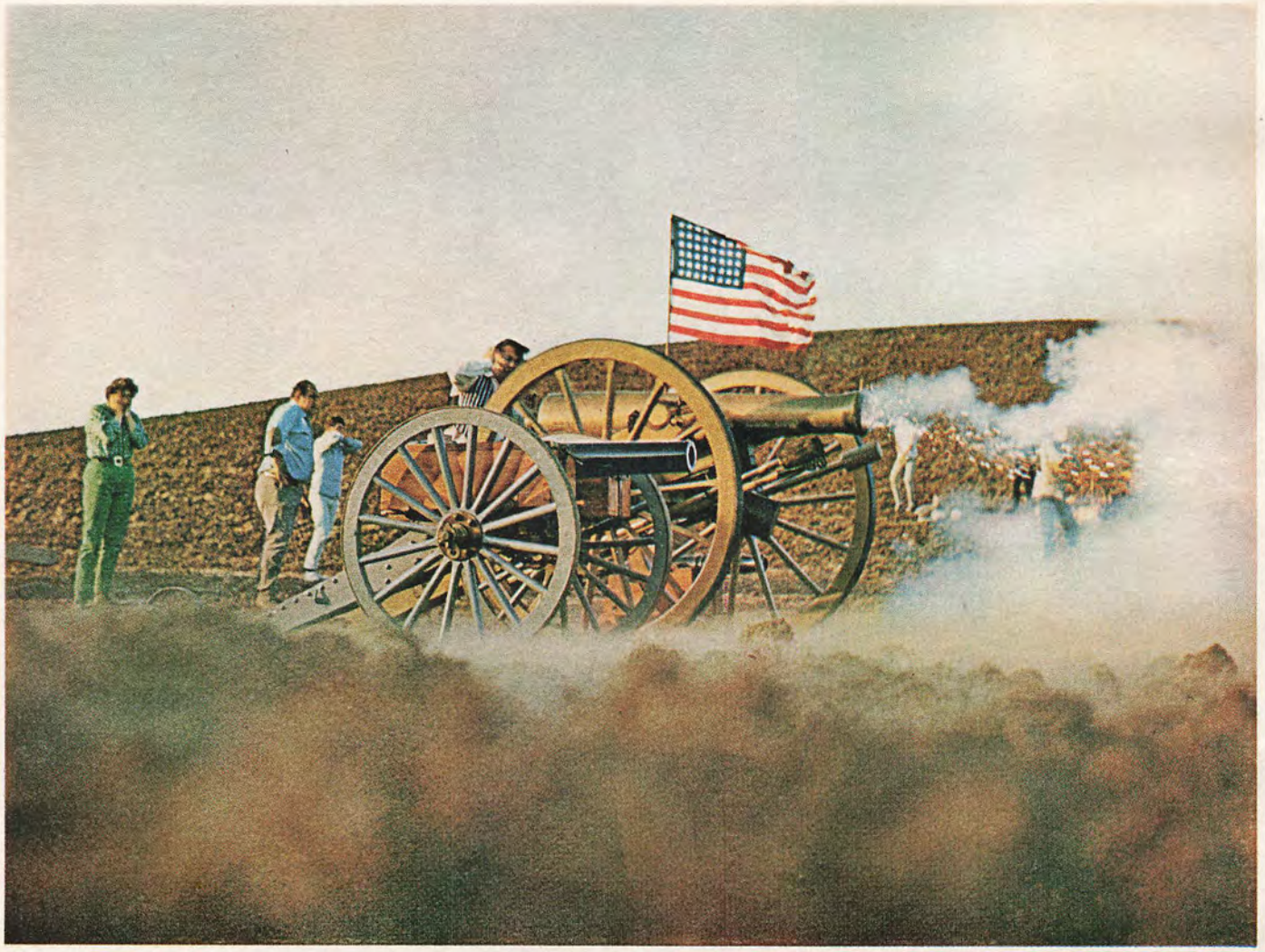
"*Ach,*" he burbled, with an old-country accent, "where can I find my Senator? I wish to leave a gift for him."

The guard sized up the visitor as just one more sausage-making yokel bent on dropping his garlic-flavored product in the lap of a lawmaker. But Eric Muenter was not a yokel, what he had in his bag was not exactly a sausage, and the deed he was about to commit came very close [*Continued on page* 113]

SHOOT 'EM UP PARTY

A shoot-out with old artillery can sometimes be more like a track meet than a war. When members of the California Benevolent Artillery Loaders and Loafers Society—an informal coterie of cannon collectors—recently decided to have a bang-up Saturday, they couldn't scrounge regular rounds for their prize Civil War Napoleon, a Yankee-made 12-pounder. But accustomed to makeshift cannonading, the men descended on a shotputter's supply depot and purchased 10-pound practice shots that, wrapped in carpeting, fit the bore. At Guy Stewart's large ranch near San Francisco, the cannon buffs fired off the preliminaries. Noisy blanks roared from a turn-of-the-century salute gun; lathe-turned wooden projectiles flew out of a Navy howitzer. Then came a big blast—the bronze-barreled Napoleon. Its battle-weary voice had not been heard in 100 years. With earsplitting 2½-pound black powder charges behind the iron balls, it easily demolished a junked Chevy at 100 yards.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY DON W. JONES

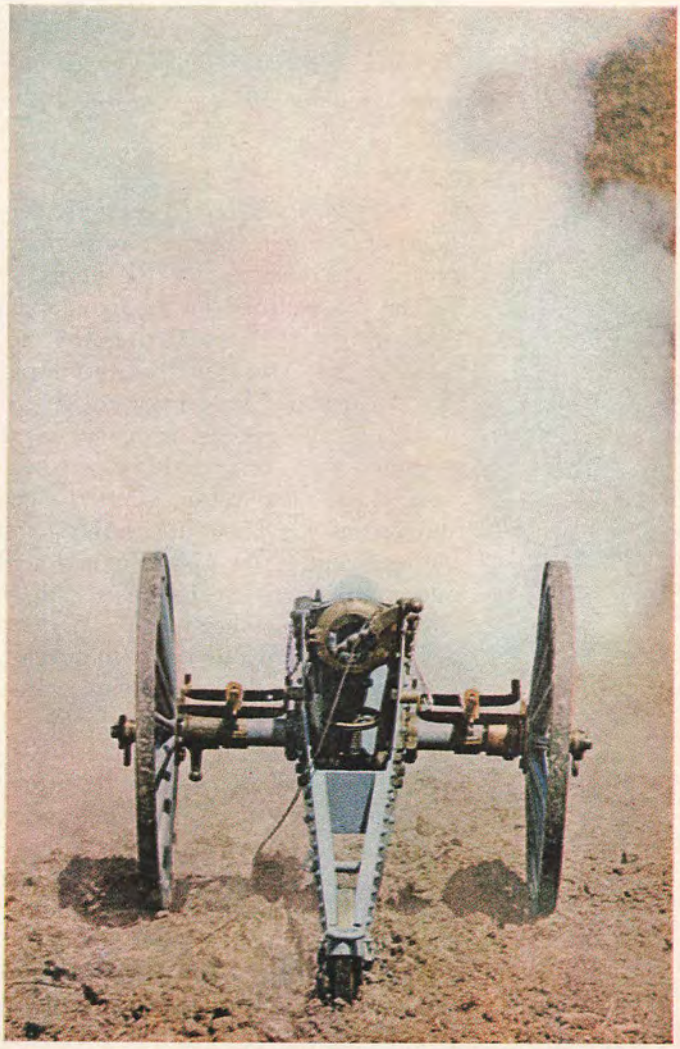


View through breech of 3-inch U.S. Navy howitzer is menacing—but its rounds were wooden.

The cannonballing by eight shotput shots smashes '50 Chevy's engine and interior.

Lethal looking cannon for ships' salutes packs more bark than bite.

Belching Napoleon booms and its hovering crew cover their ears against concussion.



Here Navy howitzer roars as it did in 1876, when U.S. Marines used it for assaults.

BY HY TURNER AND BOB LIPSYTE
ILLUSTRATED BY VELDE

THE BRIEF, BOGUS LIFE OF THE GREAT SIN SHIP

An opulent paradise liner plunged out of the haze of reporter Jarrell's speakeasy hangover—and whisked a fleet of Prohibition-parched drinkers off to comb the sea

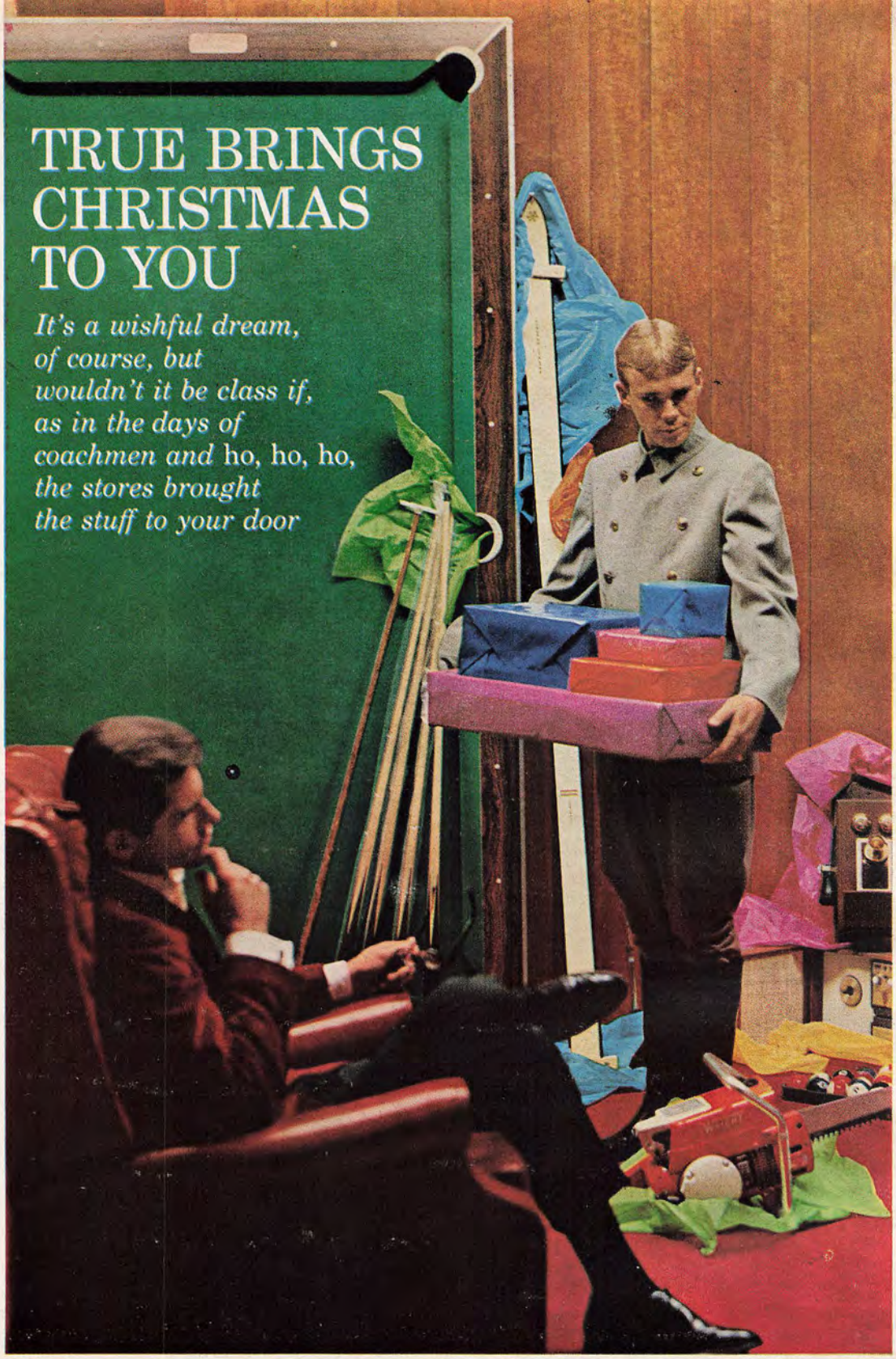
■ *"Fifteen miles off Fire Island, beyond the pale of the law, is anchored a floating bar and cabaret that is the playground of the rich and 'fast.' It is a large ship, more than 17,000 tons. . . ."*

The story broke on the front page of the *New York Herald Tribune* on August 16, 1924, and it was the most welcome bit of ship news since Noah launched his Ark. For Prohibition-parched New Yorkers, the nameless former North German Lloyd liner rocking out in international waters was paradise with bells on its toes. From dusk until dawn, reported the *Tribune*, a band pounded out cotton-field jazz while wealthy sports and lush chorus girls danced the Charleston, guzzled sloe gin bucks and slipped off to luxurious staterooms for less public pleasures. At 3 o'clock one morning, a redhead named Irene threw up her naked arms and screamed: "This is an epic lark," and a millionaire yachtsman with a Bermuda suntan poured a magnum of champagne down her back.

For eight glorious days, the great sin ship was the only topic of conversation in New York. Every man, woman and Treasury Agent who could steer, paddle or trim a sail went down to the sea for sips. But no one ever found the dream boat—because it sailed only in the feverish, hung over imagination of Sanford Jarrell, the reporter who stood New York on its thirsty head with the wildest newspaper hoax of the Jazz Age.

Like most big newspaper stories—true, false or otherwise—it had started with a hot tip from a "reliable source," which usually means some editor's barber. The informant claimed that the great-grandmother of all coastal rum-runners was brazenly anchored in the Atlantic, a tender-run from Long Island and only an hour from Manhattan. With the Volstead Act and Prohibition in force, circulation wars on, and the newsless dog days of August upon it, the *Herald Tribune's* city desk bit hard. [*Continued on page* 94]

FREE! "MIXING MAGIC" BOOKLET. Dozens of recipes, serving suggestions and party ideas, all colorfully illustrated. Send to Old Crow, Box 166 N, Wall St. Station, New York, N.Y. 10005.



Time flies. Times change. Back in the elegant turn-of-the-century days, better-store owners often presented their wares to discriminating customers in the comfort of their own homes. Horse-drawn carriages hobbled down cobbled streets and great humpback trunks filled with fineries were left for overnight perusal. With thoughts for all men who dislike holiday shopping—and who doesn't?—TRUE recreates a fine old tradition and brings Christmas home to you.

Upright at left, Monarch home billiard table, by Brunswick, complete with deluxe accessories, $595. Gold Star skis from Abercrombie and Fitch, $195; poles $8 each. Party-line crank-type telephone, containing eight-transistor radio, from F. W. Woolworth, $29.95. On chair, Sony model 260 recorder with built-in radialsonic stereo speaker complexes, $239.50. General Electric portable color television set, with 11 inch rectangular tube, weighs 24 pounds, $249.95. Consolette electric cord organ with hardwood veneer cabinet by American Audion Corp., $110. Knickerbockered salesman holds a miniature cordless swivel-base clock-radio, by Bulova,

PRODUCED BY RON BUTLER
Men's Wear Editor

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE
BY DAN WYNN

$49.95. The at-home Christmas shopper wears a burgundy-colored velvet smoking jacket with silk shawl collar, from Brooks Brothers, $100. Barca-Lounger Reclining Chair—reclines to TV position as well as full reclining position—in leather (available in all basic colors) by Barcalo Manufacturing Co., $398. On floor, starting from left: Wright gasoline-powered reciprocating blade saw, by Thomas Industries, $149.95. Wollensak recorder with keyboard controls and walnut finish, $219.95. Book-size cordless tape recorder, The Charger, shown at leg of chair, operates from built-in rechargeable power cell, by V-M Corp., $129.95. Self-contained, four-track, four-speed fully transistorized stereo or mono tape recorder, The Continental 401, by Norelco, under $220. Louisville Slugger golf clubs (woods are $24 each, matching irons $18 each) by Hillerich & Bradsby. Exclusive Tracmaster bowling ball, offers bowlers choice of three customized hooks, by Brunswick, $29.95. Super Sports 500 white-walled tire with Sup-R-Tuf rubber, by Firestone, about $40. Old Pal fishing tackle box, Barracuda three-tray model, contains four-piece spin rod, about $30. AM-FM radio in Oriental styling, by RCA, $85. Rug is Delta by Monarch Carpet Mills of Chemstrand's Acrilan acrylic fiber; price, $9.95 per sq. yard.

Here are more colorful gifts to choose from for the comfortable stay-at-home shopper. On this page, clockwise: ties by Wembley, Mr. Sid, and Helen Liebert, from $2.50. Circular jigsaw puzzles by Springbok, $3.50. Battery-powered "Electric" wristwatches, by Vantage, from $39.95. Unicorn cologne and aftershave set, shown on gift box, by Bronzini, Ltd., $10. Kodak Instamatic M4 Movie Camera, features instant loading with Kodapak movie cartridges and fully automatic exposure control, under $70. Desk set with brushed aluminum base and two White Dot cartridge fountain pens, by Sheaffer, $42.50. Teak set, cologne and aftershave, by Shulton, $8. Lesney Ltd. "Matchbox" 1911 Model-T Ford, by Fred Bronner Corp., $1.50. Firestarter, by G. E., $12.95. Sterling silver cigar box, by Wallace Silversmiths, $135. Stampede aftershave, in antique bottle, by Sears, $2.50. Signature aftershave and cologne set, by Max Factor, $4.50. Milos pipe rack, by Abercrombie & Fitch, $35. Pipes in rack, from left: custom-made Calabash, by Kaywoodie, $50; Silvertone Crest Filigree by Medico, $15; and Chadhall Supreme, by Romick's $5.95. Pipes, front of rack, from top: registered straight grain, by Kaywoodie, $100; Air-O-Grate pipe with two interchangeable bowls, by Yellobole, $6.45; and deep-grain briar, by Weber, $6.95. Mark IV plated pen and pencil set, by Paper Mate, $5.95. Sportsman lotion and

cologne in custom caddie set, by Richard Hudnut, $5.25. Lytegem high intensity lamp, by Lightolier, $17.95. Swinger model 20 Polaroid Land Camera, with case, under $24. Trigger speed control ¼″ drill kit, accessories, and case, by Skil Power Tools, $29.95.

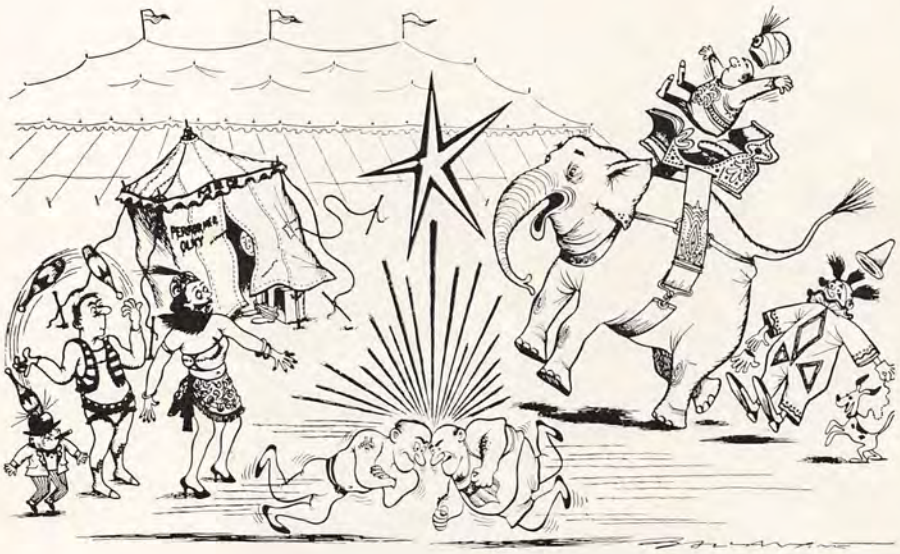
On this page, clockwise from top: NUMBLE, cross number game, by Mag-Nif, $4. Mon Capitaine Cognac aftershave in French Captain container, by Marly, Inc., $6. Rip Tide cologne and aftershave by A. Stein & Co., $7.50. Jean Naté afterbath lotion, $5. 1966 Remington Lektronic V cordless shaver, with universal charging console, under $45. Natif De France perfume, by Sutton, $24. Silver cigarette twin-pak box, by Oneida Silversmiths, $11.95. Varaflame torch, by Ronson, $4.95. Models of Yesteryear cigarette box by Lesney, $5. Currier and Ives gift set by J. B. Williams, $7.50. SIR aftershave, cologne and soap, by 4711, $7.50. Jet for Jentlemen aftershave, by Corday, $3.50. 1966 Stutz Bearcat, and Mercer "Revival" car kits, by Renwal, $1.98 each. Lighters, from top, are: Sepra-Charge rechargeable, by Gulton, $14.95; cordless Rowenta electronic desk model, by Sunbeam, $14.95; butane desk model, by Kaywoodie, $14.95; and gold-plated top-loading butane, by Scripto, $12.95. Weather Sentinel, on walnut base, by Honeywell, $22.95. Shaving mug, by Shulton, $1.25. Ronson 400, electric shaver, in case, $24.95.

More gift and gadget ideas for a home-style Christmas spree. Items in rear left: the goggling salesman holds White Owl Invincible cigars, box of 50, $4.75. Italian gift basket, by Ferrara Confectionary Co., $25. Motorbikes: white is Honda Super 90, with hydraulic front suspension and overhead cam engine, $414; blue is Riverside 60, YJ2 model with new rotary-valve, single-cylinder auto lube, by Yamaha, $289; red is The Olympian model with 150 cc engine, by Suzuki, $463. For the man who has a girl who has everything, model fetchingly displays an Azurene Emba natural blue-gray hooded mink coat, by Christie Bros., about $7,000; minks on rug are also by Christie Bros. TRUE'S at-home shopper is wearing a checked raincoat, The MacKenzie, by Harbor Master, Ltd., $55, and an English-made all lambs wool sweater, by Byford, $15. Red Sendai teakwood chest in background, $375, and small cuff-link and jewel boxes shown on top of chest, from $16, are all by Takashimaya, Inc., N.Y. Turfrider Mark IV golf cart, by Wilson, $36. Versatile Valet, made in England, comes in

choice of walnut or oak, Countess Mara, $32.50. Sweater, shown flat is an English-made all wool "Windsor," by Byford, $15; draped is all wool six-button cardigan by Barclay Knitwear, $11.95. Electric shoe polisher, The Aristocrat, with "pole button" control, by Dremel, $39.95. Bottom, from left: "Eric" Hush Puppies, by Wolverine, about $14. Skua car blanket, made of Glenoit deep pile, with large built-in zip pocket, by Robert Lewis Weatherwear, $45. Statesman Classic attache case, $24.95, Fashionaire men's two-suiter, $50, and Men's Companion, $32.50, all by Samsonite. Space Age chessmen, handmade in Italy of kiln-dried white maple and black walnut, with walnut box, $30, inlaid wood board, $24, from the Queen's Pawn Chess Emporium, Greenwich Village, N.Y. Good Luck punch bowl set, by Old Crow Distilleries, $30. The Executair 707 Trav-L-Bar, shown open, holds three quart bottles and bar accessories, $24.95. Portable travel bar and accessories, shown closed, flat, by Enger Kress, $17.50. Silver Martini pitcher, and stirrer, is from Oneida Silversmiths, $14.95.

STRANGE BUT TRUE

By George R. Martin



Using his head was a big help to a man in American rough-and-tumble fighting during the last century—if he had a thick enough skull to absorb the impact. The head was employed defensively to intercept and bruise a foe's fists, and offensively to strike him in a vulnerable place. A man could be nicely hurt by ramming him in the face to stun him, to smash his nose or dislocate his jaw. A really hard head was needed for a spectacular type of contest that developed around midcentury: head-to-head butting. Tough men prided themselves on this bull-like sport. A Mississippi gambler, George Devol, attained prominence by taking on a steamboat fireman who had reputedly killed two or three men at butting. Devol and the fireman faced each other from five feet on either side of a string stretched shoulder-high with a ribbon at the middle for aiming. At their first rush, Devol tactically sideswiped the other, inflicting a three-inch scalp gash; on their second rush, he dropped the fireman, dazed and bleeding from eyes and ears. In 1867, a match was made between Devol and a circus man, Billy Carroll, whose act was butting all comers and shattering doors and barrels with his head. A friendly affair, it proved inconclusive; they struck only once, Devol holding back because of his 30-pound advantage. But Carroll conceded, leaving Devol champion of a sport not likely to be seen again, heads nowadays being probably softer and certainly wiser. *By M. R. Morton, Hutchinson, Kansas.*

Sculpturing butter is an art that some Himalayan mountain people practice with much skill to gratify their gods. Every year in early summer, Sherpas of Nepal, Tibetans and bordering Chinese set about making altar decorations and offerings for an important Buddhist festival. The material they use is yak butter, which villagers prepare communally in assorted hues with powdered dyes. Each man—it's mostly a male art—then receives large lumps of red, blue, green and yellow, which he keeps in a bowl of cold water. He may carve an ornate floral design in high relief on a board base, or model a statue of a favorite animal or other object to please some particular Buddhist deity. These butter sculptures make a colorful exhibition when massed at the temple altar for several days of prayers and gong music, melting only a little in the cool air of Himalayan altitudes. Afterward the butter doesn't go to waste. Though they can't eat it because of the coloring, villagers use it to soften hides and as hair oil. *By William Briggs, Madison, Wis.*

You don't have to be evil to possess the "evil eye." According to an age-old belief, you can be a harmless, well-meaning type and yet, somehow, have acquired magically injurious eyepower . . . a social handicap you may not be aware of, like halitosis. Such was the reputation pinned on amiable King Alfonso XIII of Spain. In 1923 Alfonso, voyaging to Italy, viewed an Italian fleet that came out in perfect weather to meet him. Without warning a terrible storm arose and four Italian sailors were washed overboard and lost; a fifth died on a submarine when a compressor exploded. Italy was alarmed at this obvious omen, which was confirmed on Alfonso's visit to Naples; there a cannon saluting him burst, killing its crew. A high naval officer shook hands with him, collapsed and died in a hospital. People watching the royal parades averted danger by jingling iron keys or nails, for touching iron was a protection; mothers spat thrice on infants' breasts—as Greeks did 2,500 years ago—to shield them from the king's evil eye. All Italy sighed in relief when he boarded a train for home. The morning after the royal train passed, a dam at Lake Gleno broke, drowning 50 and leaving 500 homeless. In later years, as an ex-king living quietly in Rome, Alfonso was still dreaded. To attend movies, he had to wait till the show started, because if he entered while lights were on, the audience rattled keys at him. The evil eye can be ended, it is believed, only by death . . . common sense having failed, so far, to end mankind's most primitive superstition.

Though electronic engineers' hookups now have sensitivity that verges on the miraculous—such as receiving 65-million-mile man-made radio pulses from beyond Mars—the old-time pioneers of telegraphy could do things equally surprising in their day. One stunt staged in 1866 still merits respect. A trans-Atlantic cable had been laid that year, and a broken cable laid the previous year had also been fished up and completed, so that two separate cables were ready to operate. Both ran from Valentia, Ireland, to a Newfoundland station. At Valentia, engineer Latimer Clark messaged Newfoundland to connect the two cables there. He then completed the circuit at his end by hooking in a mirror galvanometer—a delicate balance hung on a single silk fiber—and an unorthodox power source. The latter was a silver sewing thimble—borrowed from a young lady of the local Irish gentry—holding a few drops of sulphuric acid into which Clark lowered a small piece of zinc. Current from this tiny voltaic cell passed twice under the ocean through 3,700 miles of cable loop and after a 1-second delay (buildup of capacitance between insulated cable core and surrounding seawater) swung the galvanometer needle strongly. The thimble is now in the Science Museum, London. *By Derek Hallister, Manchester, England.*

For acceptable Strange But True paragraphs, accurately and briefly written, TRUE will pay $25 each on publication. Readers must state their sources of information when sending contributions. None can be returned. Address George R. Martin, TRUE, 67 West 44th Street, New York, N. Y. 10036

Another beautiful sleek new luxurious responsive Pontiac Grand Prix for '66.
So what else is new?

Pontiac Motor Division • General Motors Corporation

HOW WE STOLE THE STAR OF INDIA

[*Continued from page* 35]

to coast as Murf the Surf—came in. He was wearing a black silk suit, white shirt and a dark, conservative tie.

"Have one of my cards," he said when we were introduced. Murphy keeps his "business cards" in a slot in his wallet, and hands them out with great good will. Each asks in neat blue letters:

"Who is Captain Kangaroo?"

He too ordered a vodka collins with grenadine, and as he stirred his drink he asked idly, "Has anybody noticed how juvenile delinquency has dropped around here? I'll bet it's down 60 percent in the last two, three years because the kids are allowed to surf downtown."

Nobody had noticed.

Kuhn said to Murphy, "Tell him how much you like cops."

"Yes," said Murphy, "I like policemen very much." While he spoke he casually reached into his rear pocket and pulled out a well-thumbed copy of Ian Fleming's *Diamonds Are Forever*. Dryly he said, "The police and the FBI have been fantastically wonderful in this whole thing."

"Where'd you get that skinned elbow?" asked Kuhn.

"I fell off a museum wall," Murphy said confidentially.

Just then Roger Clark, the third member of the famous trio, walked into the patio. He wore a hat woven of palm leaves, wide dark sunglasses and a gray short-sleeved sweatshirt over his Bermuda shorts.

"Hey, look at the raccoon," yelled Murphy.

"Haven't seen you since the Feds dropped the charges against you guys," said Clark. (By this time, federal officials had decided to leave the prosecution of the case in the hands of New York State.)

"Lack of evidence," said Murphy, biting into a bacon, lettuce and tomato sandwich. "Lack of evidence. About four hundred grand worth."

Murphy gulped down his sandwich, disappeared into a cabana and came out clad in a pair of red-flowered swim trunks. "Hey, tell him about our three movie offers," he yelled to Kuhn as he loped toward the beach with a surfboard.

Kuhn said, "Yes. Three. But we're holding out for the best deal from Cecil B. De Mille."

Informed that De Mille was dead, Kuhn said he was "certainly surprised to hear that," but would be happy with a co-starring role in "The Life of Charlton Heston."

He gestured toward the beach. "Watch Murf. He's the best. Best there is. Never saw him get wiped out." Being "wiped out" when surfing is to be thrown violently from your board while trying to play out the curve of a breaker. "Jack won every competition along the East Coast," Kuhn said.

"Best there is at hanging 10 and walking the board too." Explanation: "Hanging 10" is to wrap one's toes over the forward edge of the surfboard. "Walking the Board" is just that. To execute both well is a sign of outstanding talent among surfers. Clark sat quietly drinking a beer as Kuhn talked, and wouldn't say anything about his arrest until Murphy running up dripping wet yelled at him, "Tell him about your lie detector test, Roger."

Clark said that when he was taken to the station house in New York after his arrest, a detective told him, " 'We're going to give you a lie detector test.' " Clark said he looked around then asked, "Where's the machine?" and the detective answered, " 'We don't use machines,' and whack he smacked me around pretty good."

Kuhn left the bar to get a haircut two blocks away at the Casablanca Hotel, where he had spent three years as a beachboy. As he walked past the pool, several guests got up to shake his hand and wish him luck. The pool manager curved his thumb and forefinger into a good-luck ring and shoved it skyward.

Kuhn dozed through his haircut then strolled back to the Beau-Aire bar. He ordered another vodka collins and said with forced solemnity, "The Star of India will not be a flophouse." He was talking about a cocktail lounge he planned to open.

"All of our waitresses will wear saris and have Star of India sapphires big as shotglasses right in the middle of their foreheads," Kuhn said, "and the clientele will be selected." He took a sip of his pink vodka.

Clark said, "I'd like to get in on the Star of India Lounge with Allan and Murf, but we haven't done anything definite on it yet."

The dozen or more beachboys around the bar showed a lot of interest in the proposed new place. Right now they were interested in just about anything Kuhn, Murphy or Clark might do or say. These three had become a new elite.

"Hey, Allan," called a beachboy named Don, who had been moaning earlier because he suspected a hotel guest of making off with one of his nonobjective oil paintings, which he had left leaning against a wall in the Beau-Aire's dining room.

"You didn't have nothing to do with taking my painting away did you? It was light blue. Sapphire blue. You didn't take, you sure."

Kuhn grinned and winked.

The beachboys and their girls seemed to take it for granted that Kuhn, Murphy and Clark had stolen the jewels. It fostered an admiration bordering on adora-

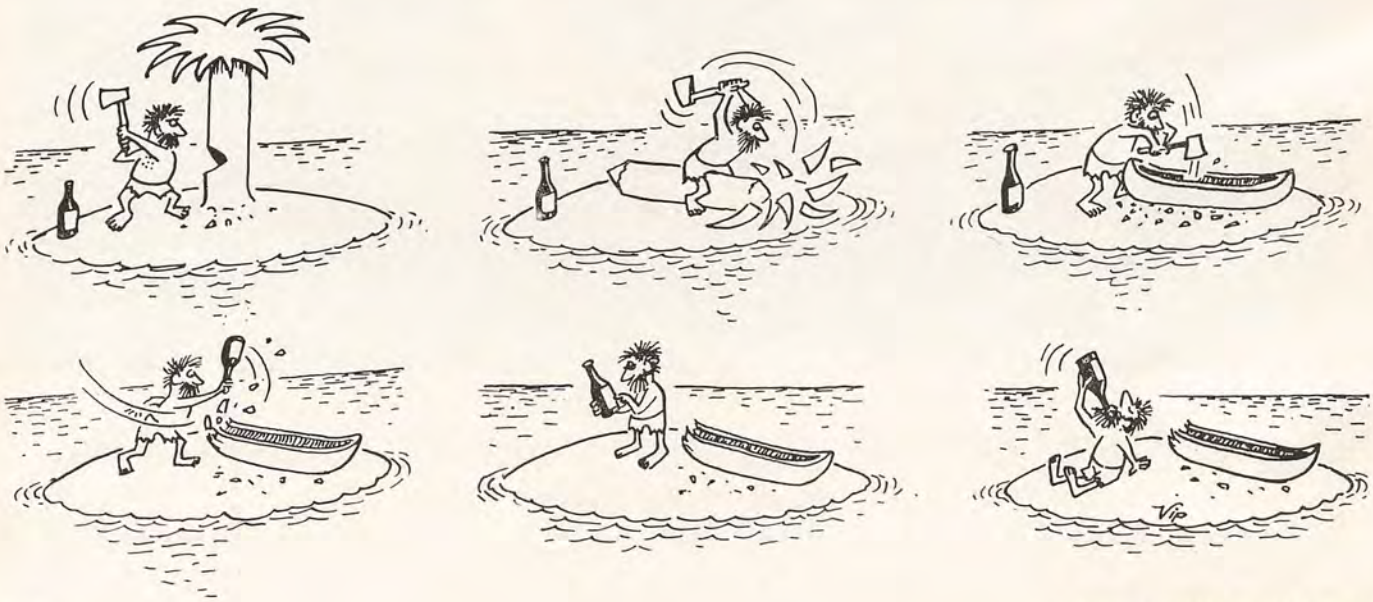
COMING . . .

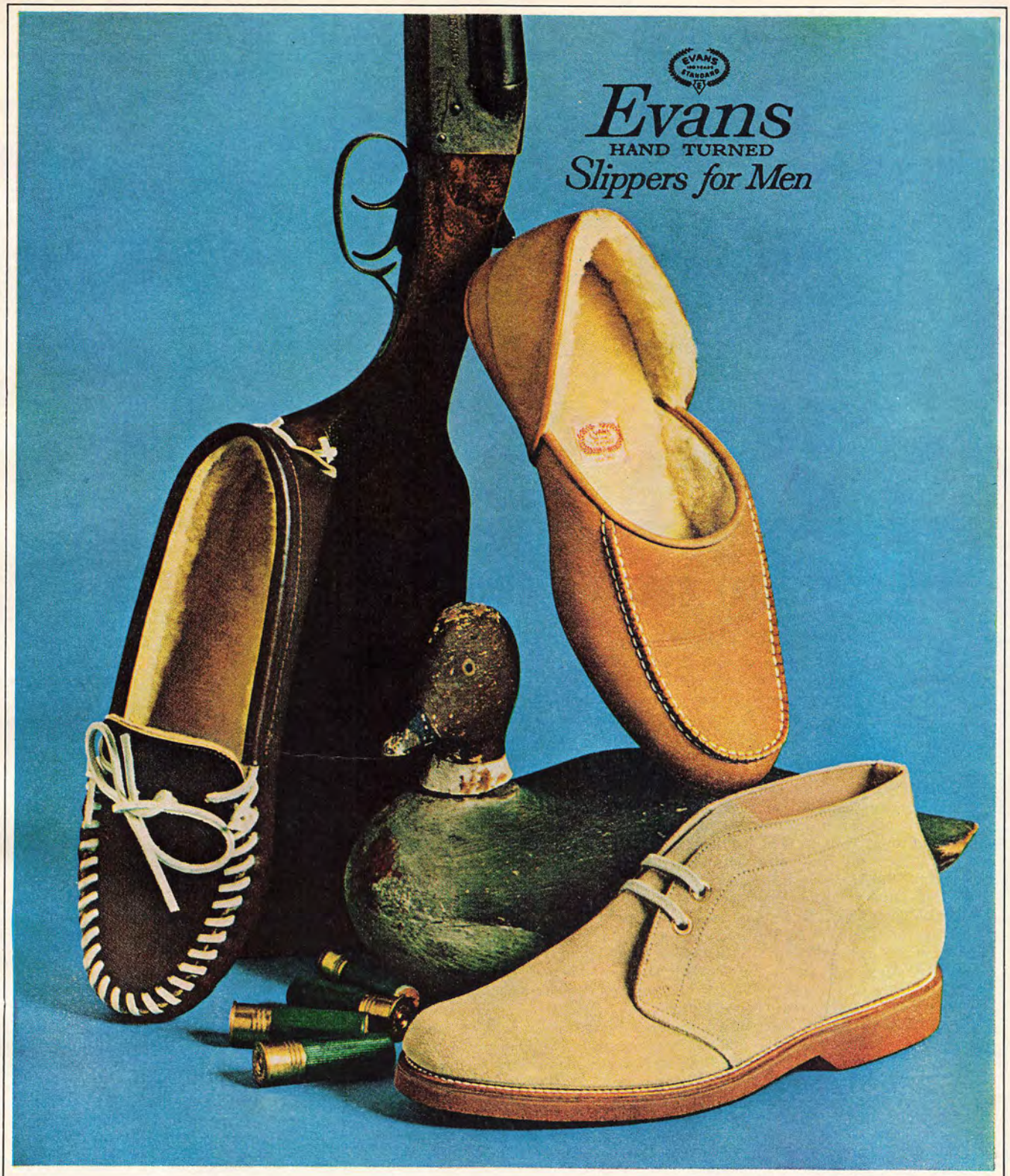
An unexpected visit of an ancient killer

BLACK DEATH IN THE SOUTHWEST

Follow a scientist's dramatic struggle to keep the plague from spreading

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE





How to succeed at seeming extravagant...

lay Evans slippers at his feet. The look of Evans says, "Expensive." The price tag says, "Not so!" One exposure to their feel-like-a-million comfort and you'll never convince him you weren't extravagant.

SAGA-MOC (left) Genuine moccasin; brown with shearling lambskin lining.
CHEROKEE FLEECE (right) Natural glove leather.
SAHARA BOOT (bottom) Sand, green, dark brown or grey suede.
Evans slippers and casuals $5.95 to $15.95 at fine stores everywhere.

IT HAPPENED IN SPORTS

By Ron Smith

THE BOOT THAT BEAT THE BUCKEYES

For college football teams in the 1920's, scheduling a game with Michigan was like volunteering for a waterfront rumble. One reason was Bennie Oosterbaan, a huge end who made All-America three years in a row.

Oosterbaan had size, speed and an ability to make the big move in a critical situation. His clutch plays won game after game and people came to believe in him the way children believe in the Easter bunny. In 1926 it was faith in Oosterbaan that ruined Ohio State and helped Michigan win a Big Ten championship.

That year Ohio State was unbeaten in seven games and had even more muscles than Michigan. From the opening whistle the Buckeyes pushed Michigan around something awful. Ohio State led 10-0 before Oosterbaan could get to work. He told Bennie Friedman, Michigan's All-America quarterback, "I can beat the safety man. Throw me a pass." Friedman threw, Oosterbaan caught, and Michigan trailed only 10-7.

But Ohio State had mayhem in mind. After that Michigan got nowhere. When Oosterbaan ran for a pass it was like running into a barbed-wire fence. Friedman, hounded by Buckeyes, had to do his throwing with his back to the ground. The 88,736 in Ohio's stadium figured it was only a matter of time.

With 29 seconds left in the first half Michigan was stalled on Ohio State's 37 yard line. It was fourth down. In the huddle Friedman took a deep breath. "We go," he announced, "for a field goal."

"It'll never work," Oosterbaan sputtered. He added, gamely, "I can beat the safety man. Throw me a pass." But Friedman was adamant.

Sadly following orders, Oosterbaan started for the scrimmage line while Friedman got ready to try the whopping place kick. Ohio State dug in for a banzai charge. Halfway to the line Oosterbaan turned and shambled back. He sidled up to Friedman and whispered in the quarterback's ear.

Ohio State was frantic. Along the line and on the bench players were jumping up and down hollering, "Fake!" Oosterbaan had made his move with the subtlety of a train wreck.

When the snap came hardly anyone bothered to rush the ball holder. Nobody expected him to get the ball anyway. Half the Buckeyes were clustered around Oosterbaan and the other half was looking around for the pigskin. Friedman had time to hum a chorus of the Michigan fight song. He took a careful run and booted. The Buckeyes, hands sunk wrist-deep in Oosterbaan's hide, watched in horror as the ball sailed 50 yards and split the uprights.

The flabbergasted Buckeyes never recovered and Michigan went on to score a 17-16 upset. After the game, reporters asked Oosterbaan what dark strategy he had whispered to Friedman.

"I told him I didn't think he could kick that far," said Oosterbaan, pulling off his shoulder pads and heading for the showers, "and that he'd better start praying for one hell of a big breeze to blow the ball at least 10 extra yards."

It's things like this that made mighty Michigan so mighty.

tion. Three of their friends had really given society a boot in the behind and were still around to tell about it.

They weren't around long.

On March 24, 1965, the Beachboys were sentenced to serve three years in jail on an island in New York's East River. They had cooperated with the law in an attempt to recover the jewels from unnamed persons in the shadow world, but when they were sentenced not all the loot had come home to its glass cases in the museum. The big Star Ruby of Burma was missing. (It was returned later.) Now it appears that the boys could be out of jail by the end of this year.

Prison life isn't too strenuous for the threesome. They are kept apart, except when their paths happen to cross in the chow line. Kuhn, their leader, requested a maximum security cell for himself so he could have some quiet and privacy. Then he sat down and started to write out in longhand the full account of what he would like to believe was the crime of the century.

This is his story, as given exclusively to TRUE.

"Jack and Roger and I love Florida. We lived to enjoy the sun, the wonderfully warm water and the variety of exciting pleasures that only Florida can offer. Very often, though, it can make you a physical wreck. Such as my first summer on the beach when it was announced that the number of women to men was 37 to one.

"You do your best, then you're ready for a trip anywhere to rest up. Last year, after such a strenuous summer I decided I wanted to see the World's Fair.

"I didn't want to go alone, so I thought of asking Jack to go along. He's witty. We like the same things and he's a good traveling companion. I put my proposal to him. He liked it and we made plans. That night while saying goodbyes we met Roger and he said he wanted to go too, so off we went the three of us. It was September 15, I guess. We stopped at Cocoa Beach and surfed two days.

"After that we drove straight through to New York. We arrived about the 19th of September, I think, and checked into a $60-a-day suite of rooms at the Stanhope Hotel. It was so nice I didn't care to go out, so we just rested. Then we went to the Fair. It was most entertaining. We also went to a couple of movies, including *Topkapi*, which I thought was one of the best done theft pictures I have ever seen, except for a few minor details that I know thieves would not do on such cases.

"Although art has never been a major interest with me, I have to say that the Guggenheim Museum is indeed a treat. My choice of the museums was the Museum of Natural Arts, however, [Kuhn probably means the Metropolitan Museum of Art] until I came across the Museum of Natural History. I think it is one of the most complete in the country, if not the most complete. It solves curiosities and mysteries for all who go

7-UP® IS THE MAN'S MIXER

(It guarantees all your holiday highballs will be hearty ones!)

Who says holiday spirits have to be thin and washed out? They never are when 7-Up handles the mixing assignment. 7-Up will burnish your whiskey. Milden it. Smooth-talk it into a great highball. But it always keeps the authority in your drink. It never blanks out flavor. What you pour, you taste—and at its heartiest best. 7-Up could be one of your better holiday resolutions.

Copyright 1965 by The Seven-Up Company

Don't be the only Scrooge on your block!

Think Merry, this Christmas—and think MALE! Order TRUE, The Man's Magazine—the perfect gift for yourself...or for the men who mean the most to you. There's not an ounce of humbug in TRUE. Just plain, hard facts, gathered by the world's finest writers and reporters and shaped into the most absorbing articles any man can hope to read. Issue after issue, year after year, TRUE earns its reputation as the most discussed and quoted man's magazine.

A handsome gift announcement card in your name will be mailed to the man, or men, of your choice. It will be delivered just before Christmas.

Fill out and mail the Christmas gift order card. No need to pay now, unless you want to—we'll bill you the first of the year. Don't be a Scrooge.

SPECIAL LOW GIFT RATES:
One 1-year gift, $5.00 · each add'l 1-year gift, $3.50
In U.S., Possessions, APO, FPO and Canada.
Add $2.00 per subscription for all other countries.

NOTE: If you want to send business gift subscriptions of more than 25, write to Dept. X, at the address below, for special offer and service.

TRUE · THE MAN'S MAGAZINE · Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn. 06830

there. Our curiosity was a sign on a wall that read 'Gem Room.'

"I must admit that until now I have been a successful beachboy thief. Never have I used any violence, such as a gun, or mugging, in a crime and I never would. From previous burglaries, I knew as soon as I entered the J. P. Morgan Hall of Gems and Minerals the first time on September 30 that it would be fairly simple to rob if there were anything worth taking. Little did I know just how much surrounded us. When we first saw the three big 'stars' no one said a word. We just stood and stared. Then, as if it was timed, we all looked at each other as if to say—how much is this worth? Can it be done?

"Then we separated to see what else we could see. My next scene of value was a glass case full of uncut sapphires and rubies. All the time I was looking, I took mental notes and estimated prices of various stones. We left after a long visit.

"By now we had been in the city two weeks and decided to check out of the Stanhope after spending $2,000 there. We moved into a huge three-bedroom apartment known as the Cambridge House on West 86th Street which we had to pay $525 a month for, not knowing what kind of neighborhood we had entered. My white Cadillac certainly looked out of place. We weren't concerned about anything though except those gems. And had things worked out as we planned I would have retired at the early age of 26.

"After this first visit we discussed it among ourselves. Jack said it couldn't be done. I said it could and Roger wasn't sure. We agreed to visit the Museum the next day to look over possibilities. We became a team. Our next few days were spent looking around the inside of the Museum for exits, alarms and ways of communication, and the possibility of a watchman at night time. And especially the getaway. All thieves seek first an escape for the simple reason if they are apprehended they won't enjoy their profits and I had assured them this would be worth a lot.

"So we had to be exact and efficient. We usually made two trips a day, one in the morning and one in the afternoon when the guard had changed. Then, one and a half weeks after our start, we decided to gamble further and check inside at night.

"This was to verify our thoughts of the huge gate that stretched across the entrance of Morgan Hall being locked. How often the watchman came around and most important if the jewels were taken out at night and locked up. Previously we had looked out all windows from inside for a possible entry and I had noticed this particular one.

"It was cold that night as we circled the block around the Museum looking over our project. Roger was driving, Jack and I were dressed for climbing, darkness and running. It seemed as though there were an unusual number of roving policemen. But it was only because of our sizing up the situation that our imagination was trying to take over.

"We approached the side of the Museum and got out while Roger parked just down the street. As we reached the side entrance a young couple came out of the shadows when we started up the steps. We stood for a moment carrying on a conversation. We carried no weapons or tools except for a small flashlight and gloves. This was merely a reconnaissance operation. No one was in sight as we scanned the street and apartments across the way. One at a time we climbed onto a small roof over the entrance. Then we moved along a small ledge. No one had seen us. So far so good. But we were still only at the height of the second floor and still on the outside of the building. Somehow we had to get to the fourth floor. In a corner of the building we found some protruding stone masonry that was part of the architectural design. We climbed up on this. It was a tremendously hard climb. I tried twice before I could reach a fourth floor windowsill. When Jack tried to climb up he slipped once and tore his pants and cut his knees. But we both finally made it—and found the window unlocked! It didn't make too much noise as I raised it. After giving Jack an okay sign, I quickly entered the building and shut the window behind me. Jack waited outside on the ledge.

"Inside the Museum, the silence was deafening. It didn't take me long to discover that the window we had used wouldn't do because I was still outside the big iron gate across the entrance to the gem room. Next time, we'd have to use another window. As I approached the gate, I looked around at now familiar surroundings. The skeletons of many horses were at the end of the room. My sneakers were quiet. Suddenly there were other footsteps. Naturally, I thought it was all over.

"I stepped behind a glass case. A night guard strolled to the gate, looked in, inserted a key in a watchman's box there, then turned and walked away in the same direction he had come from. Seconds later a door slammed. I felt at ease then. I glanced at my watch. The time was 9:17 and I knew I had to wait until he returned. It would either be 15, 30, 45 or 60 minutes later. I had time to check the gate, give Jack another okay and look inside at what might soon be in our possession. I could see nothing. The gate was locked with a huge padlock and I could neither get over or under it.

"While I waited I flashed my small light around through the gate into the gem room. It caught a jewel. It shined. I flashed it over some of the other cases and pretty soon I could barely keep myself from saying the hell with it and smashing the lock on the gate, grabbing what I could and running out.

"As I sat waiting for the watchman to come around again all kinds of things like that kept flashing through my mind. It was a special feeling to be standing so close to such wealth. The time passed slowly. I amused myself by examining a skeleton of a race horse until the watchman's footsteps interrupted again.

"I watched as he performed the same ritual except this time he jiggled the large padlock. It was 9:45. After hearing the door slam I immediately went to the window, raised it and descended. The exit was much easier than the entrance and soon we were in the Cadillac on our way to our apartment. When we arrived we found that Jack's knees were skinless and full of small rocks from the fall while climbing the wall. I knew they must hurt like hell. We took care of him first.

"Then we discussed what I had learned.

TRUE

"According to our poll, Senator—78% of the voters never heard of you and the other 22% wish they never had!"

But we were worried about Jack's legs and whether he would be able to climb or run. His agility and endurance are unbelievable which is probably the explanation for his being the best surfer on the East Coast. After summing up what we had so far we agreed to go back to the Museum the next morning to see if we had possibly been detected. Then we hit the sack.

"We went to the Museum early the next day. By now either of us could get there blindfolded. Everything seemed normal. For the first time we noticed a ledge about a foot in width that ran around the building at a level between the fourth and fifth floors.

"That was important, but we also knew we'd have to be able to get into a window on the other side of that iron gate. We knew what window we wanted but the big drawback to the whole thing still was we would have to go up the outside of the building. Anyway the ledge was a start. It was also a long fall. Jack estimated the height to be 120 feet.

"As we stood outside looking in through the courtyard we saw a steel ladder running up to that ledge. If we could get to that ladder we could get to the ledge, ease around until we got to a window which would get on the other side of that damn gate. We decided to look for a way to get up the ladder.

"Roger went through the main entrance, while Jack and I looked for another exit. We found it but it read 'Employees Only.' We went through anyway. It led into the courtyard where trucks made deliveries. As we got near the street a huge garagelike door was lifting to allow a truck to enter. The man in charge asked what we were doing there and Jack replied 'Looking for a way out.' I laughed to myself thinking the correct answer should have been 'looking for a way in.'

"With Jack limping along and the both of us dressed like young executives we looked like anything but would-be burglars. We walked from the courtyard up the ramp and into the street but not before we observed our steel ladder going up to the ledge. What a jolt of joy! This was the key to our main problem. This ledge was the most beautiful ledge I had ever seen. It was completely concealed from the street. We would not have to go up the outside of the building again. All we had to do was get into the courtyard. That looked like a cinch.

"Now we really had something to work on. Our planning could start its final stages. Still though, Jack's legs bothered me so when we reached the car, although we were happy over our new information we decided the jewels could wait for two weeks. After all they had been sitting there 63 years. We left for Canada that afternoon.

"The girls we dated around Montreal never had any impression that we were thieves. As far as any of them knew, I was a successful diver, Jack was a tower diver and a clown diver and Roger was a very successful beachboy. Gradually Jack's knees began to heal and sure enough in no time we were out dancing and raising hell like our regular selves.

"Once back in New York we immediately began gathering the necessary tools and clothing that would be used: 125 feet of three-quarter inch Manila rope (which is plenty strong and much easier to grip than nylon line), two pairs black-leather gloves to increase the grasp and protect us from exposing our fingerprints, two small walkie-talkies with earphones so the noise wouldn't blare out, two glass cutters, two small flashlights, two pairs of sneakers smeared with black shoe polish, two pairs of dark slacks that fit fairly tight, two dark shirts, two pairs of dark socks, one medium-sized screwdriver with a steel handle, two rolls of three-quarter inch adhesive tape and two masks in case we must run from the building if someone came in on us. After wiping prints off each item, all the equipment was placed in a National Air Lines bag. Now we were ready.

"All we needed now was luck and the correct weather. We wanted rain because no one cares to look up when it's raining. All this gear wasn't bought at one store because we didn't want to arouse suspicion. The rope was bought at a hardware store fairly close to the Museum, with a few panes of glass for practice by Jack and me. The hardware store was roughly three blocks from the Museum. The two glass cutters were bought there also but by Roger. The walkie-talkies were bought at a discount store on Broadway. Which one? I have no idea.

"The screwdrivers were also bought downtown. We took the panes of glass to the apartment and left the other gear locked in the car trunk.

"We were ready. We all practiced cutting the panes until we could cut a hole in a standing piece of glass nearly every time. We spread a piece of cloth on the floor to practice and emptied all the broken pieces into a box and stuck it in the closet so the maid wouldn't find it. We did this for two days and the box was full of glass. Then we took it down and threw it away, box and all.

"Our girls, who we met in Montreal, came in for the weekend. We had a fabulous time. Then the girls left and we were again awaiting the weather we wanted. We looked over our gear a thousand times to make sure it was all there. We checked the weather reports a dozen times a day and at night we stayed in, did exercises, watched TV and entertained three young ladies that lived in the building.

"Even though we kept practicing, Roger and Jack would keep saying that maybe the burglary wasn't such a good idea. Jack said that we had been in one place too long, that we had spent too much money, met too many people, gone to too many bars and entertained an awful lot of girls. They both said maybe we might have said something once. This might be true, I agreed, but I said we couldn't stop now. They went along.

"The young lady from the building I kept company with was Janet Florkiewicz, a more respectable young lady I've yet to meet, clean-cut, full of life and fun. She loved to laugh and was very witty. She certainly did not deserve the treatment she received from the authorities. [Miss Florkiewicz was held in protective custody by New York police during the investigation of the crime.] She needed no protection from us. The poor kid knew nothing whatsoever.

"Came Thursday, October 29. The weather report said possible showers. It sounded good. We rested most of the day and discussed what the evening events would be. To ease the tension Jack played ukulele and we harmonized. We were eager to start and just after dark, dressed in street clothes, we left the apartment for the Museum. It was overcast and looked like rain. We stopped the car one block from the Museum and changed our clothes for the burglary but left everything else in the trunk. We hoped for a cloudburst that would send all the people and roving patrolmen in the area scurrying for cover while we might get our gear and make for the shadows.

"No rain, but the streets weren't overpopulated this evening anyway.

"As we went around the long block surrounding our destination, a police officer was going into a restaurant across the street from the Museum. Another officer was at the other corner walking toward the same restaurant. We agreed the corner away from them was best and we casually stopped, got out, opened the trunk and got out all our gear.

"I looked ridiculous carrying such a huge piece of rope all coiled up and thrown over one shoulder. Jack had the bag. Roger drove off with instructions to listen on the walkie-talkie—but the weather and traffic killed our communications. Our alternate plan was to have Roger check at the corner for us every half hour. It was shortly after 8 o'clock as we strolled across the walkway towards the courtyard that was surrounded by a steel fence.

"We passed a few people who didn't seem to notice us and soon we were in a clump of bushes next to the eight-foot fence that surrounded the courtyard.

Your Christmas Greetings And Packages
Will Get There Faster . . . If You
Take A Tip From Mr. Zip . . .

SHOP AND MAIL EARLY

And Include Zip Codes
In All Addresses

1966 Chevrolet Fleetside pickup in big country near Dillon, Montana.

America's most popular pickup is built for bigger things in '66!

CHEVROLET

'66 Workpower Trucks

Here comes the pickup that people use most, and it's even more useable for '66!

There's more power this year — the famous Chevy truck Six is bigger than ever at 250 cubic inches, so that it can do more work, yet it's just as thrifty as always. Or, if you want even more power, you can now order a big 327 V8 for ½-, ¾- or 1-ton models.

You can pick from thirteen Fleetside and Stepside models and a big variety of body sizes and power teams. You'll get double-strong construction, work-proved independent front suspension, and all of the other things that keep America's haulers—and campers—sold on Chevy pickups. See your Chevrolet dealer about a '66 model that's built for bigger things. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

After climbing to the top of the fence I untied a portion of the rope and let about eight feet dangle down on the inside. Jack climbed down first and I dropped everything to him. I then untied the line and it fell to Jack. He quickly coiled it up again for carrying. Then I climbed down and hung by my hands while my feet rested on Jack's hands.

"He let me down slowly. Now we were both inside the Museum grounds. We then proceeded to the main courtyard. We could see a fellow in the office by the garage-type door. Jack turned to me and said:

" 'It's light in his office but dark out here so he shouldn't notice us. If we can get to the steel cage that surrounds the bottom of that ladder you go over and I'll hand you the stuff.'

"We both sneaked across the courtyard to the bottom of the ladder. Now for the task of climbing over the damned cage without making much noise. I jumped for the top and my body banged it lightly but it was solid and hardly made more than a light thud. I was over and Jack passed the rope and bag. Then in no time we were both in the shadows of the building. We agreed that from this point on silence and caution were the important things.

"As we climbed the steel ladder, each step gave a dull metallic sound. Now we were on the ledge that ran around to the fire escape.

"As we rounded the ledge I was carrying the rope and watching carefully where I stepped. One slip here would be the last. We were four stories up, I motioned for Jack to be careful and he gave me an okay sign. Cautiously we stepped on a fire escape platform after passing window after window that wouldn't help us. Right below us on the ground was a shop, perhaps a machine shop. Lights were on there and we were extra careful not to drop anything. Jack stayed on the fire escape at the fourth floor level while I went up the fifth floor level and tied the rope to a pillar between two windows. Jack tied another part of the rope to the fire escape so that it was connected like a deep curve between the fifth floor and the fourth. This way we could swing off the fire escape and get in the fourth floor window.

"I pulled on the rope, felt it tighten and lowered myself backwards inching down with my feet until I rested on the window ledge. I looked at Jack, crossed my fingers in hopes that the window wasn't locked and looked at my watch. It was 8:30, in between the night guard's rounds. I heaved. The window opened six inches. I wanted to yell with joy. I stepped inside after raising it high enough then I held the rope tight as Jack swung across, bag in hand and we were both inside. We shut the window and went straight for the gems.

"As before, the huge gate was shut and locked and the silence was almost unbearable. It was tough even trying to be extra quiet. We sat down and waited until the watchman came. We didn't even dare whisper. Then down the hall he came. We both ducked behind a display case. As I did a deep knee bend my knees snapped and I felt certain that if the guard hadn't been whistling and his keys rattling he would surely have heard me.

"He shook the gate, punched his clock and left. It was the same hefty guy I had

"Imagine Winchester bringing an Englishman from Africa to hunt a Chinese bird in America."

The Englishman: David Ommanney
The bird: The ring-necked pheasant
The gun: The Winchester Model 1400

The reason we invited David over here in the first place was to see what an African hunter thought of *American* game.

And then he tells us our pheasant is a ringer. Well!

"Maybe he's not exactly an all-American bird," we pointed out. "But he's been here long enough (since 1881) to get his citizenship."

Then we tramped David through a cornfield to find us some ringnecks.

The gun he was using, by the way, was one he'd tested for us on safari the year before. The new Winchester 1400 automatic.

This gun weighs under 7 lbs., yet has up to 10% less recoil than other automatics. And its front-locking rotating bolt (exclusive with Winchester) is the safest, strongest breeching to be found in a shotgun.

What did David think of it?

"I wouldn't be here if I didn't like what I saw in Africa," he told us. "I've never seen a gun so quick to point."

Meanwhile, a couple of birds gave our dog the slip (they'd rather run than flush). And David was mumbling something about a pheasant's ancestry, when ZOWIE!

A cackling, gaudy-colored, long-tailed cock rocketed straight up in front of us, leveled off and streaked away. Only to run smack into a pattern of 6's from David's Model 1400.

"He's really quite a bird," said David, as he took his pheasant from the dog and held it up.

"He'd be darn good shooting—in *any* man's country."

Model 1400 Automatic.
Price $144.95.

WINCHESTER®
Western®

"It was easier to train the dog."

seen before. Seconds later that door slammed again and I breathed easier. Now to work, but as we got going I was plagued by the thought of some unseen alarm. I knew the windows were not bugged. The gate could possibly be but we had bypassed that. I then looked closely for trip lines along the floor. There were none. The many times we had come here I had looked the display cases over very carefully and never found a trace of an alarm. There must be some type protection somewhere I thought. We couldn't be this lucky.

"The glass-topped cases were everywhere. Some of them were of wood but the ones that interested us mostly were all glass with bands of brass at the seams.

"We started to work on the easy cases first. Jack looked out the window we had come in frequently because we were uneasy about the long rope dangling along the side of the building. The first cut was made on the corner of the case housing all the diamonds. The glass cutter made a 'screeeeeee' noise similar to chalk on a blackboard. It sounded loud. Then I tapped the glass with the steel handled screwdriver and I thought to myself, anyone hearing the noise would certainly believe a construction crew was working inside. The corner had fallen into the case. We stopped to listen. No one came running in, we heard no excited voices, so I began to scoop up everything through the hole. I passed everything to Jack and he wrapped each piece individually in tissue so it would not be damaged when they banged against each other in the bag.

"Then our first problem. I realized I could reach only so far through the hole in the glass. While Jack continued wrapping I scouted around and in a janitor's cabinet I found a squeegee. It was perfect. With it, I reached into the case to scoop the pieces I could not reach before. Some were old cut diamonds, new cuts, uncut and a small collection of colored diamonds that were fairly rare and lovely.

"Checking my watch, it showed 9:07 so we waited until the watchman came again. Both of us perspired freely. The gloves we had on since leaving the car were hot. They were awkward too when we were trying to pick up certain small gems but they were most necessary. I thought of Roger driving around outside in the cool night air while we sweated like hell inside. But in here we at least knew everything was going as planned while Roger was undoubtedly concerned but still making his stop every 30 minutes at our corner. I hoped he wasn't being to obvious, because someone was sure to notice the same white Cadillac with Florida plates on the same corner. Oh, well, he could handle that problem.

"The watchman came and went making his usual noise and I thought about the poor fellow possibly losing his job when they discovered the robbery the next morning. How long had he been here, same job, night after night, year after year?

"We started for the case of emeralds. Again there was a wide assortment. None of them were exceptional except a small two carat stone. But as long as we were here we might as well take them all. Jack held the flashlight carefully, so as not to throw its beam on the windows, and I made another cut in the horizontal pane of glass. Jack tapped me on the shoulder and motioned me to lay strips of tape on the glass. A good idea! I tried this then tapped the cut part. It shattered! It made a tremendous noise and the pieces all fell inside. Someone must have heard that, I thought.

"We were silent, listening. We heard nothing, except our own breathing. The taping was a good idea though, even though I had hit the glass wrong. It would be a great idea when we started on the vertical cases. This glass we were cutting was at least twice the thickness we had practiced on.

"I reached into the case and came out with a round, shallow emerald weighing 30 carats, full of flaws, but sellable. I brought out engraved emeralds that must have been hundreds of years old. Not too valuable. As fast as I handed them to Jack he was wrapping them in tissue paper. Now I had all the emeralds. Two huge aquamarine stones one weighing over 800 carats [actually 400 carats], the other over 1,000 carats [737 carats], were all that remained. I took those, too. It had taken only 10 minutes for all this so we went to the next case which held the Star of India, the Midnight Star Sapphire and the DeLong Star Ruby. We figured it to be as valuable as the case that held the collection of colored sapphires so we started on it.

"First I tied a piece of short string to the glass cutter, then by holding the other end to the pane of glass I made the string taut and started to cut. It made a nearly perfect circle.

"While Jack taped the area around the hole with the adhesive, I cut in the same way on the glass in front of the Midnight Star. Both holes were about eight inches in diameter. Jack began taping the glass almost as fast as I cut the holes and in time they were all cut, taped and ready to tap, but it was nearing time for the watchman again. We sat in silence, trying to hold our breathing.

"I guess we pretty well felt at home by now. Sure enough, about 9:40 the clicking of heels and jingling keys became louder and louder until he again was at the gate. The click of the punch clock and the rattling of the gate echoed through the gem room, then the guard hurried away to punch another clock beyond the door. We gave him a full five minutes to get away, then we went to the cases again. I whispered to Jack, 'It's going to make a hell of a noise, but here goes.'

"I whacked the glass with the steel handled screwdriver. It sounded like a drum, trembled, but didn't even crack. I hadn't hit it hard enough. We listened a second. No noise. Then I took careful aim and clobbered it this time. That was the most noise yet. It literally rang through the halls of the Museum. Still, no one apparently heard it. Jack and I went to the window, looked out to see if it was still clear. It looked all right.

"When we got back to the display case we saw the hole I had made, not round and perfect like we had done so many times in the apartment, but a jagged

BLENDED WHISKEY—86 AND 80 PROOF—68.4% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS—JAS. BARCLAY & CO. LTD., PEORIA, ILL.

hole. A hole nevertheless. Jack's small flashlight was steady on the Star of India, and it appeared more brilliant and full of fire than it ever had in the daytime. The star was dead in the center of the stone and the legs of the star were long and extended to the bottom of it. Around the base was a gum substance that the stone sat on. Probably to keep it steady in case someone jarred the case.

"I hadn't picked the stone up, yet all of a suden I experienced a wave of panic. Where was the alarm? I hesitated then grabbed the Star and pulled it up away from the gum. Then I saw it. A needle. When I lifted the stone the needle came up. There's the alarm. We didn't hear anything so we figured it was a silent alarm. But we both knew we had to get the hell out of there. We didn't know then that the batteries connecting the needle to the alarm in the case were dead and there hadn't been an alarm after all.

"It was 9:55. I grabbed the Star and stuck it in my pocket, handed the screwdriver to Jack and said: 'Get the other two stones if you can, I'll get the rope.' As I leaped through the window with the bag, and left it on the window sill I could hear Jack smashing away.

"I swung over to the fire escape, then went up to the ledge. I half expected a cop to be waiting as I reached the top. There was none. I looked down just as Jack came out of the window grabbed the slack rope and swung onto the fire escape. I hoped he had the two stones. I untied the rope and let it fall. I stayed on the ledge as a lookout as Jack began to coil the rope, then I bounded down the fire escape. We thought it necessary to take everything with us, so as not to leave a clue. This we did. Jack even shut the window behind him.

"As I hit the ledge Jack was making up the last few feet of line. We started around the long ledge at a trot, Jack carrying the line, me carrying the bag. We knew we had roughly four or five minutes from the time of the alarm to the point where cars would be in the area. So far it had taken us three minutes and we were now fleet-footing it down the steel ladder to the courtyard, the way we had come.

"Once there I hopped over the cage, Jack passed the rope and bag, then he jumped over. We ran across the courtyard. It was deserted as before. When we reached the spot where we had dropped into the courtyard Jack said:

" 'Get ready, I'll toss you to the fence.'

"We had done this many times on the beach and it would be a time-saver.

"We put our gear down. Jack slumped forward a little, clasped his hands and braced himself. He was ready for me. I took two short steps, put my right foot in his hands and jumped at the same time as he heaved up. I made the height easily. Jack handed me everything then climbed the fence over my hanging body. We were both over the fence, out of the bushes and strolling toward the corner where Roger should be,—but it was just after 10 o'clock so he wouldn't be there. We passed at least eight cops between us. We found out later they were on "saturation" duty in that part of New York. Not one of them even looked twice at us.

"We decided on the spot to split up and take a cab. Jack dumped the rope in an alley across the street. I took off my gloves, walked a block, got into a cab and left. The cab left me off at Broadway and West 86th St. I walked the two blocks home.

"Before entering the apartment building I brushed myself off as best I could so as to look decent as I went through the lobby. The lobby was deserted except for the desk clerk who smiled at me and went back to the book he was reading. Once inside the apartment, I began stripping my clothes off. I put all the jewels from the bag on a coffee table, took the Star of India from my black pants pocket and laid it next to the others. Then I began stuffing clothing, tools, sneakers and everything that had been used inside the Museum into a pillowcase. Then Jack came in and did the same thing. He had the other two big stones.

"In a little while we were both naked. We ran around the apartment looking for things to weight the pillowcase down. The door opened again and Roger came in panting. He was angry. 'Where the hell have you two been and what are you doing running around naked?' he asked, then looked around. He saw the clothes in the pillowcase and the three large stones, unwrapped, on the coffee table. He let out a howl and we all laughed and began jumping around. Jack yelled, 'You said we could do it, Allan, and here it is!' He jumped on the couch like he was surfing and said he was wearing what the well-dressed surfer ought to wear. Jack looks funny without clothes in the first place but the Star of India he held to his forehead made him funnier.

"We unwrapped everything then Roger went, I thought, to dump the pillowcases and Jack and I got dressed. It turned out later he had put the stuff in the car. Roger told us that there was no exceptional activity around the Museum when he drove up to look for us. I thought it sure was taking the cops a long time to get there. We had the radio on, sure there would be a flash bulletin but nothing.

"When Roger came back we finished examining everything. Then I went out to make a call and tell a certain party that everything was okay and he could pick up the goodies in the morning.

"When I got back to the apartment I called Janet Florkiewicz downstairs and asked her if she wanted to take that trip to Miami I had mentioned. She said yes and we made arrangements to leave at 8 the next morning to catch the 9:05 flight. By then it was two and a half hours after the robbery and no news yet, so we hit the sack.

"The alarm went off the next morning

TRUE

"Actually, I don't live here. I live next door."

1966 Ford Galaxie 500 XL

Ford's quiet quality comes in very sporty packages

XL, in one low, sleek, glittering, swift-moving package of performance—brings you more luxury than you might expect in such a decisively *go* car. Standard equipment includes: bucket seats; console shift; hefty 289 cu. in. V-8; Cruise-O-Matic transmission; deep wall to wall carpeting. You name it and you haven't named enough.

The 1966 XL offers still greater luxuries as optional equipment. You can order our new Stereo Tape system and get over 70 minutes of your favorite music on instant-change tape cartridges. Completely automatic. You can have your XL air conditioned or equipped with front disc brakes, or a vinyl-covered hardtop roof. And more.

Something else you'll enjoy in the 1966 XL is a fantastically quiet ride. This results from Ford's advanced body-chassis-suspension engineering. Drive this 1966 Ford XL ...and listen! Just one quiet test drive can establish XL as the standard by which you judge luxury, performance, quiet ride, and value in any new car this year.

AMERICA'S
TOTAL PERFORMANCE CARS

FORD

MUSTANG • FALCON • FAIRLANE
FORD • THUNDERBIRD

at 7:30 and while we were getting dressed, we put on the radio. Still no news of the robbery. They must be withholding all the information. Our trip back to Miami was going to be a celebration but no one would know what we were celebrating. Roger had decided to go home to Connecticut so he took the Cadillac. Jack and I packed an overnight bag.

"At 8 o'clock my friend arrived to pick up the gems. I answered the door. We said our good mornings and I had them ready for him. He didn't come in because he didn't want anybody to see him. We shook hands, I gave him the package and that was the last I saw of the Star of India. The entire lot would be looked over thoroughly, I knew, and a price would be offered. If we liked the offer, we'd take it; if not we could barter. After giving my friend plenty of time to clear the building, Jack and I told Roger goodbye and have a nice time at home, be careful with the car and we would see him Monday. He mumbled something, rolled over and went back to sleep.

"We took a cab out to the airport with Janet. We had the tools and all the clothing we had used with us in a shopping bag. While Janet and I had a drink in a VIP lounge at Kennedy Airport, Jack took the shopping bag and dropped the stuff in different wastebaskets and cans around the airport. Jack came back and joined us.

"Janet was excited as we went out to the airport via taxi. She was on vacation from her job for two days. She had 12 days left. I told her the many things she could expect to do in Miami. It was going to be fun. We reached the airport, got on the plane and in a little while we were airborne. Janet reacted like a starlet to the attentive service shown us by the stewardess in the first-class section.

"The newspapers and magazines goofed when they said she had sat in another part of the plane away from us with an overnight kit full of jewels. We had no jewels with us. I just wanted her companionship on the flight. At International Airport in Miami I rented a Thunderbird and off we went to my apartment. It was a lovely Friday. The top was down and we all laughed and were having a wonderful time. In the apartment Janet and I stood on my terrace looking out across the ocean. She said: 'Only a few hours ago we were in New York and now I'm in the sun. It's so beautiful.'

"Jack was inside talking on the phone to Bonnie, his common-law wife and such an extraordinary creature, but different than Jack. Put an evening dress on Bonnie and she could charm and impress royalty with her appearance and manner of speech, while Jack, no matter where he was, continued to be his loud funny self.

"Bonnie, I might add was the only girl I would have considered having for my own had she not belonged to my best buddy Jack. I told her—and Jack—this. She was extra wise in the ways of the world. She eventually knew the story of the theft. I knew I could tell Bonnie the secret of all secrets and it would go no further. I venture to say Jack and I trusted Bonnie no less than completely. Whenever a friend came to talk to Jack and I she would excuse herself unless asked to stay. Jack never heard the words, 'Where are you going? What are you going to do?' She had no love for anyone except Jack and, a few weeks later when Bonnie took a fatal overdose of sleeping pills, I was the one who had to break the news to Jack.

"But that came later. Now, as we sat in the apartment talking and waiting for Bonnie, we listened to the radio. The broadcasts were humming with the news and details of the robbery while TV showed pictures of the smashed cases. That's when we found out the theft hadn't been discovered until opening time this very morning. It was all a shock to Jack and me for only now we realized that all the jewels we left behind could have been scooped up too. The way we rushed out was all unnecessary because the needle alarm was dead.

"Jack and I tried to keep our poise in Janet's presence and cover up our disappointment. I wondered what Roger was thinking. It was hard to realize that the biggest portion of what we went after was still inside the Museum. It shouldn't be, but it was. Janet suspected nothing, as Jack and I kept expressing sympathy at the city of New York losing such treasures.

"Bonnie arrived. We greeted her, introduced the girls and planned an informal afternoon of visiting friends. When dark came we went to my apartment. There were eight of us; we ordered supper and sat and watched color TV. Soon our company left and we all got ready for bed. At this point I should mention that a young lady connected with a man's apartment automatically brings on the thought of sex and diversion, which in this case is strictly negative. Bonnie and Janet shared my king-sized bed while Jack and I stayed on the sofa.

"It was 3 a.m. Saturday morning when the phone rang. Janet answered. Her roommate in New York had my address and phone number in case she wanted to talk with Janet. Now what the hell did she want at 3 a.m.? I heard Janet say 'No don't!' then she said 'You're mistaken Mary and you'll cause trouble.' This went on for a while then she hung up.

"I was concerned and I asked Janet if anything was wrong. For the first time she seemed slightly distant, uncertain and doubtful. She seemed to have difficulty in telling me everything was all right. As I went back to the living room I wondered if Mary had possibly stumbled on to us somehow. [She had—and told New York police she feared her roommate had been kidnapped. The police took it from there, put two and two together, suspected there might be some connection with the robbery and put out an alarm for the Beachboys.]

"We were up by 10 a.m. Bonnie was making coffee in the kitchen while I showered and shaved. Then I dressed in my white slacks and a loud shirt (of which I have many and am known for) and went downstairs to get a menu from our apartment house restaurant while the other three got ready.

"I took my time. I walked around the grounds, said a few words to various people living in the building then went back to the apartment. When I got there the living room door was open about a foot. What a waste of air-conditioning, I thought. When I entered I saw Jack sitting handcuffed to a chair while many well-dressed men were tearing my beautiful apartment apart. I learned we had been arrested. They handcuffed me. They said they were FBI agents and had a search warrant. Jack was transferred to the kitchen. They said we were under arrest for interstate transportation of stolen goods. I knew the FBI had no case against us for this, but I knew, too, that the law had somehow found us out.

"I later learned that Roger had been apprehended in New York and booked for a number of things such as the Museum robbery, Sullivan act, possession of a huge amount of heroin and marijuana and a few others. Knowing Roger as I do, he wouldn't know heroin if the whole apartment had been full of it. The drugs may have been planted in our New York apartment. Thinking of the courteousness shown Jack and me by the gentlemen of the FBI, I am most thankful I was arrested in Florida rather than in New York. We spent that day at FBI headquarters. From then on anyone across the country that watches TV or reads the papers knows what happened.

"I still find it difficult to believe I am really in prison here in New York. But when I doubt it I need only to look at my surroundings.

"Now we have temporarily lost our rights that we so enjoyed. But those who were with us through our ordeal may rest assured, even though we agree now that we aren't cut out to be thieves, that these noisy mosquito-ridden cell blocks with windows knocked out will not break our spirit. It will take more than Jack's 14 hours a day in the kitchen, Roger's sweaty job of mopping the hallways.

"My greatest pleasure here is the visitor I have every two weeks. My visitor is female and such a lovely one. Of all the ladies I have known both casually and intimately she is the only one who could apparently handle the hardship. For this alone I love her.

"To give you an idea of how we keep up our morale, yesterday while passing through the chow line, there was Jack sweating over a steaming pan of stew. He looked terrible, but he glanced up and when he saw me he grinned and said, 'You said we could do it, Allan.' We both laughed."

—The Beachboys and Fred Ferretti

COMING . . .

Learn about the no-work, all-play islands that out-idyll Tahiti

PARADISE AT THREE DOLLARS A DAY

A man who has savoured them tells all

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

007 gives any man the license to kill...women

Take 007 After Shave. Its subtle, masculine aroma makes women behave outrageously. They invent the wildest excuses just to be near you.

Once you're sure you're up to 007, try the whole arsenal. There's 007 Shave Cream, for recklessly close shaves; 007 Spray Deodorant, the male way to keep cool on tough assignments; plus 007 Hair Tonic, Cologne, Talc, and Soap. Each gives you the license to kill...women.

Dangerous? Sure, but what a way to go.

"When you use 007, be kind."

When he's traveling light:
007 After Shave and Cologne, $3.50

© 1965, Colgate-Palmolive Company

HOLE-IN-THE-HEAD

[*Continued from page* 53]

of a mile to the Cavendish hotel where he had been living for several weeks. Blood ran from the cheek wound and blood and gray matter oozed from the hole at the top of his head. When the cart stopped at the hotel, Gage stood up, jumped to the ground and walked up to the top step of the porch where he sat down with the innkeeper, Joseph Adams. While waiting for the doctor, John M. Harlow, Gage told Adams in detail what had happened in the accident.

Doctor Harlow was not immediately available but Edward H. Williams, a young railroad surveyor who had had medical training, rushed to the hotel.

"I first noticed the head wound before I alighted from my carriage," said Williams, "the pulsations of the brain being very distinct. The top of the head appeared somewhat like an inverted funnel, owing, I discovered, to the bone being fractured about the opening for a distance of about two inches in every direction."

"Doctor," said Gage as Williams came up the steps, "here is business enough for you." He then continued talking and describing his accident while Williams examined him. At first the surveyor-doctor rejected the true story. "I did not believe Mr. Gage's statement at that time, but thought he was deceived," said Williams; "I asked him where the bar entered and he pointed to the wound on his cheek. It was discolored by powder and iron rust."

In a moment Gage was taken sick and as he retched those on the porch almost did the same as they saw more of the man's brain forced from his skull. About a half teacupful fell to the floor.

"This is no place for him to be," said Williams to the men standing nearby. "Let's get him up to his room and to bed." Gage refused assistance, but stood up by himself and went to his room, climbing a long flight of stairs.

Doctor Harlow came about 6 p.m. and dressed Gage's wounds. At first, he too was skeptical of the accident's explanation, but he was better convinced when he found he could pass his forefinger its full length through the wound. The doctor noted that as he moved his finger around, touching the brain, Gage did not feel the doctor's finger.

The physician drew the skin around the wounds as closely as possible and strapped bandages over them. As he left, to return later that evening, he did not feel he would see Gage alive again.

That evening the town's coffin-maker, Thomas Winslow, came to the hotel to get Gage's measurements for the casket that certainly would be needed by daybreak. The foreman, still lucid and accepting the facts of his accident, allowed the measurements to be taken. Winslow hurried back to his shop and went to work on a coffin.

At 10 p.m. Doctor Harlow returned to find his patient both alive and optimistic about the future. The foreman, speaking with clarity, recounted his friends' names and where they lived, but he asked that they not visit him. "I'll be back at work in a day or two," he explained.

The next morning Phineas Gage was still alive, though for the first time he showed signs of serious pain. He had slept some during the night, but his speech was less clear. He still remembered everything about the accident.

Day after day, Doctor Harlow found his patient slowly recovering and it began to appear that Gage might in the end suffer no more than the loss of sight in his left eye.

Gage got out of bed for the first time on October 7th, about three weeks after the accident. He took one step to a chair and sat up for five minutes. Henceforth his rate of improvement was even better.

Word of Gage's startling accident was carried around the country, but most people discounted it as a hoax. The news spread to Europe where the story became known as the "American Crowbar Case," a label that stuck.

No one was more amazed and puzzled by Gage's survival than his own physician. Harlow had always assumed that the human brain was inviolate, but here was a patient who had lost a huge chunk of gray matter yet lived. Though his organ of thought was badly damaged, he could still think, apparently as well as before the accident.

Artist's rendering in old medical journal shows path of rod through Gage's skull.

"Intellectual faculties brightening," reported Doctor Harlow on October 11. "When I asked him how long since he was injured, he replied, 'Four weeks this afternoon, at half past 4 o'clock.' Relates the manner in which it occurred and how he came to the house. He keeps the day of the week and time of day in his mind."

Then Doctor Harlow added a note. "He does not estimate size of money accurately, though he has memory as perfect as ever. He would not take one thousand dollars for a few pebbles. . . ."

A month later the skin was nearly healed over the wound in Gage's skull and he was leaving the hotel for occasional walks around Cavendish. He seemed to be returning to full health, yet there were now some strange indications that Gage was not the same individual he once had been.

The 14th of November was cold and rainy but Gage was seen strolling around town dressed as though it were a lovely summer day. He wore only a shirt, light pants and some thin dress shoes. He was wet to the hide. Cold rainwater dripped from his hair and bandages onto the once rugged face that was now misshapen by the cheek wound and bulging blind eye.

"You'll catch your death of cold," said people who met Gage, but the man who had been noted for his kindly manners snapped back with startling answers like: "Aw, go to hell!"

The keeper of a store where Gage shopped was also having some strange experiences with the wounded foreman. "Why, Gage doesn't give a damn what he pays for something," explained the storekeeper. "He'll come in here for an item that costs a cent or two and he'll put down enough money to buy a horse; then I have a hard time getting him to take the change. He seems to have lost all track of what things cost."

But the most obvious difference in Gage was the drastic change in his language. Much of the time he talked to people with consideration, but then, suddenly, he would have fits of loud and terrible profanity. Victims of these tirades would back away, wondering. Soon, Phineas Gage was known as the grossest, most foulmouthed man in town.

Winter came and Gage went to his hometown, Lebanon, New Hampshire, to live with his mother. She found that her son was no longer the model young man she had reared. He filled the house with profanity and was a constant worry because of the inadequate clothes he wore in the severe weather. While his health remained good, he was alternately ambitious and listless. It was obvious to the mother that her son had in general lost all sense of purpose. "I'll be back on the railroad in the spring," he would say at one moment, but a minute later he would say, "There's a lot of work in Boston so I'll be heading down there soon."

If Gage's mother was distraught over her son's mental meanderings, his nieces and nephews positively enjoyed their uncle's new personality. For them he had become a fabulous raconteur of wild stories filled with hairbreadth escapes—all of them lies.

In the spring, as railroad construction began again, Gage returned to Cavendish expecting to be a foreman once more, but the railroad, frightened by the startling change in his personality, refused to hire him. Officials explained their refusal privately: "The equilibrium or balance, so to speak, between his intellectual faculties and animal propensities seems to have been destroyed."

The rejection didn't bother Gage. It left him free to consider other plans that passed through his battered brain. He ended up working at one thing after another, never sticking to any job.

Meanwhile word of the "man with the hole in his head" continued to spread around the world. People who heard the story, including leading doctors, usually

Give them the luggage that looks as smart as they do. Classically designed Samsonite.

They wouldn't travel anywhere with frowsy luggage, Santa. And that's why Samsonite Streamlite Luggage is so right. Smooth and tastefully tapered to match their sense of style. With Streamlite it's just pack...go...and don't worry. A seal-tight closing keeps dirt and dampness out. And that handsome vinyl finish will look new long after their travel outfits have become everyday affairs. *Colors for her:* Hawaiian Blue, Rawhide Finish, Saddle Tan. *For him:* Colorado Brown, Saddle Tan. Remember now. Streamlite. Nothing else. Not for them, Santa. *Below, for women in Rawhide Finish: top to bottom, 26" Pullman $26.95. Ladies' 21" O'Nite $16.95, Beauty Case $14.95. For men in Saddle Tan: Two-Suiter $24.95, 21" Companion Case $16.95.*

Samsonite®
STREAMLITE
FROM $14.95
The luggage that knows its way around the world

Samsonite Corporation, Denver, Colorado 80217.
Also makers of Samsonite Furniture.
Available in all good department and specialty stores.

doubted the truth of the tale. In the spring of 1849, a number of medical men came to Cavendish and examined Gage to verify his case. By 1850 he was enough of a medical "believe it or not" to be invited to Harvard where a famous medical scientist and teacher, Dr. Henry Bigelow, observed Gage for several weeks. He was also exhibited to medical classes and before the Boston Society of Medical Improvement.

"The leading feature of this case," said the thoroughly mystified Doctor Bigelow, "is its improbability. A physician who holds in his hand a crowbar, three feet and a half long, and more than 13 pounds in weight, will not readily believe that it has been driven with a crash through the brain of a man who is still able to walk off, talking with composure and equanimity about the hole in his head. Being at first wholly skeptical, I have been personally convinced. . . ."

But in their astonished concentration upon the physical facts of the case, medical scientists seemed to neglect the personality changes which had taken place in the patient.

Phineas Gage wandered from job to job and place to place. He sometimes took advantage of his value as an oddity by publicly exhibiting himself and his famous tamping rod. At one time he sat with his iron bar on a stool for three months in a Boston museum telling the public his strange tale. As he explained his case to an audience, Gage would point to the bump on his head where the skin had healed over the hole in his skull. Those watching often claimed that the raised part of Gage's scalp revealed "the pulsations of the brain."

He eventually met a man who was opening a stagecoach line in Chile and the former railroad foreman went off to South America to care for horses and drive a coach. Eventually he returned to San Francisco where, at age 37, he encountered the final aftermath of his accident: convulsions. One day, during a drastic fit, Gage died. He was buried with his tamping rod in a California grave.

Back in Vermont, Doctor Harlow heard the news and through his efforts Gage's remains were exhumed. His skull and the rod were shipped to Harvard for display in the Warren Anatomical Museum. They are still there today.

In historical perspective Phineas Gage was more than an oddity, for his grotesque accident became a turning point in man's progress toward understanding his own brain. It was previously assumed that the brain's large frontal lobes were crucial to man's existence and the key to his superiority over animals. The Gage case destroyed this theory, for he lived, exercising his memory and intelligence, despite the fact that his frontal lobes were badly damaged.

While science then couldn't explain the case, medical men were alerted to investigate future cases of cerebral damage. Soon evidence—particularly from World War I injuries—began to indicate that the frontal lobes do not control the body's physical processes but provide man with his personality.

In the mid-1930's a Portuguese surgeon, Egaz Moniz, removed portions of the frontal lobes from 20 psychotics and reported that seven were cured while eight showed improvement. His operation, called "frontal lobotomy," was subsequently performed in thousands of cases. In some instances, patients, like Phineas Gage, became profane, careless in dress, lacking of purpose and financially irresponsible. And, as apparently happened in Gage's final days, nearly a third of the surgical cases became epileptic five to 10 years after their operations. Such surgery is now rare because new drugs accomplish similar results with less danger.

But Phineas Gage would never know that his name entered medical history. After all, he might have said, while muttering a few choice obscenities, what's so unusual about a hole in the head so long as it heals up over the winter?

—Leonard A. Stevens

THE GREAT SIN SHIP

[*Continued from page* 66]

The assignment to run the rumor to ground fell to Sanford Jarrell, a lanky, sandy-haired, 26-year-old native of Topeka, Kansas. In his two years as a reporter on the *Trib,* Jarrell had gained a reputation as hardworking and conscientious. He was entrusted with $150 expense money to find the booze boat.

Jarrell found booze, but it was flowing on land, in a speakeasy in Bayshore, Long Island. For three days, he had an epic lark of his own, drinking up the expense money and buying for the house. He woke up on the fourth morning with a splitting hangover, a flat wallet, and the empty dread only a newspaperman can feel when he has no story.

So he made one up.

It was a hell of a yarn, about how this intrepid reporter dug up an old Babylon, Long Island, bootlegger who took him out on a 35-foot sea-sled that caught fire and nearly sank. But then the great sin ship loomed up before them, and for a $5 cover charge and the password, Jarrell was allowed to clamber aboard into the midst of "revels de luxe."

Like the good newspaperman he was, Jarrell filled his three-and-a-half column story with precise detail. A reproduction of the Statue of Liberty stood astride the poop deck, and the linen and lifebelts bore the inscription *Friedrich der Grosse,* an old German liner. Movies, such as "The Thief of Baghdad," were regularly shown at midnight. Liquor prices were steep: $2 for a mint julep; $20 for a quart of sparkling Burgundy, and $5 on up for a stateroom. But it was worth all the expense, wrote Jarrell, to spend a night aboard this magnificent pleasure craft that "waits the arrival of all the best people who love to stage wild parties. . . ."

Throngs of the best people and worst people set out in speed launches and catboats from Great South Bay and the New Jersey Coast to find the mystery ship. The Coast Guard cutter *Seneca,* commanded by Captain T. F. Roach, and flotillas of rival newspapermen combed the waters day and night. Even South Shore bootleggers, enraged by reports of this "syndicate of Englishmen" trying to muscle into their racket, went out after the ship.

Perhaps the only man who didn't believe the story from the start was James S. McCracken, a night makeup editor on the *Trib.* McCracken claimed that no 17,000-ton ship could be sailed by a crew of 20, as Jarrell claimed. But Old Mac was laughed down as a cranky bluenose. And when a rival paper also intimated that it wasn't sold on the story, the *Trib* came out with a front page editorial comparing Sanford Jarrell with Christopher Columbus.

The bubble burst on Saturday, August 23, seven days after the original story. Egged on by McCracken, frantic wires from officials in Washington, and the increasing vagueness of Jarrell's later stories, the *Trib* had started a separate investigation. When no trace of the booze boat was turned up, Jarrell was called in and questioned by his boss, federal agents and local customs inspectors. He weakened slightly under cross-examination and admitted he had "embellished" the facts. But he didn't crack.

Finally, after hours of interrogation, Jarrell leaped out of his chair. "My story is true," he insisted. "It'll stand up. I'm leaving now, but I'll be back and straighten out this whole mess."

Jarrell never came back. A few hours later, a messenger came to the office with a signed confession, admitting the story was without foundation. With sincerest regrets for the incident, Jarrell tendered his resignation. That night, the *Trib* printed an apology to its readers, and a final postscript:

"Sanford Jarrell has been dishonorably dismissed."

It was all downhill for Jarrell after that. Although seven other papers in town offered him jobs, he drifted west, restless, perhaps feeling his later life would prove anticlimactic. In the next 38 years, he wrote for at least 21 newspapers. On January 30, 1962, at the age of 64, he died in a drab apartment in Long Beach, California. Even as fumes from an unvented heater killed him, he must have realized his inglorious death was a sad and shabby fate for the man who had pulled off one of the happiest con jobs of the century.

—Hy Turner and Bob Lipsyte

COMING . . .

A famous author and an off-beat fighter whip up a memorable brawl

JACK LONDON AND THE MANILA TIGER

Ring warfare as it used to be in the wild Northwest

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

Introducing the tuned car. 1966 Buick.

What makes a car a car is styling, performance, ride and handling. Only when they're all tuned together is the car a Buick. Like this '66 Skylark Gran Sport.

You know how well your car's engine runs after a tuneup? Buick tuning has the same effect on the whole car. Not just the engine. The whole Buick. Everything blends with everything else. Styling. Performance. Ride. Handling. All tuned to work together in harmony. That's what the tuned car is. A Buick.

Everything on every Buick is tuned and balanced—and then tuned and balanced to everything else. The result is a taut, finely honed piece of road machinery. The suspension is soft enough to make you wonder how come you can barely feel the bumps you can so plainly see. But firm enough to keep you from feeling you're driving a feather bed. The steering is sensitive enough for easy handling, but not to the point of twitchiness.

Everything gets tuned. We fit Buick pistons to Buick cylinders individually. We test Buick brakes in the West Virginia mountains and then take them down to New Orleans to see what happens to them in high humidity. We even die-cast our grilles.

Why do we go to all this trouble? Because Buick buyers are among the toughest to please you can find. They don't settle for less than the best. We keep ahead of them by being even tougher to please.

All cars are tested. But. We test our cars on test tracks, yes. But we *drive* the cars to the test tracks. On ordinary roads. Wherever there's a road that can teach us something, we go to learn. And you end up with a car that can handle any road you put it on. You end up with the tuned car.

You choose: Skylark or Skylark Gran Sport. The Skylark Gran Sport you see here comes to you with a 325-horsepower Wildcat V-8 and a chassis designed especially for its capabilities. (That's tuning for you.) You can add a tilt steering wheel, a floor-mounted 4-speed, a limited-slip differential, and other niceties that can mean so much to the sporting flavor of your driving.

But if the Skylark or Skylark GS don't quite fit you, you can have twenty or so other 1966 Buicks to choose from.

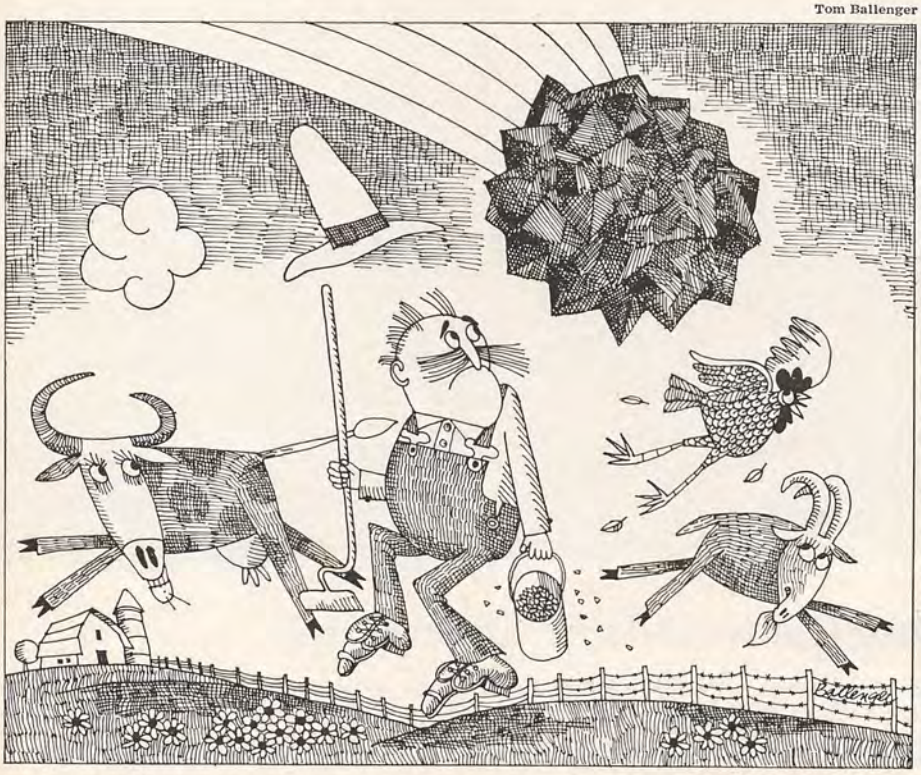
Which leads to a happy conclusion: you get to tune the tuned car to yourself.

Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?

BUICK MOTOR DIVISION

MAN TO MAN
ANSWERS
from the staff of TRUE

Tom Ballenger



Identified flying objects! Every 100 years a giant meteorite whacks into the earth.

There has been a good deal written about the space travel hazards of being hit by a meteorite. E. R. Danzing of Pittsburgh wants to know how many people here on earth have been struck by hot rocks from space.

There seems to be only one authenticated case of a human being being hit by a meteorite. The victim was Elizabeth Hodges, of Sylacauga, Alabama. One day in December, 1954, Mrs. Hodges was taking a nap when something knocked her plumb off the bed. The something proved to be a nine-pound meteorite. Its fall broken by the roof, the meteorite luckily only bruised Mrs. Hodges' hip.

While there is no record of anyone else actually being struck, there have been a few near misses. A 150-pound meteorite landed in a swimming pool in Pena Blanca Spring, Texas, in 1946. Fortunately, there were no swimmers in it at the time. In 1922, Ed Bush, a Mississippi farmer, heard a thrumming sound above him, like an airplane coming in low. A big black stone—a meteorite—smacked into the ground less than 10 feet away.

Three or four meteorites, most weighing only a few pounds, are calculated to reach the earth's surface every day, so it is probable that, through the ages, there have been cases we don't know about. With more people in the world, the odds, of course, keep going up.

Dr. Lincoln La Paz, the New Mexico astronomer who has devoted years of scientific effort to tracking down meteorites, thinks that each square mile of the earth's surface is hit by at least one meteorite in any given 1,000-year period. Astronomers have arrived at a more ominous statistic. They figure that a major meteorite—a big baby weighing 4,000 tons or more—hits the earth once every 100 years. Such a monster, they believe, slammed into the Biblical cities of sin, Sodom and Gomorrah. And such a giant could strike a modern city of greater or lesser sinfulness. In fact, the most recent one did come close, hitting a mountain a few hundred miles from Vladivostok, U.S.S.R., on February 12, 1947.

The consequences, if it had struck a large city, might have been much more disastrous than the damage done by the meteorite itself. "If it had landed in Moscow or Washington," Boston University astronomer Gerald Hawkins says with grim foreboding, "either side might have swiftly retaliated."

Q: Does Queen Elizabeth of England receive a salary? ***Terry Theman, Edmonton, Alberta, Can.***

A: The British government provides Queen Elizabeth with a Privy Purse (or salary, if you wish) of 60,000 pounds a year. In addition, the Queen can receive up to 414,000 pounds a year for the Royal Family's household expenses and staff salaries. In dollars, that amounts to over $1,300,000 a year which the Queen has at her disposal.

Q: What was the worst plane crash ever to occur in the U.S? ***Matthew Tiemann, Helena, Mont.***

A: In terms of life lost, the worst air disaster was the collision of two planes over New York on December 16, 1960. One hundred and thirty-four persons died, including six on the ground. The second worst disaster was a two-plane collision over the Grand Canyon, Arizona, in June, 1956, which killed 128.

Q: What would be the approximate cost of taking a private yacht through the Panama Canal? ***Mrs. James Cole, Denver, Colo.***

A: The rate for all pleasure craft, figured according to weight, is 50 cents per displacement ton. Displacement tonnage, computed at 2,240 pounds a ton, is the amount of water displaced by a floating vessel.

Q: Does Switzerland have a navy? ***Charles J. Thomas, Tucson, Ariz.***

A: Switzerland, completely landlocked, does not have a fighting navy but is still considered a seafaring nation because of its merchant marine fleet which numbers 31 ships. By an international agreement signed in 1921, countries such as Switzerland which have no direct access to the sea have the right to fly their national flag on the high seas.

Q: What was the highest daily double ever paid for a $2.00 ticket? ***Fritz J. Miller, Sr. New Orleans, La.***

A: The highest U.S. daily double on record was $10,772.40. Paid at Washington Park in Illinois on August 14, 1939. The highest double in the history of racing on this continent is credited to the Caliente track, in Mexico, where the double paid $12,724.90 on July 4, 1954.

Everything's old fashioned about Old Taylor 86

except the people who give it.

People in the know have been giving Old Taylor for 78 years—and with good reason! For Old Taylor is real Kentucky Bourbon...smooth, rich, rewarding! Some prefer to give our classic decanter — no extra charge. Others prefer our regular bottle. The choice is yours. But, in either case, the gift wrapping is on us. *Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, 86 Proof. The Old Taylor Distillery Co., Frankfort & Louisville, Kentucky.*

Q: I say that potato chips have been around for well over a hundred years. My friend says that they were invented just after World War II. Who is right? ***Raymond McCravey, Washington, D.C.***

A: You are. Back in 1853 George Crum, chief chef at the Moon Lake House in Saratoga Springs, New York, made the first chip when he popped a thin potato slice into boiling fat. Today more than 600 million bags of factory-produced potato chips are sold each year.

Q: Why is the assassination of a President treated as a local crime, as was the case with Lee Harvey Oswald? ***Frank Koch, Orlando, Fla.***

A: It isn't any longer. President Johnson signed a bill on August 28, 1965, that made killing, kidnaping or attacking a President, a Vice-President, a President-elect or anyone acting as President, a federal crime. Prior to signing, there was no statute, or any provision in the Constitution that recognized attacks on the President as a crime against the federal government.

Q: Is there any difference between Atlantic and Pacific salmon? ***F. C. Carpenter, Littleton, Colo.***

A: All Pacific salmon die after spawning. Atlantic salmon may spawn more than once.

Q: Is it true that during World War II people of Japanese origin who lived in California were held in prison camps although they were not enemy soldiers? ***Gerald Davis, Leominster, Mass.***

A: In the panicky days of early 1942, President Franklin D. Roosevelt—afraid of a possible Japanese fifth column in California—ordered that Japanese citizens and even American citizens of Japanese descent be interned at relocation centers. Although many government officials questioned the justice of this action, most of the 127,000 Japanese on the West Coast were sent to camps where they endured primitive living conditions and severe overcrowding. At the end of the war they were released and allowed to return to their homes, but many of them had lost their businesses and property.

Q: All one dollar bills have the words, "In God We Trust," printed on them. Why don't the higher denomination notes also carry this motto? ***R. R. Wilbourn, Milan, Ill.***

A: In 1955 Congress did pass an act requiring all currency to contain the motto. But large demominations printed since that time have still not been put into circulation. When they will appear depends on the quantity of mutilated bills turned in that have to be replaced and the economy's demand for new paper currency.

Q: Can you see farther with binoculars than with the naked eye or do they just make the object more distinct? ***Eugene B. Stites, Centralia, Mo.***

A: Binoculars do not enable you to see farther. But they magnify images, making them bigger, sharper, clearer and brighter.

Q: What are the origins of the theme song of the civil rights movement, "We Shall Overcome"? ***Herbert Horton, St. Louis, Mo.***

A: Adapted by C. Albert Tindley and titled originally "I'll Overcome Some Day" the song, which began on slave plantations in pre-Civil War America, became a formal Baptist hymn 64 years ago. The song became a protest hymn in 1946, when it was used by Negro workers on picket lines in Charleston, South Carolina. By 1960 civil rights demonstrators had made it their anthem.

Q: How did cryptography originate? ***Gerry Krueger, Sioux City, Iowa***

A: Cryptography, or code, comes from two Greek works meaning "hidden writing." It has probably been practiced in one form or another since man began to communicate his thoughts in writing. One of the earliest recorded examples is the code used by Spartan generals in ancient Greece. Narrow ribbons of parchment were wound around a cylindrical staff. A message was then inscribed on the parchment. When the ribbon was unwound, the writing could be read only by the person who had a cylinder of exactly the same size on which to rewind it so that the letters would reappear in their normal order.

HAVE A QUESTION?

TRUE will answer any reasonable question you ask, free of charge. Every question will receive a personal reply, provided it is accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. The most interesting questions and their answers will be printed. Address your questions to TRUE Magazine, Dept. T-12, 67 West 44 St., New York 36, N. Y.

Q: What is the job of the Air Commando Wing? ***Michael Calog, Springfield, Ill.***

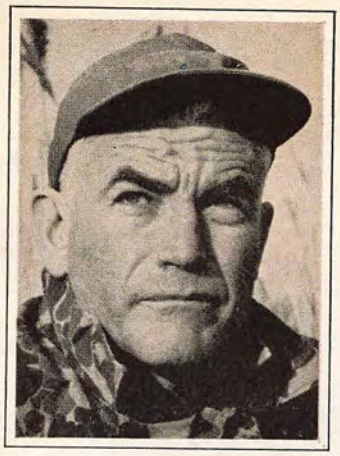
A: Members of the U.S. Air Force's Air Commando Wing are trained to instruct aircrews of friendly nations in all phases of airborne operations against insurgent forces. The training includes low-level drop techniques for both personnel and cargo, close air support, deployment to areas of actual or suspected guerrilla movement and reconnaissance. Because this duty is considered extrahazardous, members of the Air Commandos are all volunteers. After an intensive selection process, all those qualified for membership go to Stead AFB, Nevada, where they learn survival techniques and are exposed to simulated communist interrogation. Each man becomes skilled in the use of small arms and hand-to-hand combat. The Air Commando Wing dates back to World War II. It was organized in early 1944 to support British operations in the China-Burma-India theater. Its job was to provide aerial supply, fighter cover and transportation for the small bands of British commandos operating behind Japanese lines.

Q: In naval warfare, what is the maneuver called "Crossing the T"? ***Douglas J. Mullen, Muskegon, Mich.***

A: Tactically it is having one column of ships aline itself perpendicularly to an enemy column, forming a "T." The ships which cross ahead, or "Cross the T," have the tactical advantage because they can bring almost all of their guns to bear without endangering their own ships ahead or astern. The line of enemy ships which allows itself to be crossed can only fire its forward guns. Even then, with the exception of the lead ship, these ships cannot fire straight ahead without endangering units of their own force.

WHEN CHANGING YOUR ADDRESS

Please notify us 6 weeks in advance. Supply us with both your old and new address, including address label from current issue if possible. Copies we mail to your old address will not be delivered by the Post Office unless you pay extra postage. **Mail address changes, including your zip code number, to TRUE, Subscription Dept., Greenwich, Conn. 06830.**



Are you trying to tell me your regular "Express" loads hit like a magnum?

Yes! Try new Remington "Power Piston" and see.

Let's face it. The big advantage of magnum loads is more shot in the pattern. And that's what Remington "Express" loads with "Power Piston" give you, too.

□ Magnums do it by containing more shot to start with. A "Power Piston" load does it by making more efficient use of the shot it has.

□ And the "Power Piston"—Remington's remarkable new wad column—is the reason. Its unique construction eliminates shot-against-barrel deformation, sharply reduces shot-against-shot deformation.

□ The "Power Piston" carries the shot through the barrel, then falls away, letting the shot fly straight and true, with no out-of-round flyers.

□ Result: "Power Piston" actually gives you *a more effective pattern for any given choke, at any given distance.*

□ "Power Piston" has another great advantage. The "cushion" at the bottom actually reduces the recoil effect of your gun.

□ You can get Remington "Express" loads with "Power Piston" in 12, 16, 20 and 28 gauges. *All with proven Remington plastic-shell construction.*

Remington DU PONT

"Express" and "Power Piston" are trademarks of the Remington Arms Company, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn. 06602. In Canada: Remington Arms of Canada Limited, 36 Queen Elizabeth Blvd., Toronto, Ont.

"Since when do you give Bourbon?"

"Since I tasted Jim Beam"

170th BIRTHDAY

BEAM FORMULA B A STANDARD SINCE 1795

Trendsetting people have "discovered" Jim Beam—and they're sharing the experience with friends. The discovery . . . Jim Beam is smooth and distinctive . . . light and mild, with an honest Bourbon taste. In its festive holiday gift pre-wrap Jim Beam compliments the taste of host or giver. It's been a Beam holiday tradition for 170 years.
Hint for gift hunters: The only better buy than a bottle of Jim Beam is a case . . . and gift wraps come at no extra cost.

FOR SIX GENERATIONS (170 YEARS) . . .
ONE FAMILY, ONE FORMULA, ONE PURPOSE.
THE WORLD'S FINEST BOURBON SINCE 1795.

86 PROOF KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY THE JAMES B. BEAM DISTILLING CO., CLERMONT, BEAM, KENTUCKY.

THE HORSE THAT WAS MARKED FOR DEATH

[*Continued from page* 42]

yards below at the base of this massive threat. My alibi for this is that nobody could have predicted we would overtake the bear at a point directly above the two mounts. If Buck shot the grizzly and it rolled and started rocks bouncing down, there could be calamitous consequences. But you don't pass up your last chance to finish off a wounded grizzly.

"Burn him down," I said, and hoped the hell I wouldn't have cause to regret it.

Buck fired and the grizzly bawled and swung its head to bite at its shoulder. It apparently died in the act, but a reflex spasm kicked it into motion again and here the carcass came, end over end, bouncing and jolting, the hard impacts audible, picking up momentum with each yard of slope. Accompanying it came a barrage of loosened rocks. We stood crowded in the lee of a pillar of banded sandstone, and as the first of the rocks arrived I pushed Buck to safety behind it. The bear hurtled past. Rocks salvoed against the pillar and shattered explosively. It was a truly awesome uproar while it lasted.

"The poor doggoned horses," Buck sorrowed in the silence when the bombardment had subsided.

But I expected to find Nail Keg right side up and in one piece. Having raised the spotted gelding from a colt, and seen him get into, and out of, a remarkable variety of crises—everything from quicksand to grass fire to a memorable bellyful of supposedly deadly monkshood herb—I had proof that he was plenty survival oriented and, moreover, was loaded with luck. Even so, the scene that Buck and I presently came upon was a wonderful, emotion-provoking surprise.

Where the talus rock petered out, beneath a flange of black rimrock, a Medusa-crowned dead spruce snag stood in a little grass meadow. The two horses had been feeding here all unsuspecting when the airborne grizzly carcass sailed over the rimrock to crash into the snag and plow right on through it in a whirl of broken branches. Then had come the thundering cascade of rocks. According to the sign, Buck's mount Tiger, a cold-blooded sorrel who normally didn't have a spooky bone in his makeup, had fled in panic back toward camp. Nail Keg, on the other hand, was still with us, standing like a stone horse below the wreckage of the snag. The bear carcass, with a spike-tipped limb stuck clear through it, lay 50 feet distant.

Perhaps there are old-fashioned horsemen left who will understand how I felt about Nail Keg as he neighed and came trotting to me, ears pricked forward, lifting his parti-colored hoofs as smartly as if he were on parade and a band was playing. Full of proud affection for the gelding, I rated his steadfastness, his loyalty, as a shining comment on the valor of the entire ancient race of Appaloosas.

"Personally, I think he was stupid to stay put," Buck declared. "But then, if you ever decide that you want to sell this stupid horse—"

I told him I would file the application. Nail Keg was pushing me around with his nose, snorting, making his own brand of welcome sounds. I believe he thought it was I who had been in danger, that I'd had a narrow squeak up there among the sliding rocks in the snow and that he had been afraid I wouldn't return. A flattering beast, he made a project every now and then, of letting me know that he was much in favor of my continued existence.

The fame of Nail Keg's polka-dotted ancestors reaches back into prehistory and gets lost in legend. In India, before the Christian era, the breed was known as the leopard horse. In China, around 103 B.C., when Emperor Wu Ti used the spotted horses to defeat invading Huns,

TRUE

"In my opinion, we *had* our great society."

If you start daydreaming at work about a great autumn day in the woods,

the man next to you must be smoking Field & Stream.

A product of Philip Morris Inc.

AUTHORS WANTED BY N. Y. PUBLISHER

Leading book publisher seeks manuscripts of all types: fiction, non-fiction, poetry, scholarly and religious works, etc. New authors welcomed. Send for *free* booklet TM-1. Vantage Press, 120 W. 31 St., New York 1.

MOTOR-MEDIC

- REDUCES ENGINE WEAR
- MAKES OIL LAST LONGER
- STOPS OIL BURNING

At Service Stations and Auto Supply Stores

Learn how to become a

GAME WARDEN

GOV'T HUNTER, FORESTER, WILDLIFE MANAGER

Exciting job openings now for qualified men who love outdoor work. *Protect forests and wildlife — arrest violators!* Good pay, security, prestige and authority for respected career Conservation Officers. *Easy home-study plan!* Send for FREE Fact BOOK, aptitude QUIZ, and SUBSCRIPTION to Conservation magazine. *State your age.*

NORTH AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CONSERVATION
Campus Drive, Dept. 20C, Newport, Calif. 92660

IN PAPERBACK AT LAST

The Year's Top Fiction Bestseller

HERZOG

Winner of the National Book Award

Wherever Paperbacks Are Sold—95¢

"And if you should encounter intelligent life, you may discuss our national affairs, but steer clear of Viet Nam, Alabama and the mess in Washington."

it was called the heavenly horse. In Spain, during the wars with the Moors, it was celebrated as the barb. In Mexico, the Conquistadores gave it the Mexican name for the spotted jungle ocelot, *guinduri*. In the Nez Percé country of Idaho, it became the Appaloosa, a curious name probably concocted from Palouse Creek in the Bitterroots, along which lived Indians with spotted horses. At Matanuska, the log-cabin settlement where I made my Alaskan headquarters, Nail Keg picked up yet another name. There, one November evening, frightened Denna Indians concluded that he was a medicine horse.

That evening, with old Frank Lee, my sometimes cantankerous packer, I had descended from the slow mixed train at Matanuska Station in the early dark and made for the baggage room to claim our gear. A rough river wind moaned across the cottonwood flat, and colored aurora combers were breaking among the brilliant stars. Winter was upon us, the land would lay ice-locked and forlorn for the next seven months. Parka hoods pulled up against the knife-cold wind, we shouldered through the door fumbling for baggage checks.

"Hello, misters," somebody said in the shadows behind the glowing potbelly stove. "I am bery glad to see you back again. Ho, yes. Bery glad."

The greeting came from one Toughluck, a crippled, pocket-size, Denna ex-hunter to whom I had shipped my string of 10 horses from the Kenai country last week. He held what in effect was a standing contract to take care of the animals on the salt-hay flats below town in winter when there was no work for them. Toughluck was a superior Indian—a toothbrush Indian—with education. Thanks to having shot his cousin in an argument over a muskrat trap, he had served a year at McNeil Island prison, where he had learned to speak idiomatic English and been indoctrinated into a few of the inscrutable ways of white men.

I said, "*Chee-mai,*" and asked him how the horses were. The horses, Toughluck replied, were currently out on the flat feeding, getting mighty prosperous on ripe bunchgrass. Then he gave a nervous giggle and gestured toward the side window, beyond which a group of primitive-looking backcountry Indians were huddled out of the wind, staring in at us.

"Something is going on that I don't understand," Toughluck said. "Those Injuns have been hanging around the corral every day when I bring the horses in. They are Tyone Lake Injuns, bery uncivilized. They came to town last week and I heard that they are afraid to go home because the Injuns in their town have the measle sickness. They are crazy about Nail Keg. They think he is a *kee-eedah* horse, a medicine animal, because of his spots."

The Indians had my sympathy. I had once, in the course of a caribou hunt with Buck, visited the dead Indian town of Hoholitna, on the Kuskokwim watershed, where measles had killed the entire population of 80 souls. The epidemic had struck, according to the sourdough grapevine, after an ignorant or incredibly greedy trader sold the Indians second-hand clothes that had been worn by a measles victim farther downriver. There were varmint-gnawed skeletons on bunks in the cabins, sprawled across doorways, scattered along the weed-grown street, everywhere. Also there were the bones of 20 or more sled dogs that had perished miserably of starvation while chained to trees. I started to tell Frank about this, but the mention of Nail Keg had rendered him incapable just now of listening to anything.

"Some medicine horse," he jeered. "So now even the Injuns are mooning over that overrated knothead, huh? Everybody must be going nuts. Come on, let's salvage our gear and beat it over to Phil Allen's roadhouse and see if he has any moose steaks for supper. Before somebody else starts orating about the bee-yoo-tiful Nail Keg, damn his ornery hide."

Frank and the Appaloosa had never been bosom pals, mainly because Frank, one of the old-time school of bronc stompers, was against pet horses on principle. Ten days before during a moose hunt with Buck in the Kenai Mountains, their dislike of each other had come to a wild, comical climax. I guess you could blame it on Buck's moose trophy.

We had taken the head, cape and a pack of meat to camp, then returned with other packhorses for the rest of the meat. That evening, as a honey-colored moon floated above the black peaks, we roasted a rack of ribs and feasted. As all carnivorous north woodsmen know, fat moose ribs roasted over a willow campfire in the mountains at the end of a good day is beyond argument the finest provender a man is likely to come across, even if the meat hasn't been properly aged. These ribs were particularly spiced with the agreeable, pungent Kenai sage on which moose hereabouts feed during autumn weeks when they climb to timberline for the rutting period.

Old Frank's clash with Nail Keg occurred next morning at first light when we were loading up to hit the trail back out to the railroad. The Appaloosa had never been required to carry a pack. As my personal saddle mount, I suppose he didn't dream that he would ever be called upon to perform such lowly, regimented drudgery. But this morning a problem had arisen. One of the packhorses had come to camp with a porcupine quill embedded in its back perilously close to a vertebra in the kidney region. Anyway, after throwing and hog-tying the animal, I butchered the quill out with my belt knife. As it was immediately obvious that the surgery would keep the horse on the ailing list the remainder of the season, we had to have a replacement for him, and various factors made Nail Keg the candidate.

When we cinched the Humboldt packsaddle on the Appaloosa, he looked only mildly bewildered and annoyed. But when we added the moose trophy together with 150 pounds of meat, he knew it was for serious, and registered bitter resentment, rolling his eyes and beginning to tremble. Understandably, because he didn't like the guy anyway, he blamed Frank for his sudden, unjust fall from elite rank. Snaking his head around, he grabbed the old-timer's shirt sleeve between his teeth, and with a violent jerk ripped it from shoulder to cuff.

The shirt was a gaudy squawcatcher job that Frank had bought in Anchorage, and the old gent was bragging proud of it, full of vainglorious predictions as to the havoc it would enable him to wreak among Denna virgins at season's end.

"You and your dammed pet horse," he fumed, displaying the torn sleeve. "Was he mine, I would quirt his ears off smooth with his head. I would climb onto him with rough-locked spurs and stomp him, by gad, to kingdom come. I would make his hide resemble a lace curtain. I

would—" He ran out of words, and stood sputtering and glaring.

Nail Keg glared right back at him. It was a scene for a latter-day Frederick Remington or Charlie Russell. Nail Keg was a dramatic horse whatever his mood, and now, fighting mad, he was spectacular. He went 1,100 pounds of lean, cat-quick toughness. His dark mane and tail were uncommonly long, and I kept them combed out. His satiny coat, so smooth that it reflected sunlight, was turquoise blue, and the Appaloosa spots covering hips and shoulders were bright blood bay.

Well, we screwed the double-diamond hitch down tight, and Frank, when he had rocked the pack to assure himself that it was balanced and would ride and that Nail Keg hadn't cheated by swelling his chest out when we cinched, turned wrathfully away.

"Simmer down," I said to Nail Keg. "You're sore because we hung a pack on you. But how about me? I've got to walk 80 miles out to the railroad. Anyway, you don't know how handsome you look all decorated up with moose horns." I had always talked to the Appaloosa as though he were another person. Maybe he didn't understand most of the words, but he seldom failed to get the general idea.

This time I underestimated his state of rebellion. Hardly had I taken a dozen steps when Nail Keg came unglued in startling fashion. Letting out an air horn bawl, he went up high and came down in a twisting, stiff-legged jolt that shook the ground. He swapped ends and fence-railed. He sideswiped a tree, trying to scrape the pack off, and a sling rope broke with the result that the moose antlers flopped low and wide on one side. Then, the bulk of his pack ready to part company, Nail Keg charged through camp.

Frank was taken by surprise. When he heard Nail Keg's bawl and the drumbeat of hoofs, he glanced over his shoulder and froze in slack-jawed dismay. Nail Keg was running straight at him, and the antlers, points gleaming like those of some medieval engine of destruction, were practically certain to mow him down if he stayed where he was. His sole escape route was over the rigging pile and down the creek bank. After one horrified look Frank took off in a kind of bullfrog leap. He cleared the rigging and plummetted noisily down through 10 feet of brush, to belly whop into a mossy pool of the coldest snow water this side of a glacier.

"Gawdamighty," Buck said. "I think he's killed himself."

With nobody safe at the moment, there was no time to find out. I located a riata, tied onto the rampaging Nail Keg and anchored him to a tree. I told him to level off, it was all a mistake. What the heck, I promised soothingly, we would divide his pack among the other horses, maybe cache some stuff in a tree for use next year, or just throw it away. Then he could carry me back out to the railroad. At this juncture Frank clambered over the creek bank. His squawcatcher shirt had suffered additional rents. He had lost his hat. Stringers of green moss festooned his bald head like an eerie wig.

"Gimme a gun," he mumbled, peering balefully at us with unsynchronized eyes. "I'm gonna boot the shashtard. I mean, shash the— Hell, just gimme a gun."

I managed to dissuade him, but he made it plain that any possibility of further peaceful coexistence between Nail Keg and himself had permanently foundered.

But Frank was an exception. Hairy, hard-bitten characters who probably had never in their lives kept a pet, carried candy and sugar lumps in their pockets for Nail Keg when they came to Matanuska. Tex Cobb, the notably unsentimental dean of Alaska woodsmen, once actually sent him a gift wrapped bale of alfalfa hay for Christmas. It was Tex in fact who gave the colt his name. Tough-luck was feeding the spotted six-months-old youngster bran mash in a nail keg at the corral one morning when Tex swaggered onto the scene, "Howdy, Nail Keg," he laughed, and the name stuck.

Nail Keg's flair for making friends amazed me. With the exception of old Frank and the savage, brooding wilderness itself, he was surrounded by admirers from the day his dam dropped him. In the former regard, I had better state that Frank's grudge didn't amount to much. He was all talk, harmless. But the wilderness, the untamed land which we deeply respected and unconsciously personalized, was a threat to the horse 24 hours a day.

The old-timers had a saying that Alaska was a fine country for Swedes and bears, but hell on horses and schoolteachers. This was so true at least concerning horses that it was a wonder the colt lived

RUGER® CARBINES

Ideal Hunting Partners

Upper:
The RUGER .44 Magnum Carbine
5 shots, tubular magazine

Lower:
The RUGER .22 Carbine
10 shots, rotary magazine

Detachable, Rotary Magazine — holds 10 cartridges, fits flush with stock!

These two Rugers are ideal hunting companions . . . identical in size, balance and style, and nearly the same in weight. Sharpen your shooting with the 10/22 – and you'll be in peak shooting form when you go after brush-country deer with your .44 Magnum Carbine. A major advance in .22 rimfire sporter design and performance, the new 10/22 is engineered for greater accuracy and durability and smoother operation than you have ever seen before in a .22 autoloader. The new 10-shot rotary magazine stays reliable because it has feed lips of solid alloy steel.

Handsome appearance, including an oil-finished, solid walnut stock, is a bonus extra. Weight is 5 pounds. Price: $54.50.

The Ruger .44 Magnum Carbine is the best possible firearm for hunting deer in thick cover. It is the perfect combination of great stopping power, light weight, short overall length and low recoil. The big .44 caliber bullet kills game more effectively than the paper ballistics would ever suggest. The carbine's reliable, self-loading action gives you five smashing shots to rely on when the crucial moment occurs. Experienced hunters by the tens of thousands use the Ruger Carbine because of these advantages in its specialized design. Standard Model: $108. Deluxe Model, with sling swivels and "Built-In" micrometer-click receiver sight: $115.

STURM, RUGER & Company, Inc.
Southport, Connecticut, U.S.A.

WRITE FOR LITERATURE ON THESE AND OTHER RUGER® FIREARMS

to grow up. Without friends he wouldn't have. For example, the autumn he was 14 months old he got himself lost for three days on the river flats, and the whole valley turned out to search for him: sourdoughs, miners, railroad men, town bums and mysterious frontier types I had never even laid eyes on before.

Buck, Toughluck and I found him. We had ridden to the summit of a cliff-faced butte fronting the river, where we could use binoculars to advantage. It turned out that our arrival was timely. First I sighted a family of six coyotes—an outsize, ornery-looking bitch with five nearly grown pups. They were working in off the stony river bars toward a dry wash that you couldn't see from the river unless you knew where it was and looked closely. Then, in the wash, I sighted Nail Keg. Sort of skinny but apparently all right otherwise, he was sound asleep on his feet. Our association naturally was new and I hadn't become as all-out fond of him as I would later, but still I felt a special surge of relief and affection when I spotted the little cuss. The coyotes had drifted across to the wash and were interestedly looking him over when he winded them, I guess, and woke with a start.

Buck checked his rifle and asked me what the range was; as a paying guest, he wanted to do the shooting. I made the range 500 yards, which was a far piece with a coyote for the target, no matter who had the rifle.

It could be Nail Keg thought the coyotes were dogs. He'd had humiliating experiences with half-serious Malemutes in town, and hated the whole canine race. But whatever the reason, he waxed belligerent. Head down, ears laid back, stamping his front hoofs, he went at the coyotes as though he were a big, tough range stallion. I have no idea what the outcome might have been. Coyotes are erratic and hard to figure, especially our Alaska variety. These might have moved on to other business, and then again they might have killed the colt.

However, Buck broke up the drama with a bullet. He undershot but it didn't matter. The 220-grain soft nose struck a rock 10 feet short of the bitch, ricocheted, and tore her head off. With that the pups retreated into the cottonwoods.

Buck fired another shot to encourage their departure, after which we rode down to collect Nail Keg. Toughluck pulled out a slab of black navy plug as he hit the ground and reached for the colt's halter.

"We are bery glad to find you safe," the wizened Denna wrangler declared, and doggoned if his voice wasn't shaky. "Have a chew." Nail Keg accepted one. At his age he had the habit. So then we all bit off a chew. Some folks celebrate outstanding events with champagne and caviar. We did it that day with navy plug.

Before I acquired Nail Keg I was of the firm opinion that clever, high I.Q. horses existed only in Hollywood mythology and old-fashioned romantic fiction. Unquestionably most of the broncs I had used were complete brainless wonders constantly on the brink of hysteria. They would spook at their own shadows in the moonlight. You had to dismount to put your slicker on, and watch your chance to scratch a match when you lit a cigarette. They were such morons in horsehide that they would leave good grazing ground and kangaroo hop, close-hobbled, 10 miles to stand hungry on a barren sandbar looking sorry for themselves. But Nail Keg was so different that he seemed a species apart.

To give you an idea, he was supposed to be a one-man saddle mount, and it was rumored that he had proved this in forthright fashion to a few citizens when I wasn't around, yet once, because I asked him to, he carried a total stranger through a forest fire as calmly as if it were an everyday chore.

This was in August, 1927, and I had ridden into the peaks near the head of Eklutna Lake to size up the locality for a projected sheep and grizzly hunt. I observed an ominous haze over the lake one afternoon, and the following morning, as I was starting back to Eklutna Village, towering billows of flame-shot smoke suddenly erupted from the timbered area at the outlet. By the time I got there, looking for a way around the blaze, a Forest Service crew had set up camp on the beach. The foreman, a part-time smokechaser from Seward, said he sure was delighted to see Nail Keg. One of his crew members had been injured and burned and would have to be transported the eight miles down to the Indian School hospital at the village. The unfortunate worker had been struck over the head and shoulders by a falling snag and then, while he lay unconscious, his clothes had caught fire.

"But he'll be able to ride fine," the foreman promised me. "We'll just boost him into the saddle and I'll show you a game trail that'll take you safe around the fire."

I had a look at the patient. You didn't have to be a medic to know that properly he was a stretcher case. But the foreman was shorthanded and under territorial law he could commandeer personnel and property as he pleased. Which took in Nail Keg. So I led the Appaloosa aside for a serious talk. As far as I had proof, I was the only person who had ever ridden him, and I was aware that he could pitch like a typhoon when he wanted to. But I explained to him that this was an emergency, maybe a man's life at stake, and asked him would he please do me a favor and tote the patient down to the hospital. I don't know what the foreman thought about the one-way conversation.

We hoisted the limp, muttering fire fighter into the saddle and I hobbled the stirrups and took the spade bit out of Nail Keg's mouth because I didn't want to risk the man's hauling back against it and probably ending up with the Appaloosa on top of him. Whereupon the

TRUE

"What she *really* needs is brain surgery—can you install one?"

foreman showed me a hillside moose trail that I already knew about, wished me well and took off.

The trip off the mountain took me five hours and most of the time, walking ahead of Nail Keg, I was simply pushing blindly downhill through the smoke, with the fire jumping and crowning around us, snags falling, rocks rolling, and assorted wildlife fleeing this way and that. The patient was out of his mind and thought he was shouting commands to troops in the Argonne. Between yells he vomited, and when his stomach had emptied itself he was racked by dry heaves. But he stayed up there and Nail Keg cat-footed under him as carefully and delicately as though he were carrying breakable cargo worth a duke's ransom.

When at last we plodded across the lawn to the hospital door at Eklutna Village, with 100 or more Indian kids

Free Christmas story booklet & bookmark are obtainable from American Bible Society, 450 Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017

staring bug-eyed at us, we must have looked like battered refugees from a disaster site.

Nail Keg's long tail had caught fire and burned to a stump. His mane was matted with vomit and ashes. He had scorched his hoofs and developed a wheezing cough of the type commonly heard in the ultimate stages of asthma. After delivering the patient, I found a garden hose and gave him a good sluicing down.

Well, I started to tell about the November evening when Frank and I got off the train at Matanuska and went over to Phil Allen's roadhouse for a moose steak supper. We ordered the steaks, and when Phil brought them, rare and sizzling on hot chinaware platters, with fried spuds and soda biscuits, Frank took a mouthful, chewed, and looked happily astonished. "This here steak came off a prime Kenai bull," he said to Phil. "How about that? You importing meat from away down there these days?"

"Your taster," Phil asserted, "is haywire. That is Matanuska moose meat. I bought the carcass, or most of it, from some Tyone Lake Injuns less'n an hour ago. They killed it out on the cottonwood flats this afternoon."

I was myself positive that it was Kenai meat. It had the unmistakable Kenai sage flavor. But why argue? We finished our meal, and were sitting back comfortably with a pot of coffee and a couple of Phil's 50¢ perfectos, when Toughluck came in. The stove-up little wrangler looked scared.

"Blind Nick wants to see you," he informed me. "He is waiting outside. Something bery bad has happened, I think."

Blind Nick was the Denna shaman—medicine man—who held sway over the Indians in this sector of Alaska. I had known him for years. I went out and found him standing alone at the end of the sidewalk, a stark, craggy figure leaning on a diamond-willow staff.

With odd compassion in his heavy voice, using the expressive, sharp-angled Denna language which I had learned as a boy from Indian playmates, Blind Nick asked: "Do you know about the old belief of the Denna that like cures like?"

He meant homeopathic magic. I had read up on the medical thory often encountered among primitive peoples. Fire is used to treat a burn. You eat the heart of a brave animal to become brave. The hair of the dog that bit you, and so on. So I said yes, I was acquainted with it.

Blind Nick then gave me the staggering lowdown. The Tyone Lake Indians, this afternoon, had killed Nail Keg for his red-spotted hide.

While I listened, hardly comprehending, thinking the language must have tricked me, the blind shaman stated that the Indians at Tyone Lake, some 100 miles distant, had learned about the Appaloosa seven years ago, within days after he was foaled here at Matanuska, and had decided then that he was most likely a medicine animal. Recently, with measles raging in their town, they had sent a party of tribesmen to Matanuska with instructions to return with the red-spotted hide if they thought the horse definitely was of supernatural origin.

The little club of experts, after daily visits to the corral and numerous solemn conferences, had concluded this afternoon that Nail Keg was indeed a *kee-ee-dah* beast. Accordingly, they had killed and skinned him. Then they had awaited my arrival at Matanuska because they believed it was essential to "make face," show that they were not cowards, if the medicine trophy was to work miracles for them. The party had departed, with the magic pelt, a few minutes ago en route to their stricken town.

"Your pet horse Nail Keg had many friends," Blind Nick continued, "and I know that horse stealing is a big crime everywhere. If you go to the sourdoughs with this, they will follow the Tyone Lake Denna. Perhaps men will be hanged. It has happened in Alaska. But I do not think that you will go to the sourdoughs."

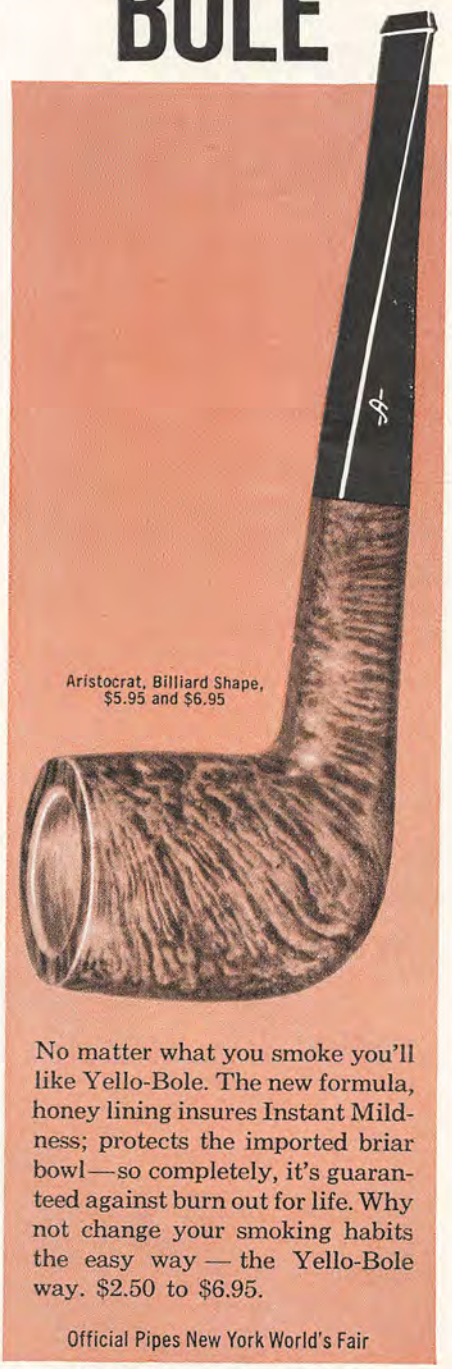
Blind Nick was silent a moment, his face like carved cedarwood. "They could not carry the horse meat with them," he said. "So they sold it to Phil Allen."

—Russell Annabel

INSTANT MILDNESS

yours with

YELLO-BOLE



No matter what you smoke you'll like Yello-Bole. The new formula, honey lining insures Instant Mildness; protects the imported briar bowl—so completely, it's guaranteed against burn out for life. Why not change your smoking habits the easy way — the Yello-Bole way. $2.50 to $6.95.

Official Pipes New York World's Fair

Free Booklet tells how to smoke a pipe; shows shapes, write: YELLO-BOLE PIPES, INC., N. Y. 22, Dept. R-22
By the makers of KAYWOODIE

DRIVERS UNITE!

[*Continued from page* 41]

die without it. Yet traffic problems are largely responsible for killing or maiming permanently 175,000 persons every year. As a motorist, you should not have to live with this threat of death. You have a right to expect relief from the tortuous jams in our cities.

Our traffic conditions are a national disgrace. We have botched our handling of vehicles from beginning to end. We have often built the wrong kind of highways in the wrong places, and failed to make mass transit competitive. We've wasted street space with antiquated signal systems, converted boulevards into parking lots, and smothered traffic engineering in red tape.

Don't delude yourself that the politicos will do anything about the mess without the application of a shoeful of incentive. To get a national traffic program, motorists will have to demand one. After more than 40 years of studying traffic problems, and as Commissioner of Traffic for New York City, I have some ideas on what that program should be. I've boiled them down to a four-point plan.

We must: 1. Use 100 percent of our streets for the movement of traffic. 2. Take advantage of technological know-how. 3. Develop adequate mass-transit facilities. 4. Develop suitable engineering and planning facilities capable of accomplishing these three main objectives.

Above all, we must abandon the asinine idea that we can solve our traffic problems by ignoring them. We must stop blaming the mess on the motorist. We must eradicate the absurdity in our traffic thinking. Unfortunately, examples of folly are not hard to find:

NEW YORK CITY'S Planning Commission refused to approve money for a new parking garage, saying it would *encourage* traffic. God help us if we don't encourage traffic. Without traffic there can be no commerce. Without commerce our great American cities will wither away. I call the New York action "planning for oblivion."

BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT, an industrial city of 156,000, spends the awesome sum of $17,000 a year for traffic controls —about one penny a month per person. No wonder cars move through Bridgeport like tranquillized turtles on sticky tar.

DETROIT, our fifth largest city, is the home of the automobile—a place where supposedly the energies of that $18 billion-a-year industry would be dedicated to the creation of a traffic showplace. If you live in Detroit, you know it's a vehicular jungle. I can give one reason why. Detroit still regulates its signals with a stop-and-go timer which the manufacturer discarded in 1928 as obsolete.

WASHINGTON, D.C., declared open season on pedestrians years ago. It allowed the Washington art commission to decide traffic signals should be painted battleship gray to blend with the buildings. In heaven's name, why don't they plant geraniums in the lights? People are supposed to see them! They should be visible for blocks.

CHICAGO has a system of traffic administration which might have been conceived by cave dwellers. If the city traffic director wants to set up a stop sign, traffic light, loading zone or one-way street, he must get a bill through the Board of Aldermen. Small wonder that in Chicago the only thing moving is the wind.

THE BOROUGH OF BROOKLYN IN NEW YORK may have a reputation for the wacky, but its 2.6 million population makes it next to Chicago in size. Yet no intercity bus stops there or in the Bronx or Queens, two other populous New York boroughs. Any of the 8 million New Yorkers who want to escape the city by either bus or train must first make their way to one of the most congested spots on earth, mid-Manhattan, where the terminals are located. What shocks me most is that when I sought an explanation from a member of the Port of New York Authority, which operates the bus terminals, he replied, "We never thought about it."

That's a whole lot of our trouble. We "never thought," for example, about the serious problems we are creating with the federal interstate highway program. Congress has committed over $35 billion thus far, and by 1972 that figure may double. Sure you can whiz from city to city and never see a traffic light. But what happens when you get off the superroad? Your car is dumped into streets built for great-grandma's one-horse shay. Traffic backs up. Sitting and waiting becomes that way of life. And nobody cares. No billions are allocated to speed you up Pennsylvania Avenue or Fifth Avenue or Wilshire or Michigan or any of the other great American boulevards. And no billions are aimed at giving you a place to park your car.

This state of affairs is a colossal gyp. It is like spending a fortune for a supersonic jet without having an airfield big enough for it to land on. We can't keep building roads that funnel cars into our cities while doing nothing about the resultant traffic chaos.

Our traffic problem is not going to go away. There are 86 million motor vehicles in the United States right now. By 1980 there will be 140 million. Where there are four cars stopped at an intersection now, seven must be accommodated in 15 years. Where there are 168,000 cars using the Hollywood Freeway today, there will be almost 300,000 trying to get on it in a decade and a half. Where nearly three million vehicles pass through New York City today, room must be found for five million by 1980.

Such traffic volumes can bring disaster. We must do something more than damn the motorist and do it now. We must make hard decisions and take tough actions. We must follow something like the four-point program I have in mind.

Let me explain these points:

1. There must be 100 percent use of streets for traffic.

We certainly don't have that now. Most cities devote a quarter to a half of the available street space to traffic. The remainder goes for parking, loading zones, cabstands, bus stops, parades, jaywalkers and vendors of ice cream and anything else.

Curb parking must be eliminated from congested streets. The city doesn't provide a free lot for your home. Why should it provide a free garage?

Nor can a city afford to build free off-street parking. The cost of construction for public garage space ranges from $4,000 to $9,000 per car capacity. Cities would go broke spending that kind of money. However, a city does have a responsibility to provide space for the short-term parker who, like the shopper or salesman, contributes to its commercial life. The city must offer such parking or suffer the economic consequences.

So where do you park your car? Well, if you're on a quiet residential street, curb parking may still be allowed. It may even be possible during off-hours on some downtown streets. But there is one cardinal rule: when traffic picks up, parking is ended.

Most of you cannot afford private parking facilities. I can't. I once parked my car on a lot in Manhattan from 10 p.m. to 8 a.m., and the tab was $4.75. I believe parking rates can be lowered through competition. If enough garages are erected, prices will come down. If they

TRUE

"Miss Renaghan . . . about that math test you're giving tomorrow . . ."

don't, then parking should be treated as a public utility, with rates set by the government. Apartment houses and office buildings must be compelled to supply parking for tenants. The situation at New York's Pan American Building, where 17,000 are employed and there is parking for only 400 cars, cannot be tolerated again.

It isn't only private parking that forces you to drive through town at a pace that would discredit a crippled crab. Curb lanes are also usurped as truck loading zones. The streets of New York's garment district, on the west side between 30th and 43nd, are one vast, almost impassible truck terminal. Truckers practice a sort of mobile squatters' rights. Truck A uses a place first. It doesn't move out till Truck B is ready to pull in. B stays until C shows up.

This relay goes on all day. But the post office outdoes them all. It parks a big van for use as a curbside substation. Small trucks carry mail from surrounding buildings to it for sorting. A traffic lane is taken up all day, and New York motorists submit meekly.

Trucks need to load and unload at stores, but the operation must not be done in streets needed for traffic. Several solutions are available. Merchants can accept deliveries early, before the rush of the regular business day. Cities can impose alternate loading times—mornings on one side of a street, afternoons on the other. Truckers can drop their loads at curbside and get out, instead of blocking the street for the time it takes to make an inside delivery. Or cities can build off-street truck-terminal facilities which would service all the businesses in a block.

These solutions are inconvenient and expensive. But we must have the streets for traffic. Turning six-lane thoroughfares into two-lane "horrorfares" is a luxury we can no longer afford.

We can "expand" our streets by reversing lanes—making one or two lanes inbound in the morning, outbound at night. This device has been used on such streets as Grand River in Detroit and Market in Philadelphia. Occasionally a whole avenue can be reversed, as is often done in Washington.

These are all good techniques, but for maximum effect, when they could triple our street capacity, they must be used in conjunction with a modern electronic signal system. Consequently, the next point in my program:

2. Take advantage of technical know-how.

You go down a busy thoroughfare and stop for a red light and wait . . . and wait, while not a single car uses the green light on the cross street. You drive along an avenue posted with signs reading, "Lights Timed for 25 MPH," and you couldn't get over 15 unless you sprouted wings and flew.

Such situations are common. Have you demanded that your city fathers end them? They can. These and a hundred other traffic abuses are marks of old-fashioned controls. The outmoded traffic signal hookup is a slave system ruled by a clock. The lights change on a regular

Also available in Limited Edition 101 proof

It tastes expensive ...and is.

Maker's Mark®

Made from an original old style sour mash recipe by Bill Samuels, fourth generation Kentucky Distiller.

90 Proof • Star Hill Distilling Co. • Star Hill Farm, Loretto, Kentucky

Black Label After Shave, Spray Deodorant, Bath Talc. A buck each.

basis, come cars, trucks, or the outpouring from a ball game.

With electronics, we can count the cars actually using the streets and adjust the cycle to give a green light where it is needed most—all automatically. We can time lights to fit speed, because the heavier the traffic the slower it moves. With electronics, we can favor inbound traffic in the morning and outbound at night, or make the lights work in unison when traffic is heavy on a two-way street, thus moving vehicles through quickly. We can clear out a surge of traffic from an industrial parking lot, or allow for icy driving conditions, or make hundreds of adjustments as traffic and weather demand—all automatically.

In 1951, while I was traffic director in Denver, I installed the first of these systems. It was immediately dubbed the "Barnes Brain." When I went to Baltimore, the nation's sixth largest city, in 1953, downtown signals were regulated by a $69 master controller hanging on the wall of the men's room in police headquarters. I had that replaced with an electronic controller. Sure, it cost $4.5 million—but it increased traffic volume by 300 percent and cut travel time by two-thirds.

Now we are installing a $100 million system in New York. By this time more than 100 cities have adopted some form of electronic signal controls. If your city hasn't, it is cheating its citizens.

Electronics need not be applied exclusively to moving traffic and saving time. It can save lives. You have a right to expect more safety than our annual 175,000 casualty list shows you get. To cut down that carnage, it is only necessary to direct electronically certain devices already common: power brakes, power steering, and automatic speed control. With these three factors under the regulation of a master "little black box" installed in each car, and the box picking up computerized signals from a coaxial cable running alongside the highway, the system is complete.

The cable would be programmed for speed and spacing dependent on weather and traffic. The box, taking its instructions from the cable, would control the car's speed in lane, distance from the vehicle in front and ability to turn. If a driver tried to pass in a no-passing zone, the box would override his attempt to pull out of line. If he failed to respond to a traffic signal, the box would apply the brakes. No delays. No accidents. No traffic tickets. The driver would still be in partial control of the car, but he would be prevented from making mistakes. And let's face it—numbers of drivers are physically, mentally and emotionally incapable of operating a modern automobile under all conditions of present-day traffic.

Inevitably we will see greater use of computers to control traffic over our growing turnpike system, moving vehicles safely and quickly. The turnpikes themselves, where they become urban expressways, will be double-decked, as is the Alaskan Highway in Seattle. There isn't space in our cities to build new expressways without the loss of valuable tax-producing land. New highways must go up and not out. In the same way, we may have to double-deck sidewalks to accommodate the crush of pedestrians overloading our streets. Such a project might seem simple in engineering, but it would be frightfully expensive. It would mean changing the lobbies and show windows of most of our downtown buildings.

But neither the wisest use of our streets nor the ultimate in technology will enable us to handle the 75 percent increase in motor vehicles due to run over us in the next 15 years. We must get some of them off the city streets. Therefore:

3. We must build an adequate mass transit system.

I am not talking out of both sides of my mouth when I defend your right to own a car, and still insist on the need to get it out of the way. You have a right to drive your car into any city center when you need to—and you should also have a right to take some other means of transportation.

I don't blame you for avoiding most of the rickety, bumpy, smelly, dirty mass transit facilities in this country. As exasperating as rush-hour automobile travel is, it is still usually preferable to any other transportation available.

This fact is the biggest single cause of our traffic mess. Streets are jammed with motorists who don't want to drive and wouldn't if they had an acceptable choice. *Fully half the cars on the streets in our big cities wouldn't be there if we had a reasonable mass transit system.*

I'm talking about the commuter—the fellow who drives to work, parks at some outrageous fee, drives home. He doesn't use his car to make a living. His vehicle makes no contribution to the commerce of the city. All it does is get him in and out—which proper mass transit could do cheaper, easier and quicker.

If we get the commuters out of the way, we can begin to cope with the guys who really need their cars: salesmen with samples, doctors, deliverymen, shoppers, medical patients, tourists—the myriads of people who must use their cars to participate in the commerce of a thriving American city.

Cities exist only because of commerce. We must have automobile travel for it. And we must also have mass transit for the commuter. We need that so badly we ought to make it free. It would still be cheaper than building highways or suffering the economic loss caused by poor automobile traffic conditions.

What kind of mass transit? Not the monorail or the moving sidewalk. The monorail is just the old "El" dressed up in new clothes. Look at the monorails in operation today. The one at the New York World's Fair goes 8 miles an hour and costs 80 cents for a 4,000-foot ride. Disneyland's version sways so much you can't stay in your seat if speed exceeds 25 mph. That at Seattle, a hangover from its fair, has terrific maintenance problems. The best is a German line 50 years old, which carries only 9 million passengers a year. By comparison, the New York subway system totes nearly 5 million every day. As for moving sidewalks, let

THIS IS A MAGNIFICENTLY-DETAILED 1/24th SCALE MODEL

1896 ENGLISH LIVE-STEAM TRACTOR

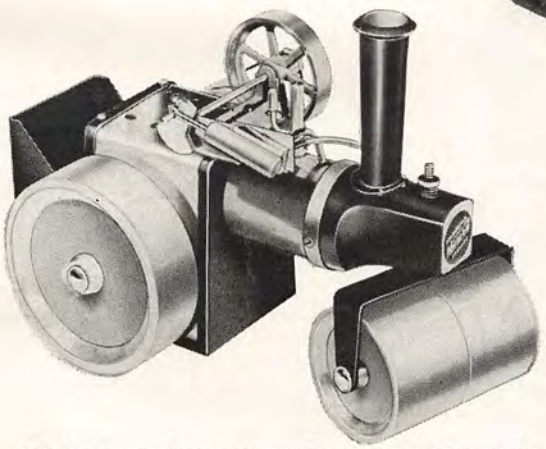
COMPLETE TO BRASS BOILER, STEEL FIRE BOX, COPPER STEAM PIPES

A LIFETIME OF USE

These are more than just toys—like the originals they copy, they should still be "in use" 50 years from now. Each is $35. for those readers who would like both, they are specially priced at $65.

Raises steam in 3 minutes, travels 1/3 mile in a 10-minute run, can be used to operate other stationary models

The English traditionally make fine models. This one, beautiful in gleaming brass and copper, has flywheel and other parts in green and red enamel. Everything works as original did in 1896. Brass steam whistle blows, cylinders and pistons are brass, steam pipes are copper, and fire box, scuttle, burner box, front forks, axles and shafts are of steel. You still see the old ones in the English countryside winching timber, hauling hay, and in stationary operations such as driving saws, threshing machines and the like. They were so versatile that specially adapted, they were even used as plowing engines in pairs, one either side of the field, winching the plow to and fro between them; in shipyards, they were fitted with cranes and were in fact the earliest type of mobile crane. It was a brute, and this is some toy! It develops a strong 1/15 hp at 3000 rpm, will haul a good size log, can be used to operate other stationary models. 1 ft. long. Uses alcohol. $35 and worth it!



This is the workhorse companion to the traction engine. In construction and operation it is the same. The polished rollers and rear wheels are aluminum pressure diecastings. Axle caps are spring steel. It also develops 1/15 hp at 3000 rpms, and will also operate other stationary models. It is the forerunner of the present day diesel rollers, and is a real beauty. Made in England, $35.

MAIL THIS MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE COUPON TODAY!

HAMILTON HOUSE, Dept. 238T-12, Cos Cob, Conn. 06807

Enclosed check or m.o. for $_____.

_____English Live-Steam Tractor @ $35

_____Companion English Live-Steam Roller @ $35

_____Both for special price of $65

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____

the ivory tower inventors break *their* necks getting on and off the things. I don't want to.

Mass transit isn't going to be up in the air and, in most places, it isn't going to be below ground. Subways cost $20 million a mile. Only cities like New York, Chicago, perhaps Philadelphia and Detroit, can afford them. I believe San Francisco made a mistake in voting to build one.

Most cities must get along with surface transportation—rail or bus or a combination. We need new trains, new tracks, new schedules with two or three times as many runs as now—and at much lower fares. Commuter trains should run at high speed and go, not just to a central terminal, but to several key locations throughout a city.

But the mass of commuters will use buses, for the bus has a great advantage over the train. It collects passengers at the pickup stops, runs express for the trip, distributes its load at the end, while the train simply goes from point to point. But we must redesign the bus. Today's vehicular monstrosity gets less than two miles a gallon, fills the city with smoke and sounds like a DC-8 taking off.

We can do better. Let's put the engine in a soundproof compartment, run it at its most efficient speed, and use it to spin a generator powering electric motors in the wheels. The result would be better traction and faster acceleration. The body would have a low bed, to make it easier to enter and leave. Passengers would not have to stumble over a flight of stairs. The driver should be at front center, with doors on both sides to allow pick-up of passengers from either curb. And the contraption need not go 90 miles an hour. A speed of 50 miles an hour is ample.

We should give the bus special lanes on streets and freeways, and off-street loading zones. Suburban parking garages and lots would serve as passenger collection points, and schedules ought to be integrated—all mass transit schedules should be integrated.

We can have an adequate transportation system, but not if we spend $35 billion for highways and only a token of that amount for mass transit. Consequently:

4. We must adopt sound administrative and planning procedures.

The first step in solving traffic problems is to hire an expert. If you have a bellyache, you don't convene a committee—you go to a doctor. Cities are crammed with experts: water engineers, sanitation engineers, highway engineers, each with full responsibility in his field. Not the traffic directors.

In Los Angeles, Sam Taylor is an excellent traffic man, well trained, imaginative and tough. Yet he is governed by a city commission representing the real estate board, retail merchants, trucking associations and other special-interest groups. Everything Sam does, with two exceptions, has to be approved by the commission. One exception is speed, which is set by the California legislature, and the other is truck routes, which are regulated by the Los Angeles City Council. No wonder it took 28 minutes to go three blocks the last time I found myself in Los Angeles.

Several years ago I visited a city council meeting in Akron, Ohio. For three and one half hours the councilmen argued about which corner a stop sign should go on and whether to approve a cabstand. The president of the council asked my opinion. I told him all these matters should be decided routinely by the traffic director. Akron soon passed an ordinance giving full authority to its traffic expert. Only three other cities give such responsibility to their traffic directors: New York, Denver and Detroit.

But authority must be accompanied by money. Alger Malo, the traffic engineer in Detroit, gets considerably less than one dollar per capita to run his department. He knows what equipment he needs, and he can say where it ought to go—but he can't order it, because someone else holds the purse strings. Compare this situation with that in Denver and Houston, two cities which recognized their traffic problems after World War II and set out to solve them. The economic growth of both has repaid their investment a thousandfold.

Hire a good man, give him full authority, provide him with sufficient funds, then leave him alone to do his job. If he doesn't do it right, find a man who will.

Even more than we need competent traffic engineers with money and authority, we need a metropolitan area approach to our entire transportation problem. Cleveland cannot solve its traffic difficulties until it acts in coordination with Cleveland Heights, Lakewood and a dozen other suburban communities. What Gary, Indiana, does about traffic vitally affects Chicago. What Camden, New Jersey, spends on highways can undo millions of dollars' worth of construction in Philadelphia. What Illinois decides about transit is important to St. Louis in Missouri, and what Missouri does is vital to the Kansas City in Kansas.

We must have order out of our confusion of cities, towns, counties, townships and states, our authorities, boards, commissions and bureaus, all of which have a finger in the traffic-transit pie. Someone must determine which roads are needed most, which bridges, which traffic control system, which subway or rail line, throughout a metropolitan area. We can no longer afford our provincial attitudes with petty officials jealously guarding their domains. We need this total transportation authority over highways, mass transit and traffic so badly that local governments must get together or the federal government will have to take over.

You, the American motorist, are paying through the nose and getting very little—except delay and danger. You have a right to expect more. You won't get it until you demand it.—**Henry A. Barnes and Robert A. Liston**

TRUE

"I had a good session with my marriage counselor. He told me how to get along with this woman—without my wife getting wind of it!"

DETROIT'S ORDEAL BY RIOT

[*Continued from page* 60]

up in an attempt to sabotage the United States war production.

Far more than a heat wave had turned Detroit into a volcano ready to erupt.

When the explosion finally came on the Belle Isle Bridge turning it into a 800-yard-long fight arena, every police precinct in the city rushed its reserves to the scene. A tight blockade was thrown immediately across the bridge entrance and the dispersing of the fist-swinging swarms of pedestrians around the stalled cars and buses began. It was a tremendous task. But by 2 a.m., with traffic moving homeward again and the lights of prowl cars raking the island, the officers could truthfully report that the situation was under control.

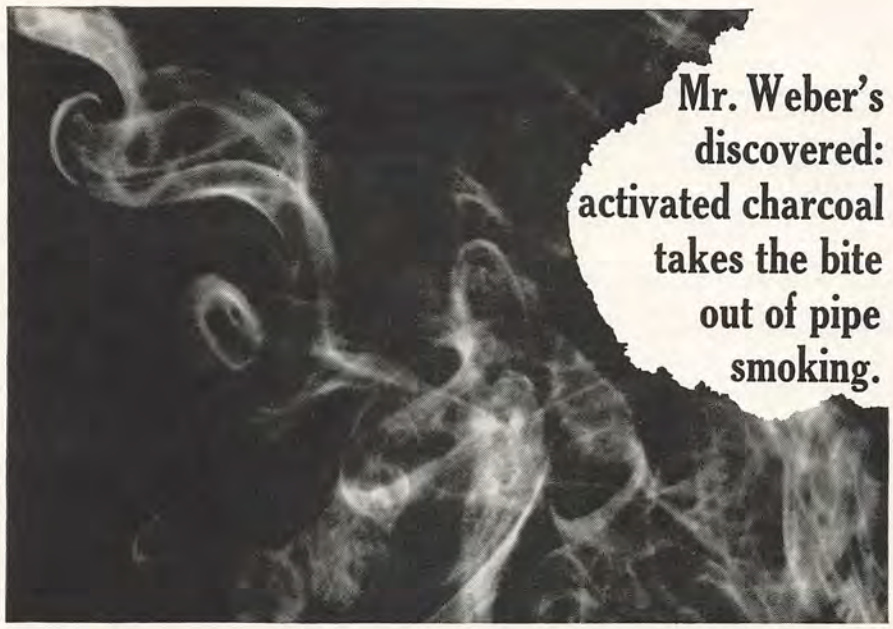
It was too late, though. Like a forest fire being rekindled by sparks riding the wind, rioting had already broken out again miles away, in the very heart of the Negro district.

Rumors of the Belle Isle trouble had reached the ears of a fellow named Lee Tipton, who described himself as the "Social Director and Public Relations Executive" of the Forest Club, a large combined Negro dancehall, bowling alley and roller-skating rink. Police described Lee as a convicted burglar who'd also done time for carrying concealed weapons. Whatever he was, he wasn't a man for merely passing on rumors—he acted on them instead. He was handling neither social nor public relations that night, just hats and coats in the checkroom. But shortly before midnight, he suddenly came sprinting across the dance floor, bounded onto the platform, and snatched the microphone away from the orchestra leader.

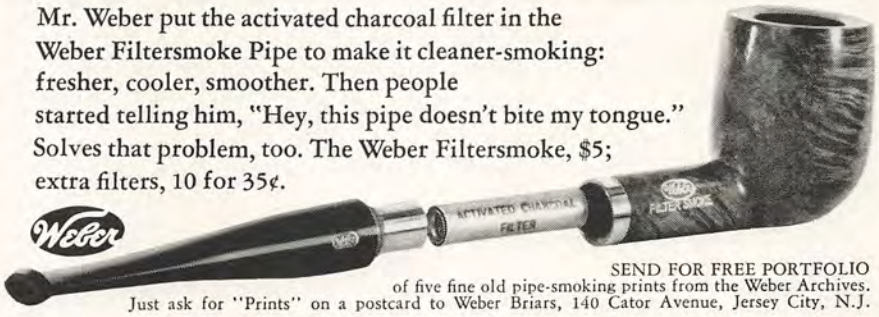
"There's a riot at Belle Isle!" he shouted. "The whites have just killed a colored lady and her baby. Thrown 'em off the bridge. Everybody come on!"

Some 700 people heard that shocking report, and in the frenzy that followed, practically every man in the place rushed outside, many leaping through the windows in their haste. Some saw cars with white drivers stopped for the light at Forest and Hastings. Yanking open the doors, they threw out the surprised owners and piled in to race toward the bridge. The main body of the mob simply moved on down Hastings Street, catching and beating what few whites could be found but taking out most of its rage on the white-owned stores. All through Paradise Valley the rumors spread and the crazed, contagious fury spread with them.

Coming off the midnight shift at the war plants, sleepy workers found themselves running a gauntlet of incredible hostility; Detroit's main east-west arteries ran directly through the Negro district, and bricks and pieces of concrete were flying all along them, while fists were giving way to clubs and knives. By 1 a.m., Detroit Receiving Hospital was receiving the injured at a rate of about one a minute and 100 doctors had been called onto emergency duty. By 2 a.m., the word COLORED could be seen hast-



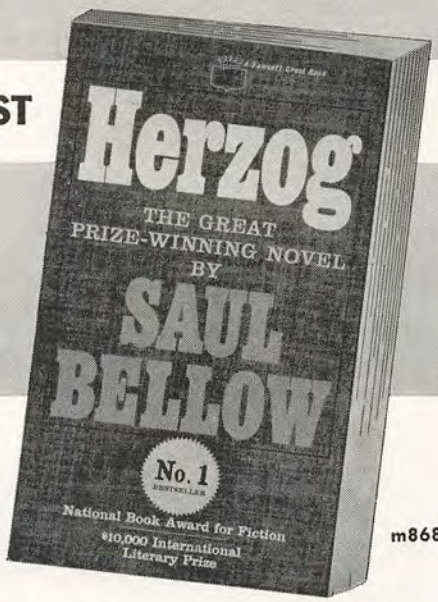
Mr. Weber put the activated charcoal filter in the Weber Filtersmoke Pipe to make it cleaner-smoking: fresher, cooler, smoother. Then people started telling him, "Hey, this pipe doesn't bite my tongue." Solves that problem, too. The Weber Filtersmoke, $5; extra filters, 10 for 35¢.



SEND FOR FREE PORTFOLIO
of five fine old pipe-smoking prints from the Weber Archives.
Just ask for "Prints" on a postcard to Weber Briars, 140 Cator Avenue, Jersey City, N.J.

IN PAPERBACK AT LAST

THE YEAR'S TOP FICTION BESTSELLER



m868

42 WEEKS ON THE NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLER LIST

WINNER OF THE NATIONAL BOOK AWARD

$10,000 INTERNATIONAL LITERARY PRIZE

"A MASTERPIECE"
—*The New York Times*

WHEREVER PAPERBACKS ARE SOLD Only 95¢

Buy this Crest Book from your paperback bookseller. If sold out, send only price of book plus 10¢ for postage and handling to Crest Books, P.O. Box 1014, Greenwich, Connecticut. If order is for five or more books, no postage or handling charge is necessary. Please order by number and title. No Canadian orders.

ily scrawled on every Paradise Valley store that still had a front window intact. A trolley had been stoned and stopped, its white passengers dragged off and beaten. Twenty minutes later, a cab crushed the skull of a 27-year-old white man named John Bogan, lying beaten and unconscious on a darkened street. The first riot-connected death had occurred. It wouldn't be the last.

At 3 a.m., a phone call woke 43-year-old Edward J. Jeffries, Jr., the Mayor of Detroit, to the most interminable day of his life. Police officials regarded the situation as already beyond their control. The boyish, folksy grin that would keep Jeffries in office longer than any of his predecessors wasn't to be seen that morning; the taut-skinned face beneath the parted-in-the-middle hair was frozen into grimness. Within an hour he'd checked all available reports and was meeting with the heads of both city and state police, the Wayne County sheriff, and representatives of the Army, the Navy and the FBI.

"What are the mechanics of getting troops if we need them?" he asked Col. A. M. Krech.

"The request has to come from the governor," Krech explained. "He has to ask the Sixth Service Command in Chicago."

"Governor Kelly's at a conference in Columbus, Ohio," the mayor mentioned worriedly. "How long would it take if he made the request?"

"The M.P.'s at Rouge Park can reach downtown Detroit in exactly 49 minutes. I can probably get other forces from Fort Custer moved in here to Fort Wayne and held in readiness. None of them can be used without a declaration of martial law, though," he added, remembering a technicality. It was a technicality that was soon to be measured in dozens of lives and hundreds of broken bones.

Just as Mayor Jeffries was about to phone and wake the governor, some reports came in that were more reassuring. A letup was occurring in the riot. Watching all developments closely, the meeting stayed in session until 6:30 a.m., then adjourned in deep relief. From all appearances, Detroit's 3,500-man police force once again controlled the situation.

Appearances were disastrously deceptive. Already, crowds were jammed in front of such downtown all-night theaters as the Roxy and the Colonial, beating every Negro who came out and, when warnings were flashed on the screen, hoodlum gangs merely pushed in past the ushers and began attacking colored people in the aisles. Already cars with colored occupants were being stoned, overturned and burned by a gang at the corner of Woodward and Charlotte. It was true that Negro violence was slackening, but the riot was merely changing form, switching to a phase that would prove many times as massive and vehement. What would later be termed "white retaliation" was just getting started.

At 9 a.m., Mayor Jeffries put through the long-distance call to Columbus after all and Gov. Harry F. Kelly agreed to catch the first plane to Detroit.

By 11 a.m., when the mayor met the governor's plane, Jeffries was certain they needed troops. Kelly, an older man, didn't agree. "Do you realize what martial law means? All civic authority is suspended. Even the courts can't function. I can't believe things are that serious yet."

"Things are every bit that serious!" Mayor Jeffries insisted.

"We can bring every available state policeman into the city," Governor Kelly reminded him. "Even with the National Guard federalized, we still have some state troops. Martial law is a drastic step."

This was the only news Mayor Jeffries could take with him when he went at noon, under police protection, to the colored-district Y.W.C.A. for a meeting of the bi-racial Detroit Citizens' Committee. Most of the Negro leaders present wanted troops brought in. But the Rev. Horace White, pastor of Plymouth Congregational Church, disagreed. He'd been out all morning touring Paradise Valley in a sound car, urging the worried residents to be calm and have faith in both the Lord and their white neighbors. Now he suggested the Police Department make auxiliaries out of a number of prominent colored citizens and let them try to establish order in the Negro district.

The Police Department wanted no part of this plan, but the Reverend White was given his chance under the Office of Civilian Defense authority. With helmets and armbands, some 250 colored citizens marched southward in a body through the heart of Paradise Valley. The chief result was that the officers of one police precinct saw this strange brigade approaching, remembered Martin Dies' dire warnings about Nazi agitators, and began frantically barricading the station in expectation of an assault by a German-trained secret army. They realized their mistake just in time to prevent the patrolmen from opening fire in what would have been a massacre.

The well-meaning reverend had missed the point. Calming the colored community was no longer the problem. The problem now lay with the white mobs of from 25 to 100 that were hunting Negroes like human wolf-packs on every block of downtown Woodward Avenue—catching them afoot, pulling them from cars and beating them while the vehicles were overturned and burned.

There was no lack of women on Woodward that day. High on the fire-escapes, they perched like buzzards and acted as lookouts—usually fat-buttocked ladies with war-workers' pants stretched precariously over the breadth of their hips. "There goes one!" they'd screech and point, sending the packs massed below out to give chase. By most reports, the police were suspiciously lethargic. They saved some Negroes from mobs, but reports from reputable white citizens later charged them with ignoring others and even turning some rescued victims back to mobs when threatened.

"The Negroes started it," more than one account insists police were saying. "Now let 'em have a taste of what they started themselves."

Charges and countercharges would later be made. But the hard fact remains that not one shot was fired that day in defense of any of the Negroes who were hunted down like animals on Woodward Avenue.

Yet in sharp contrast, the police were resorting to gunfire regularly in the colored section. Homicide Department records list page after page of deaths labeled "Police Shooting, Justifiable," and in most cases the reason given is that the deceased failed to halt when ordered. In others, dead Negroes were alleged to have tried to seize police revolvers or to have attacked armed officers with meat cleavers or hack saws. One man was even reported to have charged officers carrying submachine guns with only a piece of lead pipe.

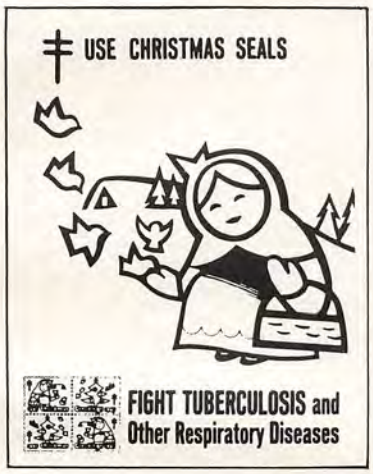
The most controversial case of all concerned a 17-year-old boy who was playing outside the colored Y.M.C.A. when a prowl car drove up. Police insisted he shouted "Heil Hitler!" at them, then ducked inside and appeared to be reaching for a gun. He didn't have a gun, but he was shot down through a plate-glass door window. And a Negro Y.M.C.A. official later testified that the police roughed up everyone inside, searched the place for N.A.A.C.P. literature, scattered the ripped particles of pamphlets everywhere, and refused to let anyone phone for an ambulance while the dying boy lay bleeding a full 40 minutes on the lobby floor.

Not that senseless death knew any color line; in a mixed neighborhood that lay outside the main Negro district, a young colored lady named Carrie Hackworth began worrying about her sister. Her

In the end it took the U.S. Army to control the rioters and stop the bloodshed.

husband Ross argued with her for a time, then gave in and agreed to drive her over. He picked a roundabout route, ready to turn and race off at the first sign of a white mob. But finally, well into the colored section, he took a deep breath and relaxed. Then a brick came crashing through the windshield, smashed into the side of Carrie's head, and she was dead before she reached a hospital. Numb with despair, Ross Hackworth realized for the first time how light-skinned his wife was.

There were episodes that afternoon that made the worst zoot-suiter hoodlumism on Belle Isle look like mere playfulness. Four white youths, aged 16 to 22, were loitering in a poolroom. "We were just bummin' around," one of them later explained. "Me and Bob and Blackie and Aldo. We wanted to see the fighting, but we didn't want to go anywhere we'd get hurt. We had my gun, and it was my car, but Aldo was driving. Somebody said 'Let's go kill a nigger!' and we all agreed it sounded like a good idea. We saw lots of 'em, but they were all in bunches, and we didn't want any part of that, 'cause we didn't want to take any



chances on getting hurt. Then we spotted just one of 'em on a streetcar stop. Aldo says 'Gimme that gun!' and he turned around and drove back. He stopped maybe 15 feet off and let him have it. I'd never of had the nerve to do it myself." A 58-year-old war worker named Mose Kiska lay dead on the concrete. "We didn't know him," the four youths explained when police caught up with them. "He wasn't bothering us. But everybody else was fighting and killing and we felt like it, too."

Not everybody was fighting and killing, of course. As an up-and-coming little redhead named Walter Reuther pointed out later, there were countless cases of white and colored workers staying side by side on their jobs through the worst moments of the madness that gripped Detroit, sharing their stunned horror and disbelief as they listened to radio reports. But there was also a steady stream of Negroes leaving production plants in response to frantic telephone calls from wives and children, then attempting to reach their homes in the mob-besieged colored section. And out at Fort Custer two Negro companies mutinied, trying to seize rifles and trucks and then reach Detroit. All over Paradise Valley, whatever weapons were at hand were being readied by grim-faced colored men, church-going family men who wouldn't have been caught dead in a zoot-suit, and the few who owned shotguns and deer rifles were loading them. For rumors that could hardly be called idle insisted that at any moment the mobs on Woodward, already 5,000 strong and growing, might start moving eastward—toward the Negro neighborhoods that waited just two blocks away.

That afternoon saw courage as well as bestiality. Arriving by plane at 4 p.m. with the understanding that a declaration of martial law was imminent, Maj. Gen. Henry Aurand and Brig. Gen. William Gunther found Governor Kelly still unwilling to suspend civic authority. Kelly had just received word that 800 state troops were being mustered at the Piquette Armory, and with additional state police being rushed in, he was confident order could soon be established. Aurand and Gunther were left waiting with their aides at Colonel Krech's office, and when they looked out the window they saw a mob of about 500 beating a lone Negro youngster.

"I don't think we need wait for martial law to try saving that boy, Bill!" Aurand muttered, his face twisted with rage. And with a handful of junior officers, two generals and a colonel formed a flying wedge, smashed their way through to an unconscious 14-year-old on the verge of being kicked to death, snatched him up and found their way back inside.

Going on the air at 6:30 p.m., Mayor Jeffries used all his considerable eloquence trying to snap his city out of the insanity that gripped it. And when he left the radio station, it was to enter a police car to make a personal inspection of Woodward Avenue. He saw that the mobs were not only still running wild but also getting larger. He saw stalled and derailed trolleys everywhere and seven automobiles blazing in just one stretch of boulevard. He hurried back to the police commissioner's office.

"Aren't the state troops ready yet?" he demanded.

"There weren't 800 men at Piquette," he was told. "Just 52 were all that could be mustered. And they weren't mobile."

"Then I'm going to see the governor again, and he's got to let us call in the Army!" Mayor Jeffries decided in desperation. "If this isn't stopped by dark, there's no telling what will happen!"

That was an understatement. Back on the street he'd just inspected, the white mobs were still growing and merging as well. Before long, a solid mass of at least 10,000 men jammed the full width of Woodward throughout the eight long blocks from Eliot to Vernor. At about 9 p.m., as abruptly as though a signal was given, this supermob started east.

Like a flash flood spilling through a series of parallel canyons, the splintered mob poured along nine side streets, pushing policemen ahead like bits of blue-uniformed flotsam. In fact, to confused Negro men at the windows of outlying buildings one block ahead on John R. Street, it looked like the police were leading the assault.

All along Brush Street, a block beyond

This saw makes you a weekend lumberjack!

(cap is optional)

There's no other saw like this safe, easy-to-use Wright Power Blade Saw. You use it like a hand saw . . . but a lightweight gasoline engine does the work. There's no chain; just a self-lubricated blade smoothly stroking back and forth. You can fell trees, cut firewood, prune, clear brush, and even make smooth chalk-line cuts for carpentry.

The Wright B316 Power Blade Saw is lightweight. It is used by farmers, builders, orchardists, nurserymen, home and estate owners. Any wood you can reach, you can cut with a safe Wright Power Blade Saw. Larger, more powerful Model B520 also available. See them . . . try them out at your Wright Saw Dealer.

WRIGHT SAW

THOMAS INDUSTRIES INC.
Wright Saw Division
Dept. TM125, 207 E. Broadway
Louisville, Kentucky 40202

Sure beats smoking!

Enjoy Copenhagen: Place a small pinch between cheek and gum. No chewing.

United States Tobacco Company

Automatic Savings is Sure Savings
. . U. S. Savings Bonds . .

LIPS SORE?
FASTER RELIEF

for COLD SORES FEVER BLISTERS

Blistex

Helps promote healing fast! Apply early—prevents unsightly cold sore—fever blister formation.

BLISTIK

for DRY, CHAPPED CRACKED LIPS

Most medicated lip balm combats infection. Quick healing . . . better moisture retention. Handy twist-type case.

For Free Blistex Sample Write:
BLISTEX, 75 E. Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill., Dept. TB.

LET jon-ē KEEP YOU WARM WHILE YOU WORK!

Forget the misery of cold weather outdoor work. Just slip one or two Jon-E Warmers into your inside pockets and stay warm all over, all day.

These "personal radiators" give comforting flameless heat all day long on only one filling of Jon-E Fluid.

Insist on the *genuine Jon-E*. Never wears out. American-made. Fully guaranteed.

At sporting goods counters everywhere.
Standard size—$3.95 Giant size—$4.95
Use fast lighting, long lasting Jon-E Fluid; 8 oz. 49¢, 16 oz. 79¢

ALADDIN LABORATORIES, INC.
620 So. 8th St., Minneapolis, Minn.

HOT SHOT

AMAZING NEW
BENJAMIN
3030 CO_2 GAS
BB CARBINE REPEATER

—Packs a **PUNCH** that's so **POWERFUL** it will Drive STEEL BBs clear through Both Sides of a 5 Gallon Steel Pail at close range!

(26 gauge .018")

You're in for a thrill you will never forget the first time you shoot HOT SHOT! The Hardest Shooting gas-powered gun on the market, New Model 3030 packs a PUNCH that's so POWERFUL it will Drive Steel BBs thru Both Sides of a 5 Gallon Steel Pail at close range! The mere idea of developing a CO_2 gun capable of such a spectacular show will undoubtedly startle the experts. But startling as it may be, Field Tests prove that HOT SHOT has Prodigious Muscle, and for this reason will probably never cease to delight proud owners.

HOT SHOT also Features— Permanent Cast Magnet Shot Holder, a Positive, Jam-proof method of loading Ammo in firing position; Convenient, Positive Hammer Safety; 30-BB Magazine; 30 Shots per Cartridge. Quality Built. ACCURATE—LIGHTWEIGHT—STREAMLINED—NON TOXIC. LOWEST SHOOTING COSTS. Use Indoors/Outdoors for Target, Plinking, Small Game.

JOIN THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION

$18.00
Ask Dealer for Demonstration.

FREE Catalog Benjamin Rifles & Pistols—Single Shot & Repeaters — BB or 177 or 22. Also Special Offer on Hunting Knives. Write today!

BENJAMIN AIR RIFLE CO.
865-W MARION ST.
ST. LOUIS, MO. 63104

You Can DEPEND on BENJAMIN

John R., groups of colored men had hastily thrown up barricades and were waiting behind them, determined to make a stand there instead of at the homes where their families huddled. But the furious flurries of hurled bricks and swinging clubs and flashing knives lasted only a few minutes at each barricade. By the sheer weight of numbers, by the very force of the eager rear ranks pushing even unwilling men into and through the fights, the supermob poured on into Paradise Valley with a great growling, wordless roar.

At 9:45 p.m., with hundreds of Negroes already being dragged from their homes and torches being put to dozens of tenements, tanks came rumbling through the streets, followed by armored cars with machine guns mounted and truckload after truckload of troops. And like magic, it was all over.

Perhaps it was the sight of uniforms in wartime that shocked the attackers into sanity. Perhaps, even in the grip of mob hysteria, they somehow sensed that the soldiers would shoot to stop them. Whatever the reason, no shooting was necessary. In less than an hour, with men slinking off in small groups like awakened sleepwalkers, the U.S. Army had established order.

Some 600 people had been hospitalized in the rioting, with the number of injured running well up into the thousands. Hundreds of automobiles had been overturned and burned, while some 257 stores had been wrecked and ransacked. Nine white men had been killed, including a state trooper who'd accidentally shot himself with his own rifle. Twenty-five Negroes were dead.

Dazed and horrified, with a curfew proclaimed and soldiers bivouacked on library lawns and schoolyards everywhere, a city of two million looked back on what had happened and asked itself why. None of Detroit's public officials pretended to have the answer. But the tendency, in various statements, was to blame the tragedy largely on "an influx of both races from the South."

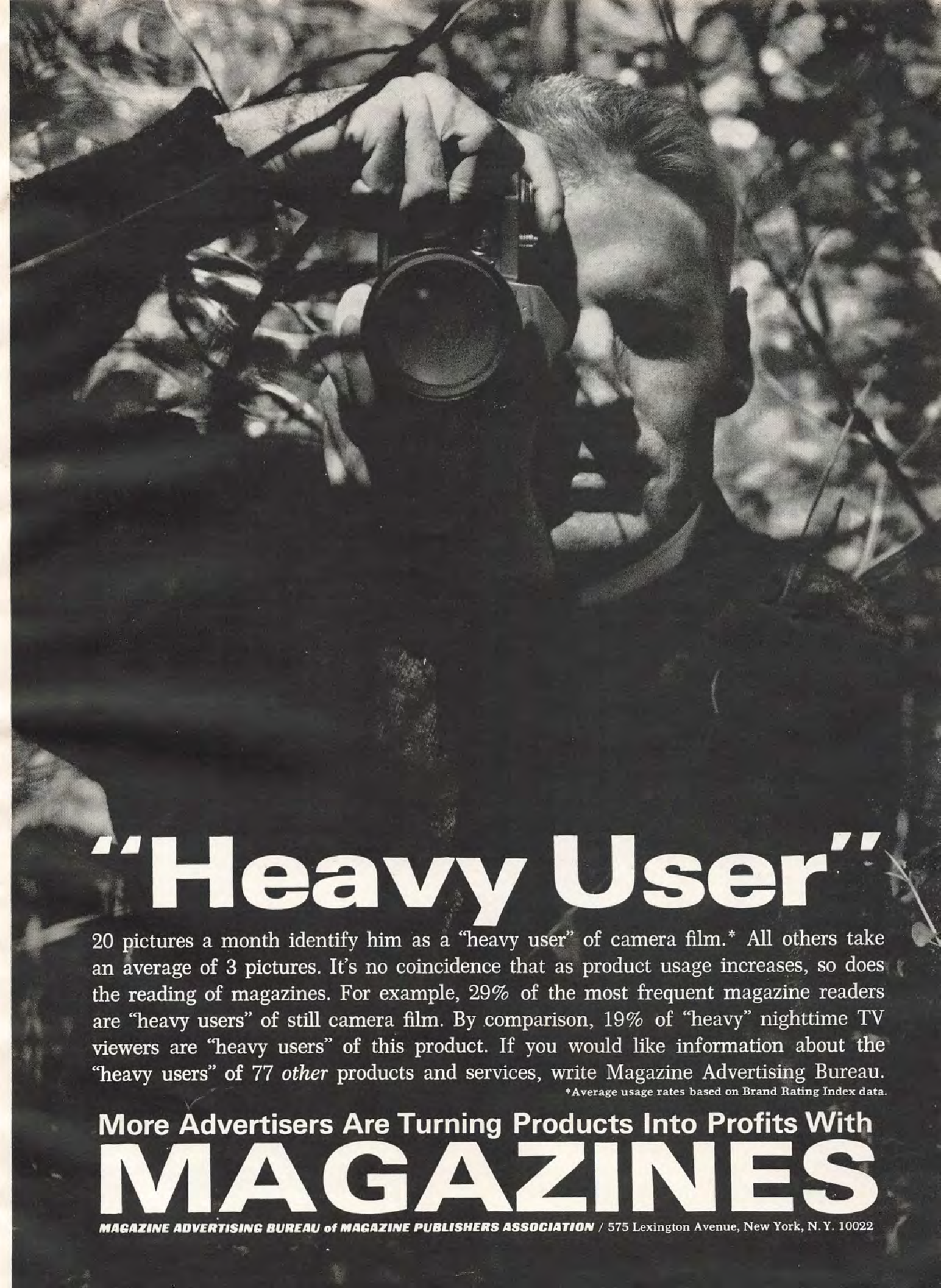
Ralph McGill, the distinguished journalist of the Atlanta *Constitution*, had heard this stock answer once too often. He immediately got off a long telegram to Mayor Jeffries and bitterly denounced this common practice of blaming all racial troubles on the South, no matter where they occurred. And since it was later learned that a majority of the 1,100 arrested Negro rioters had lived in Detroit five years or longer, while most of the 200 arrested whites had been born there, McGill was right. But Bloody Monday on Woodward Avenue was soon crowded out of the press by the war news, then dismissed like a bad dream, deliberately forgotten. Within a decade, the heart of what was once Paradise Valley contained only condemned and deserted buildings. An urban-renewal project was ordered, and a great new superhighway went in, like erasing an unwanted memory with concrete. And the spectacles of Little Rock and Selma and Birmingham found Detroiters watching their TV sets in smug sympathy and distant indignation—as though there had never been a day when tanks and troops were needed to save their own Negro population.

"The race problem," Ralph McGill warned more than 21 years ago, while soldiers patrolled the streets of a Northern city with fixed bayonets gleaming in the summer sunlight, "is a national problem, not a sectional problem." He was right, as the events last summer in Los Angeles proved again. But in the America of the '40's, not very many men listened.

—Gene Caesar

TRUE

"I *told* you he'd have trouble changing a fifty."


"Heavy User"
20 pictures a month identify him as a "heavy user" of camera film.* All others take an average of 3 pictures. It's no coincidence that as product usage increases, so does the reading of magazines. For example, 29% of the most frequent magazine readers are "heavy users" of still camera film. By comparison, 19% of "heavy" nighttime TV viewers are "heavy users" of this product. If you would like information about the "heavy users" of 77 *other* products and services, write Magazine Advertising Bureau.
*Average usage rates based on Brand Rating Index data.
More Advertisers Are Turning Products Into Profits With
MAGAZINES
MAGAZINE ADVERTISING BUREAU of MAGAZINE PUBLISHERS ASSOCIATION / 575 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

"Oh, it's *you!*"

THE KAISER'S ONE-MAN UNDERGROUND

[*Continued from page 63*]

to bringing America prematurely into World War I.

The guard flipped his thumb due north. "The Senate Office Building is that way," he said. "You can either go here—through the Senate wing—or around outside."

"I go here," the professor said. "I look around on the way."

He bowed slightly, stepped back one pace, clicked his heels gently and headed into the course indicated. Faltering in his stride momentarily, he looked back over his shoulder to see whether the guard was still watching him. But the guard had shifted his attention, so Muenter slipped into a group of tourists entering the old, original Senate Chamber. He stayed with the group only briefly, then took off on his own until he spotted an open doorway and a deserted room. He stepped in and pulled the door closed behind him.

Although Muenter didn't know it, he had dodged into the Senate Reception Room, used for semiofficial occasions and as a meeting place for Senators and their constituents. Behind a closed door at the far end of the room was the office of Thomas R. Marshall, Vice-President of the United States, a stogie-puffing dignitary whose great contribution to Americans, delivered through a dense tobacco fog, was the remark, "What this country needs is a good five-cent cigar."

The professor hurried to the east wall of the room, where three telephone booths stood in a corner. He opened his Gladstone and carefully ran his eye over its contents: three sticks of dynamite primed with a makeshift detonating cap constructed out of the heads of trick exploding matches—a neat little package of high explosive sitting on a bottle of acid.

Snapping his bag shut, Muenter turned it upside down, so that his homemade timing device—sulphuric acid eating its way through a cork of calculated thickness towards the detonating cap—could go to work. With the acid bubbling away, the professor shoved his inverted bag into the narrow space between the wall and the end telephone booth, and departed to await elsewhere for developments.

Shortly after 11 that night of July 2, 1915—a time when he had figured the Senate wing would be deserted and bloodshed held to a minimum—Muenter settled down on a bench in Washington's Union Station, about half a mile from the Capitol building. At 11:23 a great roar shook Washington. When he heard the blast, the bomber smiled with satisfaction. His protest against the anti-German machinations of the American lawmakers had rattled the bedroom windows of every one of them.

The explosion tore the Senate Reception Room apart, ripping a hole a foot wide in the exterior wall. Plaster showered down from ceiling and walls. Fragments of glass, shattered from a huge wall mirror and a great crystal chandelier, were driven into precious frescoes rimming the room. A desk in the center was blown to splinters, and the splinters themselves went through the solid wood walls of the three phone booths. The tops of the booths, blasted off, landed on the floor with a crash. The door to the Vice-President's office—which old-timers sardonically claimed had not been opened for 40 years—was knocked right off its hinges.

Miraculously, nobody was hurt. The closest to suffering physical injury was Frank G. Jones, a Capitol cop with 35 years on the job. Jones, as he explained later, was "sitting with my feet propped up on my desk at the Senate basement door." He was lifted from the desk by the bomb blast, hurled through the air and dumped on the marble floor.

"The Capitol dome," he remembered crying somewhat inaccurately, "has dropped into the Senate chamber!"

As the 12:10 a.m. express pulled out of Union Station on its overnight journey to New York City, the author of all this commotion was calmly pulling off his socks and examining his toes in lower berth 6 in car 27. His last act before drifting off to sleep was to draw two .38-caliber Iver Johnson revolvers from his pants pockets and check their cylinders. They were still fully loaded. It was his plan to get up bright and early the following morning and kill Morgan.

The strange sequence of events that grabbed the nation's headlines in 1915 and knocked World War I battles off the front page had its beginning in Uelzen, a town in Prussia, where Eric Muenter was born in 1871. Germany was even then a country on the march. Under the iron hand of Bismarck, its separate principalities had been brought under one command, and its soldiers were completing the job of winning the Franco-Prussian war. There was no stopping the Germans after that successful kickoff. All through Eric Muenter's life span, they were to extend their power to just about every section of the globe.

It was in the hothouse of Prussian nationalism that Muenter lived until he was 18. He would never escape the influence of those years. What had been drilled into him about the glory of the Fatherland was still there when his parents immigrated with him to Dallas, Texas, in 1889.

Muenter's family were sticklers for scholarship and saw to it that he received a good education: bachelor's degree from the University of Chicago, then graduate work and teaching at universities around the country. By 1906 he was

COMING . . .

Four murders already and he was next on the list

100 PROOF DEATH

A vengeance-driven undercover agent clashes with a crew of big-time moonshiners

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

Who'd guess—
elegant new butane lighters by Evans are priced from **$4.95**

American made, lifetime guaranteed! Perfected after years of research. Deftly crafted of fewer parts to give smooth, trouble-free operation. Exclusive filler valve permits complete filling in seconds. Evans Case Company, Plainville, Massachusetts.

Evans FITS-ALL Butane $1.00

GUARANTEED or FREE! Refuels ALL your Butane Lighters* Adapter or New Evans Lighter if it doesn't!

*REFILLABLE TYPE ONLY

Evans® BUTANE LIGHTERS

PAT. PENDING ©1965.

If you had a

Therm'x

Safety Heater

you would be warm, hunting, fishing, camping or boating . . .

"Certified Safe" catalytic action gives you plenty of heat in the coldest tent or duck blind . . . without flame, smoke, fumes or dangerous carbon monoxide—*works like a giant handwarmer.* Compact, durable Therm'x heaters are portable and need no vents or installation. Seven handsome models from 2,000 to 12,000 BTU. Guaranteed for two years! Inexpensive to operate. At leading sporting goods, hardware, trailer and marine stores everywhere. Write for free literature.

THERM'X CORPORATION, INC.

1268 Folsom St., San Francisco, Calif. Dept. T-12

In Canada: Therm'x Company of Canada

at Harvard as an instructor in German—a minor faculty member with a low salary, one child, a second on the way and a plump, fluffy, *Hausfrau* whose tongue was dipped in venom.

One day the harried Muenter sat down at his desk in their small apartment in Cambridge and groped for a way out of his problems. One of his troubles, he felt, was that his academic ability was being wasted in a job much below his talents. He was really entitled to more responsibility, more authority—and more pay. It struck him as remarkable how like his own situation that of Germany was. The Fatherland, too, went unrecognized in its rights. The trouble was, Muenter reflected, nobody understood him and nobody understood Germany. There was a lack of communication.

Suddenly, while he was sitting there, the solution to both his own problems and Germany's struck the Harvard instructor like a Wagnerian thunderbolt. He would invent a basic universal language that everybody could speak with perfect ease. Then, when the Germans sent their soldiers anywhere in the world, people would know just what the Kaiser's representatives wanted. At the same time, the scheme would settle his difficulties with his wife, who was always carping about the persistent lack of grocery money. His universal language would earn him a fortune in royalties on textbooks, and shoot him right up to the top of the academic ladder.

In the months that followed, Muenter slaved over his dream, completely absorbed. One night his wife strolled into his tiny den to see what he was up to. She found him bleary-eyed, furiously scribbling away.

"Eric," she whined, "what foolishness are you wasting your time on? Why don't you go out and tutor some of those *Dummkopfs* at the university instead and make some money?"

"Woman," Muenter thundered in his rich limburger accent, "I am creating a universal language any fool can speak! A mixture of Scotch and German."

For a moment Leone Muenter was stunned. Then she began to giggle nervously. After a few seconds, she let go with a hysterical, booming laugh, broken only by the need to fill her lungs with a fresh gulp of air. "You should learn how to speak English first," she choked, big wet tears rolling down to drop onto her generous bosom.

When she had laughed herself out, she turned serious. "You stop this foolishness," she ordered, slapping Muenter's notes into a tangled mess on the floor. "You get out and work and stop being a foolish failure."

With those words, Eric Muenter's little dream world fell apart. He saw his wife as she was, saw the ugly way her pregnant body had swollen, the horselike way she munched her food, heard her constant carping. He sat alone long after she had trundled her heavy body back to bed. She is the ruination of me—he finally concluded—if I don't get rid of her, I am finished.

A few days later, Eric Muenter began a tedious job—soaking the arsenic off flypaper. Muenter put in a good supply of flypaper, and at the same time insisted lovingly that from now on his wife remain in bed longer and leave the household chores and the shopping to him—while he pampered her with steaming tea and arsenic. After a few days of this treatment, she was purring like a kitten.

"You're so good to me, Eric," she murmured lazily one morning.

"You'll never know what pleasure it gives me," Muenter replied.

He sloughed off his wife's requests for a physician to attend the approaching birth of her child. He had arranged for a midwife, he told her. He didn't want any high-priced, nosey doctor poking around their apartment.

On April 6, 1906, Mrs. Muenter bore a girl—in the few moments he allowed her a breather from the arsenic-spiked tea. The baby was slightly ill for the first two or three days, but very little of the arsenic had gone into its system. Leone Muenter was not so lucky. Her husband stepped up the deadly dosage, and 10 days later she went into a final paroxysm and stopped breathing.

Muenter made sure she was dead, calmly strolled out of the house, mounted his bicycle, and pedaled over to the office of Dr. H. B. McIntyre, on the other side of town. There the professor announced that his wife had stomach pains, and please, would the doctor come at once.

Dr. McIntyre needed only one look at Mrs. Muenter to tell that she was as dead as she would ever be. "That's terrible, doctor," the bereaved husband said. "Now could you sign the death certificate so I can make funeral arrangements?"

Not only would the good doctor not sign a death certificate, but as soon as he could he advised the Cambridge medical examiner that the death was suspicious. An autopsy was performed, and the late Mrs. Muenter's stomach was forwarded to Professor W. F. Whitney of the Harvard medical school for analysis.

In less than two weeks Professor Whitney declared officially that Mrs. Muenter had died of poisoning. He based this conclusion on the fact that he had found enough arsenic in the lady's stomach to fell a brewery horse. This time the police mounted *their* bicycles and pedaled over to Muenter's house, but he was already several days gone and had

TRUE

". . . now *this* one will make you glad the pill was invented!"

taken the corpus delicti and his two infant children with him.

Breaking his dash from the law, Muenter made a hasty stop in Chicago, where he had his late wife cremated. Regulations were a lot looser in that trusting age, and crematories were prone to grabbing what business turned up without quibbling about death certificates. He then dropped off his two children at his mother's home, and fled to Mexico City. There he shaved off his beard, changed his name to Frank Holt, and got himself a job as a stenographer for Samuel Hermanos & Co., an exporter of straw baskets for wine bottles.

Muenter stayed in Mexico less than a year. In 1908, as Frank Holt, he came to Fort Worth, to teach at its polytechnic school. He married one of his students and eventually sired two more children. By 1909 he was touring the nation's campuses again as a language instructor. He taught at Oklahoma, Vanderbilt and other universities.

In 1913, Cornell University in Ithaca, New York, hired a new German instructor, one Frank Holt. Under this well-proved alias, Muenter settled down to inspire his students and to work on his Ph.D. For a while his only problem was dodging old Harvard cronies who turned up at Cornell from time to time to lecture and who would have recognized him as the wife murderer of Cambridge.

Then, in the summer of 1914, World War I erupted and Muenter became obsessed with clipping every scrap of battle news from the papers. His old nationalistic fires flared again with renewed fury as he read that $150 million worth of guns and bullets were bought in the United States during the first few months of the war for shipment to England.

Fate wasn't fair to the Fatherland, Muenter swore bitterly. Great Britain controlled the high seas and could get all the munitions it wanted from America, but the Germans could put their hands on none. There was no way, aside from their few small cargo submarines, that the brave defenders of the homeland could transport any purchases they did make through the British blockade. His brain churned with frustration, and he neglected his work. He forgot to mark his students' final exams, and at the ceremony in which he was awarded his doctorate he was in a numb fog. All he knew was that he had to stop the one-sided arming of England and France that was killing his German brothers.

A few weeks before the end of the term at Cornell, Muenter determined on his plan of action. He sent his second wife and four children to visit her family in Dallas. He had promised to follow as soon as the school year ended. Now, instead, he came to New York, bought two revolvers in a hock shop and took a train out to the town of Central Park, Long Island. On June 17, 1915, he walked into the office of Louis Ott, a real-estate dealer.

"I am Mr. Patton," Muenter said, to introduce himself. "I'd like to rent a cottage. I must have something where I won't be disturbed." He coughed gently and thumped his chest. "Doctor's orders," he explained. "I must have absolute quiet."

He found exactly what he was looking for, an isolated two-room clapboard cottage, hidden in a grove of trees on the outskirts of the town. Stocking his pantry with canned goods, he gave himself two or three days to settle in properly, and then got to work. Day after day he went out into the backyard, painted bull's-eyes on the pine trees around the house, and potted away with his pistols.

After a week of target practice, Muenter put in a phone call to the Aetna Explosives Co. in New York City. "This is C. Hendricks," he boomed into the phone, never at a loss for a phony name. He proceeded to place an order for 240 half-pound sticks of dynamite and 100 feet of fuse. Aetna frequently shipped explosives to farmers on Long Island for clearing fields of rocks and tree stumps, and saw nothing unusual about Muenter's order.

On June 29, Muenter picked up his explosives at the railroad station and by that night he had converted the cottage into a bomb factory. He experimented with sulphuric acid and corks to make a crude timing device. He measured how long it took for acid to eat through various thicknesses of cork. The acid would then set off the detonating caps he had fashioned from exploding matches bought in a little Sixth Avenue shop in New York. With this timer and exploder and a bit of dynamite, he'd have a bomb that would put his argument across to the Senate in the most explosively forceful manner possible.

By early Friday morning, July 2, Muenter was ready. A local baggageman arrived at 6 to pick up his luggage. Muenter wouldn't let the driver touch any of it. He loaded it all himself and rode with his hands on a certain Gladstone bag and an ordinary-looking trunk all the way into the station.

He caught the 7:09, and by a little after 8:30 was in New York. For the next hour and a half he managed to become invisibile. Nobody was aware he was alive as he rushed to perform a little chore that would, five days later, stand the Navy Department and the entire nation on its collective ear for 30 hours of tension.

At 10 a.m., Muenter swung aboard an express train leaving for Washington. Around 4 he planted his bomb in the Senate. When it went off, some time after 11, it made his protest eminently public, by wrecking part of the Senate and

MEDICO
world's largest selling pipe
gives you pleasure and peace of mind

Filter out tars, juices, nicotine with Medico's scientific 2¼" disposable Filter with 66 baffles. Draw in clean, flavorful smoke – increase your smoking enjoyment. Medico is crafted only of selected imported briar. Nylon bits guaranteed bite-proof. Relax – smoke a Medico.
For beautiful color catalog, write Medico, 18 E. 54th St., N. Y. 22, Dept. T5, Please enclose 10¢ for handling.

10 for 10¢
Also
Menthol-Cool
10 for 15¢

Illustrated
GOLD CREST
dark claret $7
(light café finish $8.50)

Other Medico
Filter Pipes
$2.50 up
Prices higher outside U.S.A.

MEDICO® FILTER PIPES
Official Pipes New York World's Fair 1964-1965

INSTANTLY TELLS THE TIME ANYPLACE IN THE WORLD!

GLOBAL WRISTWATCH

LONDON
GENEVA
CAIRO
BOMBAY
BANGKOK
TOKYO
SYDNEY
HONOLU
JUNEA'
SAN

NEW
BUENOS

- SWISS MADE
- SWEEP SECOND HAND
- LUMINOUS DIAL, HANDS
- UNBREAKABLE MAINSPRING
- 12 & 24 HOUR TIME SYSTEM
- SHOCK PROOF & ANTI-MAGNETIC
- HANDSOME LEATHER STRAP
- HARD COVER, LINED GIFT CASE

Global Wristwatch, until now used only by businessmen on the continent, tells not just local time, but also the time in Tokyo, Paris, Shanghai — anyplace in the world! Remarkable jewelled anti-magnetic Swiss watch has a movable outside ring listing 24 famous cities. A quick turn and you can tell what the time is there. Has both 12 and 24 hour time system, golden anodized case, leather strap, and comes in a long handsome hardcover, lined presentation gift case. Very nice.

HAMILTON HOUSE, Dept. 39T-12, Cos Cob, Conn. 06807

Enclosed is check or m.o. for $_____. ___ Global Wristwatches @ $17.95
(Add 35¢ for postage and handling)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

shaking up the office of the Vice-President of the United States. Deed No. 1 was done.

At 6 the following morning, July 3, Muenter was again ready to go as his train pulled into Pennsylvania Station in New York. He killed the next hour and a half in the station, dividing his time between the waiting room, where he read the newspaper accounts of the bombing, and the men's room, where he washed up and shaved.

By the time he got on the 7:30 for Long Island, he looked neat, ordinary and quite like a businessman, except for the three bulges in the blue serge jacket he was wearing. Two of the bulges represented his revolvers and the third was a stick of dynamite left over from Washington. He wasn't quite sure how he would use that dynamite, or even if he could set it off without a detonating cap, but he was certain it would get him out of trouble if he just waved it around at the appropriate time.

Muenter looked like nothing more than a subscription salesman on his way to solicit business from the millionaires clustering on Long Island during the summer season. The appearance was opportune—this was the role Muenter decided to use for gaining entrance to the Morgan mansion—after he found a calling card on his seat left behind by a gentleman named Thomas C. Lester. Mr. Lester's business was apparently the peddling of listings in a publication called *The Summer Society Directory*.

At 8:50 a.m. Muenter stepped down from the train at Glen Cove Station. He walked to the end of the platform where a single taxi was parked. Its driver was sitting on the running board.

"You know the way to the Morgan estate?" Muenter asked.

"Sure," the cabbie said brightly. "Been there many times. Let's go."

The high-wheeled cab navigated the town's main street and swung out onto a rock-studded road. The vehicle rolled past the Long Island potato fields and down to the shore. The hackie clashed his gears and the car lurched out on a wooden bridge. After a couple of hundred feet he bounced the cab onto East Island—and the 60-acre estate owned by J. P. Morgan. No guards or gate barred the way and about 9:15 the cab pulled up in front of the Morgan home. Muenter got out, went up to the door and rang the bell.

COMING . . .

Is this the key to the flying saucer mystery?

THE SECRET BEHIND UFO's
by Major Donald E. Keyhoe

The nation's top authority reveals startling facts about the "Anti-G" force that may turn science upside down

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

In half a minute or so the door swung open and the Morgan butler, a man with the good English name of Henry Physick, looked out at Muenter questioningly.

"I'd like to see Mr. Morgan," Muenter said.

"Is he expecting you?"

"No."

"Can you tell me the nature of your business?"

Muenter fished out the society-directory salesman's card and handed it to the butler. His nose wrinkled.

"I suggest you call back later," he started to say. Muenter drew both revolvers and jammed their muzzles into the butler's stomach.

"Just lead me to Morgan," Muenter said. "I have very important business with him, and it can't wait."

The butler backed away, his eyes like dinner plates. But though he was shocked, he was thinking fast. He knew that his employer was in the east wing of the building, on the ground floor, having a leisurely breakfast with his wife and the British Ambassador to the United States, Sir Cecil Spring-Rice. The only hope to avoid bloodshed was to get the intruder as far away from J. P. Morgan as possible.

The butler turned west in the main foyer, and Muenter, still gripping his revolvers, followed. With each step they took they moved farther away from the banker. Finally, at the end of the hall, the butler stopped in front of double doors. He put his hand on one of the knobs and opened a door slightly.

"The library," he said. "You'll find Mr. Morgan inside."

Muenter brushed past the butler into the room. As he did, the butler pulled the door shut, turned and sprinted down toward the east end of the hallway.

Bursting open the door to the breakfast room, he skidded to a stop and yelled, "For God's sake, Mr. Morgan! Get upstairs fast!"

Before anyone had a chance to say another word, the butler was off again, running for a stairway that would take him downstairs to the servants' quarters, where he could get help.

Stabbing at his mustache with a napkin, J. P. Morgan stood up. He trotted to a staircase in the rear that led upstairs. Behind him his wife and the ambassador tagged along.

"Either it's a burglar in the house or a fire," Morgan called over his shoulder.

Mr. and Mrs. Morgan peeled off at the second floor, while Sir Cecil puffed his way up to the third. The banker and his wife went from one room to the next, checking each as they worked their way to the front of the house. They found nothing. They then decided to go downstairs by the nearest staircase—in the front of the house.

At that moment, Muenter, infuriated at having been duped by the butler, came storming out of the library. He ran toward the main foyer—and the staircase which the Morgans were descending.

As the Morgans came down, Muenter bounded up, both revolvers waving in the banker's direction. In the middle of the staircase, the two men halted and stared at each other.

Muenter became deliberate in his motions. He brought both revolvers together, at arm's length, and lined them up with the banker's stomach, a not inconsiderable target.

"Mr. Morgan," Muenter cried dramatically, "I've got you at last!"

The killer squeezed the triggers of his guns four times. Two cartridges were misfires, but the clicks of the firing pins were startlingly loud. Then the third and fourth shots went off with a double roar.

The 48-year-old financier was moving when he was hit. He fell at the assassin and landed his huge 220-pound bulk on the mark. The two men went tumbling down the stairs and landed at the bottom, wrestling for the guns. At that moment, the British ambassador came flying down toward the ruckus. Drawing on talents he never knew he possessed, he soared into space and landed, spread-eagled, on the struggling men.

Hot on the ambassador's heels was the butler, who had stormed up from the lower floor when he heard the shooting to throw himself back into the fray. He hurdled the writhing, cursing trio without breaking stride, made a beeline for the nearest fireplace, snatched up a thick chunk of wood, returned to the battle and, biding his time, obtained a clear swing at the head of the intruder. With one tremendous belt, he settled the issue.

J. P. Morgan was rushed to the hospital. He was to recover from his wounds. One slug had struck near the hip, traveled downward, and emerged from the back of the thigh. The second bullet had entered the fleshy covering over the abdomen on the left side, traveled clear across J. P.'s body without touching a vital organ, and finally stopped in the right hip, from which it was subsequently removed by surgery.

Eric Muenter was rushed to the County jail at Mineola, Long Island, where a battery of detectives began a round-the-clock questioning of the would-be assassin. They sweated him with everything but hot irons. Muenter, having had J. P. Morgan land on him at full throttle, was alternately lucid and incoherent. He had periods in which he talked and stretches when he was moodily silent.

It was during one of his talk sessions that the prisoner admitted shooting Morgan, then dropped a bombshell into the jailhouse proceedings by confessing it was he who had blown up the Senate room the previous night. "I wanted to call the attention of the American people," he said, "to the murder of German soldiers with American arms."

At the time of his arrest, he identified himself as Dr. Frank Holt, a professor of German at Cornell. When the news pictures of "Holt" reached the stands, however, Harvard professor Hugo Muensterberg identified him as the former faculty associate who was being sought for the murder of his wife. This was rapidly confirmed by A. E. Long, the undertaker who had embalmed Mrs. Muenter's body, by Dr. H. B. McIntyre, the physician who had refused to sign her death certificate and by others.

Exposure as a fugitive from a murder

English Leather®

after shave . . .
after shower . . .
after hours . . .
the SPRAY LOTION, **$5.00**
All-Purpose Men's Lotion in a handsome aerosol dispenser, packed in a redwood gift box.
REFILL **$2.00**

©M.C. **MEM COMPANY, INC.**
347 Fifth Avenue, New York

W&H

Warmly topping 'The Sportswear Story'. . .

35.95

SKUA KNIT

Truly recounting the fashion attitude of today. The knit pullover by Robert Lewis that bravely wanders along winter's sporting trails. In fashionable warmth. With a turtleneck ban against chilling winds. Fashioned from warmest 100% wool. Ablaze with totum Skua bird and symbolic arm bands. In winter white and camel. Sizes 36-46.

Weber & Heilbroner
M. O. Dept. 44 W. 18th St., NYC. AL 5-0800

	Quantity	Color	Size
Skua Knit Pullover by Robert Lewis @ $35.95			

☐ Check ☐ Charge ☐ C.O.D. ☐ Diners' Club No.
NAME
STREET STATE
CITY
Add: 50¢ for handling beyond U.P. Zone. Sales tax as necessary. 50¢ for COD's. No Stamps

rap was too much for Muenter. On the morning of July 6 he attempted to commit suicide in his cell by jabbing his wrists with a sharp pencil. When that didn't work, he waited till night, then slipped away from his prison guard, climbed a 20-foot prison wall and dived headfirst onto the cement floor, thus ending all his troubles.

But it was not the end of the Muenter affair. Detectives, backtracking Muenter's movements, had learned from the Aetna Explosives Co. of his purchase of 240 sticks of dynamite. Allowing for the three he had used in his Senate bomb, the one he had in his pocket when he arrived at the Morgan estate and 172 sticks found in a room he had rented on New York's 34th Street, simple arithmetic revealed that 64 sticks of dynamite were still unaccounted for.

When the police had questioned Muenter about the missing explosives, he had smiled ominously and assured them he would tell all on July 7. Now that he was dead, the obvious inference was that he had a bomb ticking away somewhere, and that it would announce itself only when it blew up.

Then, on July 7, Muenter's widow turned a letter over to the Dallas police which had just arrived in the mail. In it her late husband had explained what he had done during an hour and a half in New York—just before going to Washing for the Senate bombing. He had used that time, he explained, to smuggle his trunk containing 64 sticks of dynamite and a firing device aboard a munitions-bearing ship.

"The steamer leaving New York for Liverpool on July 3," he told his wife, "should sink on the 7th, God willing. Don't say anything about this until it happens."

When the import of the letter reached the Navy in Washington, the department went into a burst of activity. Wireless messages crackled out to the only two ships that had sailed with munitions from New York on July 3, the "Saxonia" and the "Philadelphia." Receipt of the news aboard these freighters almost blew them out of the water by itself. Lifeboats were swung out for launching and every cranny in each hold was searched, but there wasn't a sign of dynamite.

The trunk located itself at 4:15 p.m., Wednesday, July 8—Muenter's crude timer was off by one day—when it exploded with a ship-staggering roar in the forward hold of the "Minnehaha." The freighter was bound for Liverpool with a $3 million cargo of war goods: shells, rifles, cartridges, cordite, trucks, horses, cheese, eggs, wax, auto parts and 66 barrels of rum. The "Minnehaha" had *originally* been scheduled to leave New York on July 3, but had been delayed—a fact Muenter could not have known—and sailed on the 4th instead, thus escaping the Navy's frantic wireless warnings. The ship was badly damaged, but after fighting a belowdecks fire for two days, it managed to limp into Halifax.

The explosion on the "Minnehaha" was the last act in Muenter's drama. In only a few days his bizarre acts had flashed across the nation's consciousness with the brief fury of a rocket—and fizzled out. The flow of arms to England and France swelled into a torrent—$1 billion worth of it bought through J. P. Morgan & Co.—and on April 6, 1917, the United States was formally at war with Muenter's beloved homeland. —**A. I. Schutzer**

TRUE

"Looks like another case of someone forgetting to read the small print in his hospital plan."

BIRD HUNTING IN A NEW EDEN

[*Continued from page* 46]

Occasionally you encounter a mysterious game bird which no one can identify, such a one I hunted recently called a wood hen, or pacá.

We were in northern Argentina starting a mile hike through woods to fish the Paraná River when my host suggested that I carry my gun in case we saw a wood hen. I followed this surprising remark with a barrage of questions, but his replies were even more surprising. The more he talked about the birds, the more fascinated I became.

"The pacá can't fly," he said. "You get a glimpse of one in a glade, then it vanishes. The country people here believe it is one of the finest eating of all fowl."

"How do they get them?" I asked.

"They seldom do, as far as I know," he replied. "Another hunter and I have spent hours in here, and we've seen enough of them, but we've never even been able to get off a shot."

"What does it look like? What family does it belong to?" I persisted, trying to get some idea of the creature I was supposed to be hunting.

"I've never seen one close enough to know," my host admitted blankly.

The name "wood hen" suggested it was a gallinaceous, or chickenlike bird, such as grouse, pheasants, quail and the like, but the fact that the bird was flightless hinted that it might be a woods-dwelling tinamou. The tinamou—by facetious definition—is a fast-flying flightless bird; that is, it is the sole flying member of the large order of flightless birds which includes ostriches, emus and rheas.

Although we didn't see a pacá on our way to the river, curiosity had dimmed my interest in fish. To discourage my friend as well, I even maligned the good name of fishermen by deliberately underexaggerating the size of one that got away. Nevertheless, the sun was sinking low by the time we returned to the woods. As we walked silently along, peering ahead, he suddenly exclaimed, "There are two!" I looked toward the end of a long glade where he pointed and saw them, but couldn't swear to it. I saw two birds standing there, then I didn't.

A little later I spotted one, motionless in the shadows at the edge of a glade and declared, "There's another!"

"Where?" asked my companion.

"Right there," I motioned, pointing my gun at it.

Perhaps I should explain that it isn't my instinct to shoot a bird on the ground, flightless or not, and by the time it occurred to me how foolish it was standing there pointing with a loaded gun, the bird vanished like a specter. I didn't see it move; it simply disappeared.

That almost ended the afternoon's hunt except for one curious event. A bit farther along my friend exclaimed, "There! One sailed across that opening."

"I thought you said they couldn't fly," I remarked in amazement.

"Well, they do go up in trees, but they don't seem to use their wings to get there," was all he could say. "Anyway, if you see one like that, there's never time to shoot."

Having grown up hunting ruffed grouse and woodcock in dense cover, I was intrigued now. If I have any shooting ability, it stems from my built-in reflexes, my speed in getting off a shot at little more than a glimpse of a flying bird. Now I did want to hunt a wood hen.

I had one other opportunity one afternoon in the same area. Tinamou were said to be plentiful in the grassland. I no sooner started out than I was picked up by a 12-year-old boy and three cur dogs, which is a common hazard throughout the Spanish-speaking countries. Shotguns and hunting have enormous appeal among our Latin neighbors, and it is rare to go far without acquiring at least one young companion. They are nuisances, of course, like this boy Leon, chattering constantly and asking an infinite number of questions.

I employed the only defense I know by telling him I didn't speak Spanish, that I didn't understand him, and that he must hurry home and learn English, but I knew from experience that it was to no avail. He blocked my path walking backward plying me with questions.

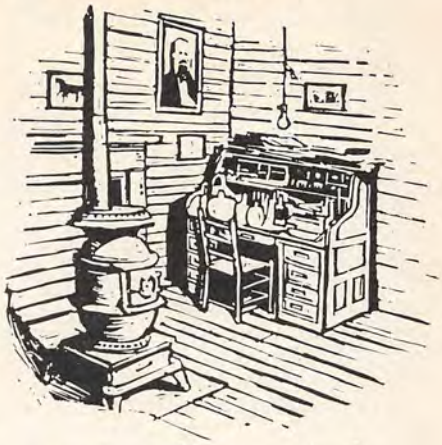
Because I had to make a few things clear, I relented and tried to talk to him. Besides, I was rather kindly disposed in this case due to the dogs which might conceivably help by flushing a tinamou. While I was leaning over, trying to understand a rapidly repeated query, I heard the whir of a tinamou's wings behind me. I straightened up, wheeled and shot all in one movement, actually hitting it, much to the delight of my companion.

Rushing across the wet pastureland to get the bird before a dog did, I almost stepped on a packsnipe, skidded to a stop and dropped it. There wasn't time to consider what effect this rapid sequence of events might have on my entourage, but it was immediately evident. Two of the dogs, assuming their turn was next, developed a severe case of locktail and lit out for home in high gear. Leon decided I was out to annihilate everything in sight and from then on shouted excitedly and pointed at each blackbird, reedbird, heron, hawk and hummingbird he saw, fully expecting me to shoot them all. A half hour of this defeated me. I did manage to hit one more tinamou in spite of him, then I carefully explained that I was going to the woods to hunt a pacá, that I would not shoot anything else—not

Your children's teeth are so-o-o important!

The American Society of Dentistry for Children

Jack Daniel's old desk and office . . .



continually remind us of a promise he made to you . . .

"every day we make whiskey, we'll make it the best we can."

CHARCOAL MELLOWED

DROP

BY DROP

©1964, Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc.

TENNESSEE WHISKEY • 90 PROOF BY CHOICE DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY • LYNCHBURG (POP. 384), TENN.

even a tinamou—and that we must be absolutely silent.

"You will shoot the parrots?" he asked hopefully.

"No, I will shoot nothing but a pacá."

"But we want them to eat," he pleaded.

"No."

"They eat all our corn."

"No, I will not shoot a parrot."

"They will come soon, the parrots, many of them."

"I know they will come soon," I answered, "but I do not shoot parrots and I don't want to hear any more about it. I am here to hunt a pacá, nothing else."

Leon obviously had little interest in a project as futile as pacá hunting, but he and one dog tagged along. Just as we reached the woods, we heard the distant cries of flocks of parrots coming out of the west from across the river.

"They are coming, the parrots," he exclaimed excitedly. "You will shoot them for me. They are very good to eat. We will be very happy."

"No!" I insisted, and by now Leon was next on my list.

"You are an excellent shot, señor. Never have I seen anyone shoot so well," goaded Leon, shifting to a subtle tack.

I shot a clean double for him out of the next flock.

"Your gun it does not miss," he continued, knowing he had me, "but two parrots are not enough for us. You will shoot more?"

Realizing he couldn't carry more than four, I chose this as my salvation. We were deep in the woods now, but there was no hope of getting near an elusive pacá with his incessant begging. So I agreed to shoot two more parrots if he in turn would not say another word.

About then I heard a flock coming which should pass over an opening in the trees directly overhead. As I started to look above, a movement caught my eye and I turned to see a sailing pacá disappear across a broad clearing ahead. Damn! Two parrots suffered the brunt of my disappointment, and Leon had to race to catch up with me.

Of course from then on we failed to see another pacá flying and just one of the vanishing type on the ground. Since this was my final chance to get my hands on one of these mysterious birds, and since the boy now realized how I felt about my lost opportunity, we had little more to say. He and his dog followed patiently at my heels until he finally suggested we must return while there was still some light. I knew without his prompting that I had gone too far, so reluctantly turned back. Almost out of the woods, almost dark, and my hopes far behind me, the silence was abruptly broken near us by a startling and raucous *Pacá, pacá, pacá, pacá,* followed by the yapping of Leon's dog.

"My dog," whispered Leon, "he has the pacá in a tree. Now you get him." Then, as we sneaked quietly toward the dog's yapping voice, came the moment of deliberation. Only once had I ever shot a sitting bird. That was a turkey gobbler, and even though shooting them on the ground is the accepted method, I go by my own rule that anything with wings should be given the opportunity to use them. In that case I had denied myself, and I have never lived very happily with that particular memory.

About this time I made out the dark blob of the pacá against the dim light of the evening sky, in the uppermost branches of a tree. Having made such a point of getting a pacá all afternoon, and full of curiosity to see what manner of bird this silent-winged phantom might be, it didn't take long to make up my mind to shoot the bird even though it was sitting. One less pacá in the jungles of South America will never be missed.

And here came the most amazing part. The moment I picked it up I recognized the pacá as a game bird, with relatives which are highly regarded as game birds. It is a large, highly-colored marsh hen, comparable in size to our king rail. Like the daffy little woodcock, which is a shorebird gone to the hills, the pacá is a marsh hen which has forsaken its marshlands and gone to live in the jungle-thick woods of the semitropics.

"May I give my dog one of my parrots?" asked Leon.

"What?" I asked in astonishment.

"May I give my dog one of my parrots?" he repeated.

"Why?"

"Because he has hunted the pacá."

"Very well, Leon, you may if you wish," I consented when I had recovered. "He is a good dog."

"He is my dog," he replied proudly.

"What is his name?" I asked.

"Leon," he answered. . . .

South America is full of surprises for the shotgun man. There is the unusual hunt, there is great variety, there is quantity, and there is the tinamou. This game bird is unique to South and Central America. Strangely, it belongs to the ostrich family, no other member of which can fly; yet the tinamou has strong wings. The only outward resemblance to its big earthbound cousins is that it is virtually tailless. The bird appears to fall off to nothing at the rear, and for lack of a tailfin it cannot make a sharp turn in flight as can most game birds. The tinamou's refuge is in a whirlwind getaway.

Inhabiting a huge range throughout South America and adapted in many species to a great variety of climate and habitat, the tinamou is the counterpart of all our quails, grouse, pheasants and partridge. Although I personally have hunted only four species in Chile and Argentina, ranging in body size from that of our mountain quail to a ruffed grouse, I know there are many more. Most live singly or in pairs, but at least one is a covey bird. Still another in Argentina, which sports a fancy crest, is as large as a ring-neck pheasant and has much the same habits. Some sources, in fact, list as many as 40 species, although I suspect the total number of varieties have never been established exactly.

Another curious fact about the tinamou is that nowhere in South America have I heard it called by this name. Tinamou is the proper name, the book name. Like many top-notch upland birds the world around, it is known simply as "partridge" (*perdiz,* in Spanish). Just as our ruffed grouse in the Northeast and the bobwhite quail in the South were dubbed "partridge" by early settlers, the Spanish emigrants to South America likened the tinamou to the true gray-legged partridge of Europe and tagged it with the same name. It is a name which carries its own compliment. And the tinamou lives up to it: the bird lies tight,

MAKE MONEY—SAVE MONEY

MARKET PLACE

For ad-rates write Classified, 100 E. Ohio, Chicago 11.

HOBBIES SPORTS SERVICES SCHOOLS

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

INVESTIGATE ACCIDENTS—Earn $950 to $1,600 monthly. Men urgently needed. Car furnished. Business expenses paid. Pick own job location. Investigate full time. Or earn $8.44 hour spare time. Write for Free information. Universal Schools, CA-12, 6801 Hillcrest, Dallas 5, Texas.

I MADE $40,000.00 YEAR by Mailorder! Helped others make money! Start with $10.00—Free Proof. Torrey, Box 3566-V, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73106.

MONEY MAKING OPPORTUNITIES

MAKE MONEY WRITING Short Paragraphs. Information Free, Barrett, Dept. C-324-K, 6216 N. Clark, Chicago 60626.

70 Books About Gambling. Free list. GBC-8, Box 4115, Las Vegas, Nevada 89106.

SPARE TIME OPPORTUNITIES

ENJOY FASCINATING TAX SPECIALIST Career. Write Southwestern Academies, Dallas, Texas 75220.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

ORGANISTS! Decca recording organist Al Bollington offers easy—fabulous course in chords, bass, rhythm, modern theatre technique, etc. 20 melodies included any make. Complete course in handsome 3 ringed binder (beautiful gift). Send $15 to Box 49, Woodland Hills, Calif. 91364.

REAL ESTATE

CANADIAN LANDS from $5.00 per acre. Hunting, Fishing Camps, Cottage, Farm and Timber Lands on small monthly payments. Free twenty-page booklet. Write today to Tax Sale Service, 85 Bloor Street East, Room 301-G, Toronto 5, Canada.

FLORIDA WATER WONDERLAND—Home, Cottage, Mobilsites. Established area. $590 full price, $9.00 a month. Swimming, fishing, boating. Write: Lake Weir, Box MZ 38, Silver Springs, Florida AD 6-1070 (F-1).

CANADIAN VACATION LANDS: Full price $385.00. 40 acres, $10 month. Suitable cottage sites, hunting, fishing, investment. Free information. Land Corporation, 3768-T Bathurst, Downsview, Ontario, Canada.

LOANS-BY-MAIL

BORROW $100 to $1000 by Mail. Quick, Easy, Private. No Co-Signers. Repay in 36 small monthly payments. For the amount you want write today to Dial Finance Co., 410 Kilpatrick Bldg., Dept. 12-349, Omaha, Nebraska, 68102.

BORROW $1,233 AIRMAIL! Repay $54 for twenty-nine months. State licensed. Postal Finance, Dept. 74-X, Kansas City, Kansas 66117.

NEED MONEY? Borrow $100-$1000 by mail. Confidential, repay in 24 months. Free Loan application. World Finance Co., Dept. XY-235, 620 Symes Bldg., Denver, Colorado.

GET $800 CASH now—pay back $37.66 per month—includes all charges—Send name, address, age to Murdock, Dept. 293, Box 659, Poplar Bluff, Mo.

CAREER OPPORTUNITIES

GAME WARDEN, Government Hunter, Forestry, Park and Wildlife Services announce job openings regularly. Prepare at home for outdoor work, good pay, security. Complete information Free! Write North American School of Conservation-JI, Newport, California 92660.

FISHING—HUNTING—SPORTS

SITKA KAYAK KITS. Jr. $16.50; Sr. $22.50; Sailboat $39.00. Free Pictorial Literature. Box 78-T, Brecksville, Ohio 44141.

ICE FISHERMEN—Most Complete Catalog. Equipment. Information. Dickey Tackle, Land-O-Lakes, Wisconsin.

AUTHORS—PUBLISHERS—BOOKS

WANTED WRITERS! Short stories, articles, books, plays, poetry. Will help place, sell your work. Write today, free particulars! Literary Agent Mead, Dept. 42A, 915 Broadway, New York 10, New York.

AUTHORS! Want your book published? Free Booklet TR. Vantage Press, 120 West 31st, New York, New York.

EDUCATION—INSTRUCTION—SCHOOLS

ELECTRONICS RADIO TELEVISION. Learn at home. Get catalog free. National Radio Institute. Dept. 208-125, Washington, D.C. 20016.

COINS

TRUNKFUL 25,000 Indian-Lincoln cents mixed (from the 1920's & older). "Grab-Bag" style. 400 mixed—$25.00. Sample bag of 20—$2.00. Mrs. Fischer, Box 5490, Sherman Oaks 22, California.

OF INTEREST TO MEN

GENUINE HAND MADE Anthracite (Hard Coal) Tie Tack, $2.00 postpaid. Urbanski Jewelers, 4 East Market, Wilkes-Barre, Penna.

SPEEDOMETER—New! Take all mileage readings off your car in minutes. $3.99 Prepaid. Satisfaction Guaranteed. State Make, Year. Cash, Inc., Box 82, Hampton, Virginia 23369.

SALESMEN WANTED

SELLING made easy. Fifty page book $1.00, guaranteed. Publisher, 2810 State, Santa Barbara, California.

INVENTIONS WANTED

INVENTIONS wanted; patented, unpatented. Global Marketing, 2420-M 77th, Oakland, Calif.

PERSONAL—MISCELLANEOUS

DETECTIVE COURSE. Free Information. Universal Detectives, Box 8180-D, Universal City, California, 91608.

ADVERTISERS—AGENCIES

YOU ARE READING the Classified Section of one of the Nation's most responsive markets. These ads are shopped by millions who respond to Opportunity. Tell your 'story'—watch inquiries, orders roll in. For details, rates write CLASSIFIED, INC., Dept. T-12, 100 E. Ohio, Chicago 60611.

has a remarkably rapid and startling breakaway, and—in my opinion—is the finest eating of all fowl, with pure-white and delicate flesh, never dry or tough.

Yet what I most enjoy about tinamou hunting is the assorted shooting it always seems to provide. I remember one afternoon in northern Argentina when I went out with Laddy Buchanan. Laddy is a fourth generation Argentine who is an English country squire in manner and speech and an outstanding sportsman.

We had no sooner steeped into a pasture at our destination than a pair of tinamou burst out in opposite directions, and I made a double I'm still proud of. Then I missed a zigzagging jacksnipe. I started after it, and jumped another and

TRUE

another. At times there were eight or 10 of them zooming around overhead at once. And constantly more and more tinamou. The place was alive with them.

Around wet spots were beautiful golden-winged railbirds, which I didn't shoot. There were many flocks of the long-tailed parrots, shaped like parakeets but three times the size, and they could clip; however, I had shot the first and last parrots of my career that afternoon with Leon. But there were just as many doves, which I didn't pass up.

By now it occurred to me to calculate my own shells. One thing was certain: I didn't have enough. I stepped up my pace, not in pursuit of our long-forgotten guides but because I had a couple of goals of my own. Far up the pasture I had been watching passing flocks of huge pigeons with a strangely slow, crowlike wing beat.

This particular pigeon is the largest I had ever seen. Like all members of the tribe it is a handsome bird and it can travel, but it is deceptive because of the unusual wing beat accompanying its size. If a man can force himself to lead sufficiently despite this illusion, it is easier to hit than a dove because it flies straighter. But mix up the two, taking pigeons and doves alternately, and see how you do!

Now I had problems other than shells. My game bag couldn't hold another bird. Fortunately I can shoot one-handed, but my left hand was getting near capacity and cramped from holding several pigeons by their legs. But I still didn't have a southern Brazilian teal, so I kept on hunting. I waited a few minutes and entered a nearby rice paddy. If I had had the shells, plus a few game bearers, I could have shot the barrels hot. I tried to ignore the pigeons, doves, snipe and tinamou and walked straight ahead, big as life, knowing I would get what I wanted soon enough. I even waited for a long crossing shot to collect the teal, just to make my last shot interesting. Then, because I simply could carry no more, I quit. After all, every day can't be Christmas; some of the shine would wear off if it were. Nevertheless, I would like to have that tinamou field and all that goes with it in my backyard.

But tinamou, geese, doves, and all else are incidental to the shotgun hunter in South America compared to ducks. Due to our necessarily low bag limits and tight restrictions on wildfowling in America, duck hunting today is a far cry from what our fathers knew. And due to the fact that our Department of Agriculture continues to pay farmers to drain potholes, and the Army Engineers continue to dam and flood everything that can't be drained, our remaining duck habitat is rapidly disappearing. If, for instance, the government goes through with its gigantic boondoggle to build the Rampart Dam in Alaska, one of our last great waterfowl breeding areas (and moose ranges) will disappear forever underwater. The hard-pressed American duck hunter can look forward to only a gloomier future.

In South America this has not happened. Their marshlands are still marshlands. The shooting pressure is never heavy as we know it here and the ducks thrive. There is duck hunting in both Chile and Argentina the equal of which no one my age ever realized in America—nor will ever witness in the future.

At the best duck-shooting spot in Chile, an event quite the opposite to draining took place a few years ago. Most of us recall the tragic earthquake at Valdivia, Chile, in 1960 in which much of that colorful old city was destroyed. On that occasion the land for miles around sank about five feet. Hundreds of thousands of acres of rich farmland were submerged along half a dozen rivers which pour into one large tidal river at Valdivia. The water in some of this new marshland rises and falls with each tide; elsewhere, landlocked lowlands became shallow lakes. As can be imagined, this terrible earthquake was no catastrophe to ducks. They took to it kindly.

Having heard this dramatic story from

Dr. Grabow
The World's Only PRE-SMOKED PIPES!
NEED NO BREAKING-IN
Your favorite blend never had it so smooth. The world's only pre-smoked pipe needs no breaking in! What curing does for tobacco, pre-smoking does for your Dr. Grabow.
WORLD'S FINEST IMPORTED BRIAR
Starfire.....$4.95
Viscount.....$5.95
Commodore...$7.95
Eldorado.....$10.00
The Dr. Grabow Symbol of Quality
For FREE Booklet, Write to Dept. TR
DR. GRABOW Pre-Smoked Pipes, Greensboro, N.C.

Liquid WRENCH
LOOSENS RUSTED NUTS, BOLTS, PARTS IN SECONDS
at Service Stations, Auto and Hardware Stores

AIR WAY COMPASS
How do you know where you're going without an AIRWAY COMPASS on your car?
AIRWAY COMPASS, Mexico, Indiana

LAW FREE BOOK THE LAW TRAINED MAN
Write today for a FREE copy of illustrated law book, "THE LAW-TRAINED MAN," which shows how to earn the professional Bachelor of Laws (LL.B.) degree through home study of the famous Blackstone Law Course: Books and lessons provided. Moderate cost; easy terms. Write now.
Blackstone School of Law, 307 N. Michigan Ave.
Founded 1890 Dept. 189, Chicago 1, Illinois

Be a LOCKSMITH!
EARN WHILE YOU LEARN
Send for FREE BOOK
Big opportunities. Big profits. Earn quickly. Full or part time. Learn at home, it's easy. Do real jobs: All Tools—Materials Supplied. Accredited member NHSC, Lic. State of NJ—Vet. Appd. Send name, address & Zip for FREE book.
Locksmithing Institute, Dept. 128-125, Little Falls, N.J. 07424

Car Using Oil?
CURE IT WITH CASITE
MotorHoney
$1.30 AT YOUR SERVICE STATION

LEARN MEAT CUTTING
Train quickly in 8 short weeks at Toledo for a bright future with security in the vital meat business. Big pay, full-time jobs—HAVE A PROFITABLE MARKET OF YOUR OWN! Pay after graduation. Diploma given. Job help. Thousands of successful graduates. Our 42nd year! Send now for big new illustrated FREE catalog. No obligation. G. I. Approved. NATIONAL SCHOOL OF MEAT CUTTING, Dept. T-72, Toledo, Ohio 43604

where the action is

At 7,500 feet a man can fall thirty seconds—no strings, all kicks—before he pulls the cord. If that's the way you like your action, look for it in the yellow pages. But if you want to think about it for a minute, check Mario Puzo on THOSE DEATH-DEFYING SPORTS OF THE SIXTIES in the Dec. Cavalier. In fact, we've got all the action: Dick Gregory sets it straight on VIOLENCE IN THE GHETTOS. Bob Shelton profiles the fiery Phil Ochs; Phil Ochs strikes back. Plus Paul Krassner, Henry Morgan, great fiction, great girls, and inside stuff on cars, hi-fi and more. All in the December

cavalier

on sale now at your newsstand

Lou Garcia of Panagra in New York, I had made Valdivia a prime objective in South America. The very afternoon I arrived there, Osvaldo Lunecke, secretary of the local hunting club, took me on a long drive around this newly created duck haven. Both the wildfowl population explosion and the appalling consequences of the calamity were evident on all hands. I started to sympathize with one man about his great loss, but he would have no part of it. "It is true that half our farm is gone," he said with a smile, "but look at all the ducks we now have." He may not have been entirely honest in his appraisal, but it would take more than a quake to break his spirit.

When we returned to the city, Sr. Lunecke surprised me by asking if I would like to go hunting. Since it was almost dark and I was wearing my Sunday suit, store shoes and best tie, I hesitatingly said it would take time to unpack and change.

"All you need is your gun," he said. "We will stand on a roadway here at the edge of the city and shoot at passing ducks."

So, for the first time ever in my best bib and tucker—and for the first time since I was a boy—I hunted ducks in the dark. Several other hunters who had walked out from work were there when we arrived, but the birds hadn't commenced to move. One told me that when they started to come, they would come by the thousands.

That night, due undoubtedly to the level of the tide, they didn't fly that well, but I haven't had such a wonderful hour in years. No one ever kills many ducks in the dark, but it is truly exciting. I had almost forgotten what it is like. Many times there is the passing sound of wings nearby and nothing more. With your eyes and ears straining to zero in on them, they swish by unseen. Then a flock pops out of the black in your face and almost as suddenly vanishes—merely a wad of ghostly silhouettes fleeting overhead. A hasty shot, an ear cocked hopefully to hear a thud, and then eyes bulged into the dark searching for the next bunch.

My other hunts at Valdivia were weekend affairs with members of the hunting club. There was no time for breakfast, nor lunch, but about 3 p.m. everyone would pick up and converge on high ground for a huge barbecue of beef, pork and lamb skewered over a long open fire. As one of the members commented, "You may not always get ducks or trout in Chile, but you will always get good food and wine." I'll vouch for that. Chileans know how to eat. This hunters' barbecue is strictly a three-item affair: meat, bread, wine and plenty of it. A more formal meal in town is about six courses and two hours long, all of it delicious.

The only handicap these men suffer is that there is far more duck habitat then there are hunters, so the birds have ample sanctuary. But they do all right. One of them shot 92 ducks his first time out last fall and for lack of shells had to quit at 9 a.m., six hours before barbecue time. This doesn't mean that just anyone could have accomplished the same thing, however. I watched this particular man shoot, and he can truly pop them. It does mean, though, that no one could complain for lack of opportunity at Valdivia. . . .

As fine a game bird as the tinamou is, and as many doves as there are, likely few sportsmen would go to South America for upland shooting alone, but the trip is more than worth it for the trout fisherman or the harassed American duck hunter. And, if anyone happens to be enthusiastic about all three sports, *he can combine them easily into one trip.*

Although the best upland shooting I have seen in Chile—a combination of quail, doves and tinamou—is in the semi-arid foothills to the west of the capital city of Santiago (in country quite similar in climate and appearance to southern California), the best duck shooting is next door to the famous Lakes District trout-fishing area of Chile. There is ample duck hunting all along the coast from Concepcion down to Puerto Montt, and the trout are higher up the same river systems. The heart of the duck hunting—the finest in Chile—surrounds the city of Valdivia, where, incidentally, several of the most renowned trout rivers converge.

COMING . . .

Vivid picture of a GI combat mission in Viet Nam

TARGET: THE VIET CONG

Don't miss Malcolm Browne's on-the-scene report

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

In Argentina the choice duck shooting, to the best of my knowledge, is in the great marshlands an hour or two by car due south of Buenos Aires near Lago Lobos where I hunted with Laddy Buchanan not far from his country home. If there is anything better in this world, I hope to live to see it. And some of the best tinamou and dove shooting I have experienced adjoined these same marshes . . . but both birds exist plentifully over a huge range. Only in Argentina is there trout fishing comparable to that in Chile.

March in South America is the equivalent of our September. The trout fishing is at its best, and this is the first of the usual six hunting months. Getting there takes no time at all. It is a simple overnight flight from the States to Santiago, Chile, via Panagra. Nevertheless, if he is made anything like I am, the visitor should allow ample time. Especially around a duck marsh, I take root. Life on this planet unquestionably was born in the combination of sun and shallow water of a marsh, and to this day life teems here as nowhere else. Ours have been so extensively drained or flooded that we may have forgotten, but around an unmolested marsh, such as the many in South America, there is a constant parade of wildlife and a myriad of wild voices. I can stand for hours fascinated, even when the ducks are not flying.

And when they are flying, today's American duck hunter can take a casual step back 50 years into the good old days and let the powder burn.—**Dan Holland**

GHOSTS OF CHRISTMAS PAST

[*Continued from page 39*]

While there are relatively few Christian Vietnamese, even Buddhists and Confucians will join in the spirit this year as they have in the past when far fewer Americans were present. Many non-Christian Vietnamese exchange Christmas gifts, and numerous Buddhists again are expected to watch the traditional open-air midnight Christmas Mass in front of Saigon Cathedral.

On a lighter and more boisterous note, there will be liquid parties, public and private, that promise to make Christmas for some GI's little different from an ordinary weekend night, except that the girls in the honky-tonk bars of Saigon plan to charge abnormally high rates.

There are also in Viet Nam now some American women—young and pretty, uniformed and gallant. A dreary coastal town named Qui Non, on the South China Sea, for example, has a contingent of 39 U.S. Army nurses. They have been demonstrating not only skill in saving lives, but that even fatigue uniforms can be sexy. Christmas, then, won't be too bad for some of the men stationed at Qui Non. A sparkling sea, pretty girls and palm trees can do wonders for morale.

But there are no girls up in the windswept and dangerous mountains of Mang Yang Pass, and it promises to be a lonely and bleak holiday for the boys of the 101st ("Screaming Eagles") Airborne Division and the First Air Mobile Division there in those wretched hills along Route 19. Christmas chow in the army is almost always delicious, but somehow it loses part of its flavor when you have to eat it from a mess kit standing in a chow line.

Sharing this loneliness will be other Americans serving along the gritty beaches of Cam Ranh Bay, Chu Lai, Da Nang and other isolated installations. In fact, most American servicemen in Viet Nam are living in hot, mosquito-infested tents. For a good many units, combat missions are expected to continue almost as usual and Christmas cheer may be limited to opening a bottle and feeling the gnawing twinges of homesickness.

Yet, from what I have seen in the past and heard in the present, the influx of troops in Viet Nam will also be doing something else GI's all over the world do on Christmas. Volunteer soldier Santa Clauses will step out of helicopters all over the land, handing out bags of candy and presents to happy, yelling youngsters, and other servicemen will give parties for local children and war orphans.

Even communist North Viet Nam is slated to get a load of children's toys. If all goes off on schedule, U.S. Air Force planes will make a series of toy "raids" over the North, risking enemy flak, missiles and MIG fighters to parachute gifts to North Vietnamese children.

A propaganda gesture, to be sure, but part of our heritage and nature as well. U.S. Marines began their first patrols this year handing out chewing gum in every village they visited. They usually drew sniper fire in return. The bullets-for-gum exchange at the hamlet of Le My resulted in so many Marine casualties that eventually the leathernecks mounted a big operation and squashed the ugly little town. But for Christmas, there will be more chewing gum at Le My.

The big Yuletide fear high U.S. officials have is that the Viet Cong will try to take advantage of natural holiday laxity to do some terror bombing. There's a somber precedent.

One year ago, at 5:55 p.m., on Christmas Eve, the streets of downtown Saigon

TRUE

"Drink up, man! We don't have a Christmas party every day!"

It must be Amphora

Full aromatic pipe tobacco red pack

Full aroma for full pleasure! Light, mild, cool and slow-burning all the way. All bliss, no bite. Still only 40¢ a pouch. Amphora also comes Regular (Brown) and Mild Aromatic (Blue). Carefully blended and packed in Holland by Douwe Egberts Koninklijke Tabaksfabriek.

SPECIAL OFFER: Imported Stainless Steel 3-in-1 knife-style pipe tool plus pouch of AMPHORA: $1.00. Mail to Romick's, Int'l., Inc. Dept. TR, P.O. Box 3033, North Hollywood, Calif.

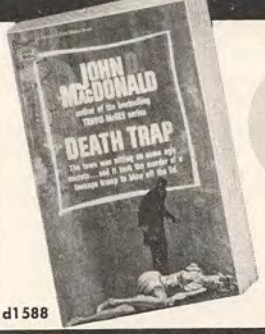
JOHN D. MacDONALD...

"A crime writer who never lets the customer down."
—*Saturday Review Syndicate*

"One of the most professional and skillful American writers at work today...."
—*Roy Newquist, Chicago's American*

"A natural-born storyteller."
—*The Toledo Blade*

ANOTHER GREAT NOVEL OF SUSPENSE, CUNNING, AND HUMAN INTRIGUE...



50c

A FAWCETT GOLD MEDAL BOOK

d1588

Buy this Fawcett Gold Medal Book from your paperback bookseller. If sold out, send only price of book plus 10¢ for postage and handling to Fawcett Gold Medal Books, Fawcett World Library, Greenwich, Connecticut. If order is for five or more books, no postage or handling charge is necessary. Please order by number and title. No Canadian orders.

The 'Fittinist' Knit . . . Cortina Choker

$14.95

The imported wool ribbed turtle neck sweater. So craftily created by Sportsville. In one size to fit all physiques. And caress every you in warmth and softest-comfort.
Colors: norse blue, winter white, black, cranberry, olive, yellow.

Broadstreet's

525 Madison Ave., N.Y. 22—also in Chicago

Cortina Choker @ $14.95	Quantity	Color	Size

☐ Check ☐ Charge ☐ C.O.D. Diners' Club #____
Name.....
Address.....
City.....Zone.....State.....
Add 50¢ for postage & handling outside delivery area. Add 50¢ for C.O.D. N.Y.C. add 5% sales tax, outside of city add tax for area. Minimum 2%.

8 times more power to relieve pain of HEMORRHOIDS!

Soothing Nupercainal concentrates on pain! Prolonged relief of pain, burning and itching starts in minutes.

If you suffer from the misery of hemorrhoids, remember this about remedies you can buy for temporary relief. The leading "shrinking" preparation contains no anesthetic to relieve pain.

No wonder so many doctors recommend Nupercainal. Soothing Nupercainal relieves pain, itching, burning fast...gives prolonged relief...because it has *over eight times more pain-killing power* than the other most commonly-used topical anesthetic!

Nupercainal quickly puts raw nerve ends to sleep . . . thus puts pain to sleep. Lets you go about your business . . . relieved of the stabbing pain, burning and itching torment of hemorrhoids. Get Nupercainal Suppositories today—with free, handy pocket-pack. Start to live again, in comfort! (Ointment also available.)

Nupercainal®

were jammed with last-minute shoppers. The weather, as usual, was sultry, but festive lights around Cathedral Square were twinkling. The American Armed Forces Radio Station was broadcasting Christmas carols. For the first time, Bob Hope and his entertainment troupe had come to Viet Nam and huge mobs of GI's from all over the country were turning out to see the famous comedian.

Suddenly the carols stopped. A brown cloud of debris mushroomed several hundred feet above the center of the capital and a thunderous explosion shattered every window for dozens of blocks.

Saigon's central square was literally showered with blood from the hundreds of casualties, although loss of life was surprisingly small. The Viet Cong had managed to blow up most of the Brink Hotel, one of the main billets for U.S. officers in the city.

The radio station was inside the hotel, but the staff managed to set up an emergency station in another building. Within a few hours, the radio was broadcasting holiday carols again, but now the songs were mixed with announcements from the Navy hospital that blood donors were urgently needed. The VC had been plotting the bombing for weeks as the perfect Christmas present to the Americans—and they succeeded in delivering their gift only too well.

Americans always seem to manage to laugh their way through things like this. In a few hours, Hope was regaling GI's with this quip: "A funny thing happened to me on the way to the hotel today. I met another hotel coming the other way."

But the comedian and many others were almost killed and security officers were not among those laughing. To minimize the danger of bombs this Christmas authorities have banned the assembling of large crowds. If Bob Hope does return, as he is expected to do despite the trepidation of top security officials here, he will be permitted to entertain only small groups in the countryside. Most GI's will be restricted to their bases and the chances are that very few will actually see him.

Nevertheless, as wars go, the one in Viet Nam hasn't been too bad for Americans so far. On December 22, 1961, Army Specialist 4 James T. Davis of Livingston, Tennessee, became the first U.S. serviceman to die in battle against the Viet Cong. Since Davis' death a few days before Christmas four years ago, about 700 more Americans have died. That's about the number killed in auto accidents in the United States on a heavy holiday weekend.

But it's not only the dying that is hard in war. If Viet Nam, thankfully, is not the frozen, bloody horror of Korea in 1951, it still envelops men in the loneliness and fear and discomfort that go along with the actual fighting.

For most of the many thousands of Americans now in Viet Nam, this will be the only Christmas they will have to spend here. The normal tour of duty for U.S. servicemen is only one year. Yet few Americans like the prospect of spending even one Christmas in this distant land where there are Viet Cong snipers and terrorist bombs to accompany the movies, hot turkey dinners and chaplains' services, and where the war has been so fuzzy that it takes the ghosts of men like Al Combs to recall its beginnings.

—**Malcolm W. Browne**

BAD NEWS FOR BAD BEARS

[*Continued from page* 37]

mensely powerful animals. (A black bear can flip a 500-pound rock just to get a few ants.)

On his map Pierson pinpoints the area where trappers and dog hunters are presently at work. "This is the Chehalis River," he says, "and this is Grays Harbor, at the mouth, right on the Pacific. The Chehalis marks the southern edge of a severe damage area and the bears are eating their way toward it. We've got to stop them at the Chehalis. Ralph Flowers is our man in that area. Marvin Jones is helping him; he's an Arkansas boy, learning our country. We don't have more than six or eight hunters at a time, can't find them."

Flowers has 415 bears to his credit, many of them more than 300 pounds in weight. One quarter of them were run to the gun by dog pack, the rest were snare trapped. Flowers starts killing when the bruins totter out of hibernation, their prime tree-eating time. Concentrating in the worst tree-chew areas, he spreads a network of 300 snares in a meandering line 150 miles back into the woods.

"The run takes me three days," says Flowers, jouncing along a forest tote road in his truck. "All the company you've got is that cloud of green flies buzzing over the truck. We bait with cow heads, the riper the better, and they weigh a ton, but it sure beats the old iron trap. This snare is a sweetheart. There's a couple behind the seat—take a look."

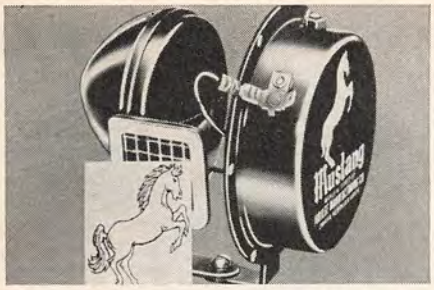
The Aldrich snare is an amazingly simple spring-driven noose of fine steel cable; it will bring an extremely high-powered animal to a screeching halt—the harder he pulls, the tighter the noose.

"Bear doesn't fight the snare long," Flowers says ruefully. "Often he'll lay down and *wait*. Then you come along with your gun. You see him straining at that thing and, you know, you have to get close to hit him in dense woods. I tell you, it takes your breath away." Flowers has had a few break loose. He has shot one at his feet, and trailed another, wounded, into thick brush. The hunter is a lean, easygoing man of 35. He does not swear, drink or play backgammon, and he can't remember when he missed church. But behind his glasses lurks a pair of hard blue eyes.

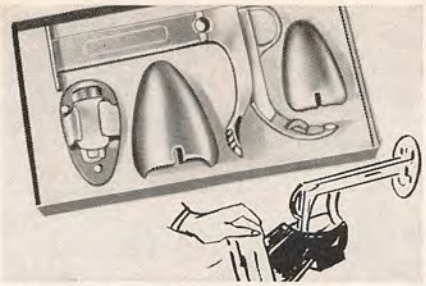
That bear slayers are hard to find is no surprise, because the tree-killing problem has burst out in the Northwest as it has in no other area, although bark biting is not unknown to lumbermen as far away as Maine. In order to get even a handful of bear men together, the Forest Protective Association is offering $100 a week and $20 a bear. In a good season, which lasts six months, a hustler like

[*Continued on page* 128]

TRUE goes shopping



PUT A MUSTANG HORN in any car and it'll whinny like a wild stallion. Lets them know you're coming. Attaches easily, under hood, to all cars. Precision-made, comes complete with horn button control, wire, mounting hardware. 5"x5½"x6", black enameled finish. Available in both 6 volts or 12 volts (specify). $14.98+75¢ pp. Hobi, Dept. TE-11, Flushing, N. Y., 11352.



HOME SHOE SHINE STAND—Mount brackets of this aluminum shoe holder to any surface and you'll be able to give your own brogans a quick, neat, professional shine. Complete with 2 interchangeable toe pieces, it'll take any shoe made, save you money. Each $3.95. 2 sets only $6.95. Charles Company, Department TR-12, 10 East 81st Street, New York 28, N. Y.

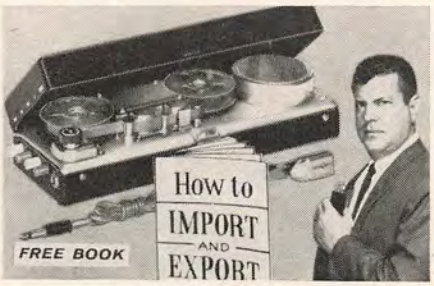
SIX-WEEK MEMO CALENDAR. Mammoth Appointment Calendar, 16½x22" won't let you forget a single important date. Shows commitments 6 weeks at a time. Printed in bold letters with roomy squares to write in for each day thru 1966. Each sheet shows past and following months; holidays. $1 each; 6 for $5. Breck's, L55 Breck Building, Boston, Mass. 02210.

PORTABLE GARAGE gives all-weather protection to boat or car. A huge 12'x25', the clear heavy-gauge plastic tarp folds easily for storage. Durable—remains pliable at temperatures as cold as 60° below zero. Saves rust damage, repairs, etc. $2.99+51¢ pp. Extra heavy-duty weight incl. 8 grommets, $5.25+71¢ pp. Barclay, Dept. T-12, 170-30 Jamaica Ave., Jamaica, N.Y.

STANDARD DIAL PHONES $11.95—Save extra steps and rental charges with these sturdy reconditioned Western Electric and Stromberg-Carlson dial phones. Rewired and refinished, this is about ¼ retail cost. Two makes a fine intercom. Complete with plugs, ready to use. $11.95. Two for $21. Lex Appliance, Dept. TR-12, 380 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

ACCORDIONS from Italy. More than 40 famous-name standard and electronic models available at savings of ½ and more. 5-day home trial. Small down payment, easy terms. Free bonus gifts, big trade-in allowances; savings on amplifiers and accessories. Free catalogs, discount price list. Accordion Corp. of America, Dept. T125E, 5535 W. Belmont, Chicago, Ill. 60641.

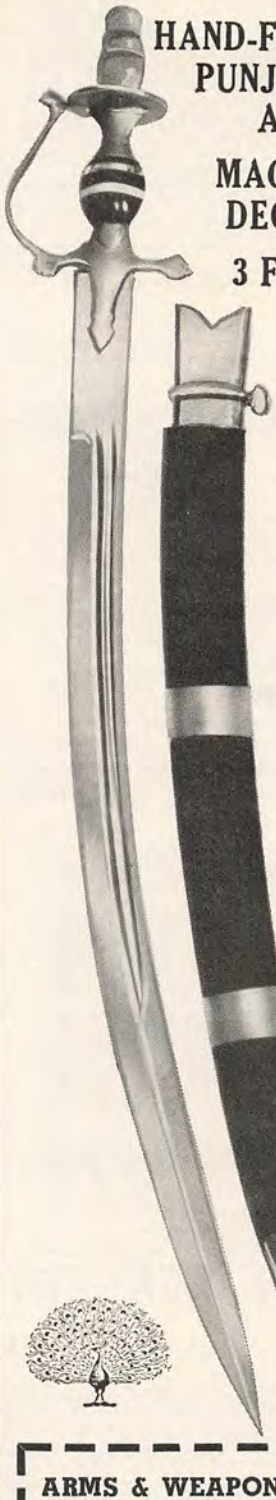
25 PUSH-UPS in a minute will keep you in trim, if you do them. If you don't, Exercycle can make the difference in your figure. An at-home exerciser programmed for your needs. Full-strength exercise in balanced, rhythmic doses of 15 minutes a day. Lots more to Exercycling, too. For complete story, write to Exercycle, Dept. T-12, 630 Third Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017.



"SPY-TYPE" miniaturized pocket tape recorder. Plays back, includes tape, hidden microphone. Start your own home import business with hundreds of dazzling imports like this. Free book reveals how to buy imports from overseas below wholesale for big profit sales to stores, mail order, friends. Mellinger Co., Dept. P32CF, 1554 S. Sepulveda, Los Angeles, Calif. 90025.

THE "JEWEL OF INDIA"

ROYAL CAVALRY SABRES



HAND-FORGED BY PUNJAB STATE ARMORERS

MAGNIFICENT DECORATION

3 FEET LONG

INLAID BRASS HANDLE

PLUSH VELVET-COVERED SCABARD

These fine cavalry sabres from India, the home of the warrior Rajput kings, were once wielded by swift-moving horse troops, are now collector's prizes at well below their real value. This type of sabre was presented to Raja Man Singh on his victory against the Mughul ruler of India in the mid 19th century. Hand-tooled, hand-engraved; overall length is a majestic 36". Brass handle has multi-colored center piece. Velvet scabbard is really striking. A fine engraved blade. A pair make a distinctive wall decoration. A solid, solid buy for $17.

ARMS & WEAPONS
Dept. TR-12, 125 East 41st St., N.Y. 17

Enclosed is check or m.o. $_____

____Royal Cavalry Sabres @ $17

____Pairs of Sabres @ $32

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____STATE_____

(Please add 95¢ postage. Thank you.)

WHY BE BALD?

When you can wear a TAYLOR TOPPER, the only patented men's hairpiece. No net, no glue, no fuss, no muss. The *only* real answer to baldness —the fabulous TAYLOR TOPPER.

MAIL COUPON NOW. COMPLETE DETAILS FREE TAYLOR TOPPER, 123 W. 28 St., New York 1, N. Y. Dept. 9302. Please mail FREE literature on TAYLOR TOPPER in plain white envelope, positively no obligation on my part. Advise office address closest to me.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

ORDER BY MAIL

Style Leaders Choose

FLAGG BROS

"GO-GO" BOOT

$9.99

Style #6118

Step out tall 'n terrific in this great, new Flagg "Go-Go" Boot . . . with Double-Decker heel and back zipper. It's 10" high . . . in Black Cordova, Black or Brown Suede. Add 60¢ postage or $1 deposit on C.O.D. orders.

FLAGG BROS., Dept. T-12, Box 1090, Nashville 3, Tenn.

WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG

LITTLE AD BIG PICTURES

Four of 'em. Huge (16" x 20") full-color gallery prints of famous World War II planes in roaring action. Ready for framing. Only $1.98 each. Any two for $3.49. All four for $4.95 (Save $2.97!) Send check or money order today to:

B-17 P-38

F4U P-40

AIRFIX by Craft Master

126 GROESBECK HIGHWAY • MT. CLEMENS, MICHIGAN

Smokey Bear LIGHTER

Never Before a Lighter with Built-in Snuffer

For safety's sake, don't risk hot sparks or ashes now Snuff-It . . . in the hidden snuffer. Perfect gift for the outdoorsman. Brushed metal with Smokey Bear symbol. Order now.

Only **$2.50.** Postage paid. Sorry — No C.O.D.'s

J. B. T. Sales Company
2166-B Market Street
San Francisco, Calif. 94114

Patent Pending

1000 Name & Address Labels $1.00

Any 3 Different Orders $2

Sensational bargain! Your name and address printed on 1000 finest quality gummed labels. Padded! Packed with FREE Plastic GIFT BOX. Use them on stationery, books, cards, etc. 1000 only $1 ppd. SPECIAL OFFER—ANY 3 DIFFERENT ORDERS $2. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. **HANDY LABELS, 1248 Jasperson Bldg., Culver City, Cal.**

FREE 72 ROUNDS OF BLANK CARTRIDGES

ITALIAN **SNUB NOSE** AUTOMATIC

$4.98

Postpaid Send cash, check or M.O. No COD's please.

Identical duplicate in styling of automatic detective revolver. Fires 12—4.5 cal. blank cartridges in 10 seconds. Not a CO_2 or Pellet gun.

FREE—72 rounds of blank cartridges included. Perfect for sports, stage, etc. Illustrated gift carton.

Request FREE Catalog

FEDERAL 6652 N. Western/Chicago, Ill. 60645 Dept. GT-11

IN PAPERBACK AT LAST

The Year's Top Fiction Bestseller

HERZOG

Winner of the National Book Award

Wherever Paperbacks Are Sold—95¢

"JOHN F. KENNEDY" 1964-P COIN SET

NOW . . . A GREATER GIFT THAN EVER . . .

2.95

10 SETS $27.50 P.P.

Please send me _____ *coin sets*

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

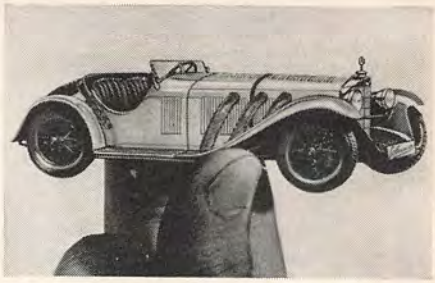
State _____

☐ Check ☐ M.O. ☐ C.O.D.

END OF AN ERA! The silver coins we have known will no longer be minted . . . the silver in the Kennedy half dollar reduced to 40%, no silver at all in quarters and dimes. But we still have brilliant uncirculated 1964 Sets, arranged in sparkling plastic holders. A wonderful Xmas gift. *Unconditionally Guaranteed.*

BIG STATE COIN CO. Dept. B6A, 1416 Commerce St., Dallas 1, Tex.

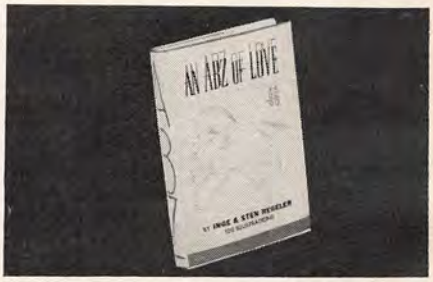
TRUE



IMPORTED SCALE MODEL MERCEDES 1928 SSK is only 4" long, yet goes 20 mph on a straight-away. A classic, it's beautifully detailed, has micro-sensitive adjustment and differential for precision steering, brake, free-wheeling, crash absorber, rubber tires, etc. The price is $4.95. Antique Toy Co., Dept. TR-11, 122 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N.Y.

KEY-BAK KEY REEL. Spend more time hunting game, no time hunting your keys (duck-calls, knives, etc.). Wear Key-Bak on your belt and keys are always handy, always safe. Pocket-watch size; rugged steel chain reaches two feet; clock spring, patented reel. Price is $2.95. Order from Lummis Manufacturing Co., Dept. T-12, 2242 East Foothill Blvd., Pasadena, Calif.

TALKING SANTA CLAUS is almost 42" tall when fully inflated. A transcribed record tape says "Merry Christmas." Toss him in the air and he lands on his big feet—leaning and tilting in every direction. But, he always stays upright. Brightly colored, 1-piece quality latex, inflates easily. $1+25¢ pp. Mother Hubbard, Dept. SC-14, 183 Essex St., Boston, Mass. 02111.



"AN ABZ OF LOVE" is "The best sex book ever published" says The London Sunday Times. This book, with over 120 illustrations, presents a completely new and unusual approach to physical love. With it you get Henry Miller's notorious novel "World of Sex." Both for $8.50+45¢ pp. Greenwich Village Press, Dept. T-12, 31—2nd Ave., New York 3, N.Y.

goes shopping

SHEEP LINED SLIPPER. A full grain leather, no-sole moccasin slipper completely lined with sheepskin with the wool next to your foot. Ideal for warmth and comfort. In Dark Brown. Ladies' sizes 4 to 10, whole sizes only. Men's sizes 6 to 12, whole sizes only. Ladies' style, $8.55. Men's style, $8.80. Order from L. L. Bean, Dept. T-12, Freeport, Maine.

"$500 IN YOUR MAILBOX EVERYDAY" is a new book written by a mail order executive who has done it for years and is doing it right now. A fabulous book that can mean a new life for you no matter where you live or what you now do for a living. A great investment. $4.98. Council Publishing Corp., Dept. E-156, 605 Third Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10016.

LEARN TO PLAY GUITAR IN 7 DAYS. Famous Guitarist, Ed Sale, teaches you how to play a song the first day, and any song by ear or note in 7 days. You get Instruction Book, 110 Songs (Words and Music), Chord Finder of all chords used in popular music, and Special Guitarist's Book of Knowledge for $2.98. Order from Ed Sale, Studio T-12, Avon-By-The-Sea, N.J.

LIVE SEAHORSES. Raise in goldfish bowl or jar. See Father Seahorse give birth to live babies! Fascinating hobby for young and old. Free food, instructions included. Live delivery guaranteed. One Seahorse $1; mated pair for $2; 2 mated pairs only $2.95. (Plus 25¢ post. all orders.) Florida Seahorse Co., Department TR-56, Box 300, Miami Beach 39, Fla.

TITANIA

the miracle jewel stone you read about in The READER'S DIGEST

MORE BRILLIANT and More Beautiful than DIAMONDS

Unset "Titania" jewel, 1 to 5 carats, for your own rings, brooches, etc. Per carat. ONLY------- $12*

1 carat "Titania" Solitaire set in a beautiful 14 kt gold mounting. Complete ONLY---------- $29.00*

1 carat "Titania" set in a Masculine box style 14 kt mounting. Complete ONLY---------- $37.00*

Write for FREE HANDY RING SIZE CHART & 120 PAGE FULL COLOR JEWELRY CATALOG.
* No more Federal tax

REGENT LAPIDARY CO. 10 DAY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
Dept. T-20, 511 EAST 12 ST., NEW YORK 9, N. Y.

EXCLUSIVE 3-WAY HEAVY KNIT HOOD, HAT OR UNDER CHIN

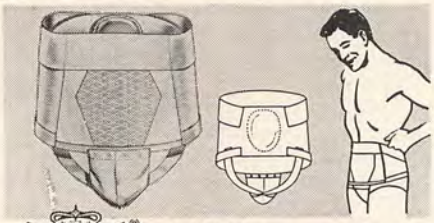
STORM HOOD

$1.19 plus 15¢ postage and handling for each hood

Anyone who goes outdoors when it's cold and damp, needs this sensational new design. Wonderfully warm, it protects your head, mouth, neck and ears, keeps out cutting wind and biting cold. Available only by mail in black or red wool. Fits men, women, children. Money back guarantee.

6 for $7 ppd.
FREE GIFT CATALOG

BARCLAY, Dept. 73-N
170-30 Jamaica Ave., Jamaica, N. Y., 11432



Pi PEER® SLIM-master
for that slim youthful look

Takes years off your figure in seconds! Pulls stomach up and in. Wide, no-roll abdominal panel. Flat, foam rubber back pad supports back, eases minor aches & pains of backstrain. Unique design prevents riding or slipping. Cool mesh detachable pouch. An amazing value at $5.98. Send waist size. Guaranteed to slim your appearance or money back if returned postpaid within 30 days. Add 25c postage. **PIPER BRACE, Department T-125A, 811 Wyandotte, Kansas City, Mo.**

WHAT CAN YOU LOSE? Items shown in True Goes Shopping are sold on a moneyback guarantee. If you are not satisfied with what you get, send it back, pal.

. . . right into your tape recorder — then play it back and listen to *the lively sound* of your own voice — so natural, no one can tell the difference. University's new revolutionary Attaché is the smallest cardioid dynamic microphone ever made. Priced right too! *Free! "Microphones '66"* — a book every owner of a tape recorder should have.

UNIVERSITY SOUND
A DIVISION OF LTV LING ALTEC INC
Dept. M525, Box 1056
Oklahoma City, Okla. 73101

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State ..... Zip .....

$5.95 ppd. Add 60c for Air Mail

MERRY CHRISTMAS for YOUR DOG
or Any Dog You Know

Complete with black belt, gold buckle, hat and beard. Made from 100% cotton flannel by quality coat manufacturer.

MAKES A BRIGHT RED HIT

Wonderful fun and hilarity for all dogs from terriers to collies. Comes in sizes 8 to 20. Measure from collar to base of tail in inches.

WEAR IT YEAR AFTER YEAR

COUNTRY CLUB PRODUCTS, Dept. Linda
210 W. 8th St. Kansas City, Mo. 64105
WRITE FOR OUR GIFT CATALOG

U.S. GOV'T SURPLUS

DIRECT FROM GOV'T. FOR ONLY A FRACTION OF ORIGINAL COST. BUY FOR AS LITTLE AS 2¢ AND 3¢ ON THE DOLLAR!!

Examples:
JEEPS $63.00
BOATS $178.00
BICYCLES $5.50
TELESCOPES $4.00
LEATHER BOOTS 65¢
TYPEWRITERS $8.79
AIRPLANES $159.00
REFRIGERATORS $5.00
PASS. BUSSES $208.00

COMPLETE SOURCES AND INFORMATION ON HOW YOU CAN BUY THOUSANDS OF ITEMS FROM GOV'T—ONLY $1.00

FREE!! FREE!! EXTRA 48 PAGE SECTION WITH PICTURES AND PRICES OF MORE THAN 500 ITEMS. YOU CAN ORDER DIRECT BY MAIL AT RIDICULOUSLY LOW SURPLUS PRICES. YOURS FREE WHEN YOU SEND $1.00 FOR THE DIRECTORY.
THIS IS THE WORLD'S LARGEST STOCK!!

RIFLES 10.95
PARACHUTES 21.95
BOATS 16.45
SHOES 1.65
JACKETS 3.25
TENTS 6.55
BAYONETS 2.15
HAND GRENADES 1.60
COMMANDO KNIVES 1.38
COMPASSES 1.05
HOLSTERS 2.15
MACHETTES 2.15
GOGGLES 61c

PISTOL BELTS 1.05
STEEL HELMETS 2.15
GIANT BALLOONS 1.38
MODEL CANNONS 1.38
BAYONETS 1.65
CARTRIDGE BELTS 1.05
STEEL AXES 2.70
CANTEENS 67c
FOLDING STOVE 1.38
FIELD PACK 1.05
MIRRORS 61c
FIELD JACKETS 3.25
AND Bunk Beds,

Life Rafts, Walkie Talkies, Swords, Paratrooper Boots, Flags, Sleeping Bags, Cots, Phones, Mine Detectors, Bugles, Hand & Leg Irons, Blankets, Bullet Proof Vests, Flares, Cartridge Belts, Ammo, Rifle Scopes, Maps, Shovels, Canteens, Saddles, First Aid Supplies, Sunglasses, Mess Kits, Haversacks, AND HUNDREDS MORE

BUY ONE, TWO OR A DOZEN OF ANY ITEM YOU WANT.
MINIMUM ORDERS AS LOW AS $5.00 ACCEPTABLE

FREE HOME TRIAL COUPON

SURPLUS BARGAINS, DEPT. 156-12
605 THIRD AVENUE
NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

I enclose $1.00. Send the combined catalog and directory immediately. I understand that my money will be refunded if I am not completely satisfied. Also I will receive a full refund with my first order of $10.00 or more.

Name _____ (Please Print)
Address _____
City _____ State _____

FULL PURCHASE PRICE OF $1.00 REFUNDED WITH FIRST ORDER OF $10.00 OR MORE

If you want to STOP SMOKING here's how!

by Whitey Ford

The famous Major League pitcher who holds the most World Series records tells what happened when he decided smoking was not good for his physical fitness.

I talked to my doctor about smoking and he advised me to quit. I did. But it was hard. Then I heard about a little pill called Bantron. I was surprised to find that it helped a lot to keep me from smoking. Now, when I feel like relapsing, I just take Bantron instead.

Bantron was discovered by doctors in the research department of a great American University. Tests on hundreds of people showed that it helped more than 4 out of 5 of *all* people who wanted to stop smoking to do so in five to seven days. Even those who didn't stop completely had drastically cut down.

And the Bantron way is so easy and pleasant! Bantron does not affect your taste, is not habit forming. It acts as a substitute for the nicotine in your system, and curbs your desire for tobacco.

Try Bantron. You will be amazed at the results you get. It's so safe when taken as directed that you can get it at all drug stores without a prescription. Also available in Canada.

Bantron BRAND ® Smoking Deterrent Tablets

Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery Stops Itch – Relieves Pain

For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain – without surgery.

In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

Most amazing of all – results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®) – discovery of a world-famous research institute.

This substance is now available in *suppository* or *ointment form* under the name *Preparation H®*. Ask for it at all drug counters.

TRANSEAL

STOPS LEAKS IN AUTOMATIC TRANSMISSIONS

at Service Stations, Auto and Hardware Stores

[*Continued from page* 124]

Flowers can bag 200, for a half-year salary of $6,600. He'll spend the rest of the year on his private taxidermy business or working in a mill. In a bad year Flowers will kill 100, but the income is still better than the industrial alternatives, and the lumber people take care of his truck, gas and ammunition. "I have to breed and feed my hounds," Flowers admits, "but I like dogs anyway."

Flowers brakes his truck; the dogs in their box in back yowl for a trail. "I've got a trap over in there," he says. "C'mon." He is off into a dense, dark forest. He seems to float through fallen trees and branches. Now he stops. "Look there!" He points high on the boles of nearly cuttable fir and hemlock. They are gouged, twisted, diseased, where wood tissue has scarred unsuccessfully over old bear wounds. Soon we come to a section of younger trees, many of which have recently been stripped. The bears have shredded outer bark, then peeled inner wood away in big patches.

We pick our way deeper into the forest and at last reach the snare set. It is at the base of a rotting 300-year-old stump fully five feet thick.

The snare has been buried in a channel between rotting roots beside a reeking, ripe steer head. A big bear footprint is visible directly over the buried trap.

"Bear, he'll always step in an old print," Flowers says, "so we make him a print to step into. He trips the spring and the cable pops up around his leg."

Later, at an intersection, we meet another truck, another hunter with a box of whining bear dogs. He is Marvin Jones: short, snappy, boyishly cheerful and built like a post.

"Come on," says Flowers, "let's hunt."

A dog called Squealer is loosed first. She is an easy-loping, procrastinative dog who sniffs every leaf. She is the best strike dog, the scout, holding whiff of coyote or deer in utter contempt. We chug along behind her in the truck.

Then Jones boosts his strike dog out to give Squealer some competition. The ploy works. Squealer starts eating up the air, vacuuming the ground with a new thoroughness. They go on mile after mile at a merry clip until Squealer plows into a wall of bear scent. So abruptly does she halt that her hind legs rise right off the ground. Then without hesitation, both strike dogs plunge into the swampy thickets beside the road.

"Bay-arrrh!" shouts Jones as his dogs clatter out of their stinking carry cage. Flowers grins as he lets his own dogs go. There may be trees to save, there may be a buck to earn, but it is clear that there is another reason why these men are in the game: sport, pure and simple.

"See how they go to the hot end of the trail," says the hunter proudly. "Amazing, isn't it? Sniff a yard of it and you know the hot end. The bear is sure on the hot end of it now. Listen to that music," says Flowers. "Squealer! Marauder! Listen to 'em all!"

We jounce from crossway to crossway through the woods trying to outguess the bear. The truck caroms out of chuck holes, but Flowers shouts with glee, brakes to a stop and hops out to cock a rabbit ear. "They went thataway!" he yodels. We loop for another interception, and reach a road which the bear seems about to cross. At last the baying rises in a rush of blooded music.

The bear is squeezed between the pack and us. The baying rushes closer.

Flowers scuttles along the road, crabwise, rifle held one-handed, as the dogs close. Below, in a gully, a stream sizzles. Then a crash and a splash: the tree chewer has arrived. Rackety bang he comes up the bank and bombs onto the road. Flowers snap shoots with practiced ease and the bear flips. *Crack* again. The bear flops, trembling, and dies.

The sun hasn't much time in the sky, so Flowers field dresses the carcass in a hurry. The bear's muscles are steel tough, the claws are shipping hooks and the teeth are buzz-saw sharp.

Flowers bends over the bear taking measurements for the record. He notes the sex (male), the color phase (black, although "black" bears may be brown or cinnamon), the age (about five years).

Finally, the game is hauled out of the woods for some game club to dull its teeth on. Bear steaks are always in high demand for ceremonial banquets, but Smokey's trail does not end beside the peas and mashed potatoes. His data, duly recorded, become part of the massive compilation under Doug Pierson's hand at the Forest Research Center.

Pierson explains, "Very little is known of the bear's actual habits and wanderings. We don't understand his diet too well either so we even study his scats. In the fall, bears are supposed to stuff themselves on cascara berries and salal, but by analyzing stomach content and scats we learn they don't. Very slow detective work. The real payoff, I think, is going to be radio-bears, bears wired for sound."

Radio-bear will win the bear war, the way Pierson talks. Captured bears will be fitted with transmitter collars and let go. They will be followed with direction-finder jeeps. In this way the researchers will determine what sort of country the bears prefer, learn their migration patterns, catch them tree nipping and size up the conditions that cause the habit.

At this writing nine bears have been given free radios. Seven have vanished into the tall timber to listen to the Beatles, for all anyone knows. The other two quickly burned out their batteries, turning their "beep-beep" into a steady buzz and then fading away altogether.

Now, a 36-year-old electronics wizard on loan from the Signal Corps is trying to figure out a way to keep radio-bear on the air. His name is Don Taylor and he is using an airplane, a little Cessna equipped with an antenna. "On the ground," Taylor says, "the hills get in the way and you can't pick up the bear's signal." Up in the air, he thinks it should come in loud and clear.

So the ground crews keep on wiring up the bears and Taylor keeps on listening.

Meanwhile the bill for damages mounts. A Washington timber outfit recently bulldozed 2,000 acres of bear-ruined forest for replanting. Cost? $70,000. Never underestimate the power of a tree-loving bear. —**Dale Shaw**

THE SECRET D-DAY SPY PLOT

[*Continued from page* 57]
chance of success. OVERLORD was the name given the invasion plan.

The troops were afraid. British Army Intelligence reported that "the average young officer is expecting to die in the assault, and among the rank there is that same heavy weight of apprehension and dismal foreboding." The uneasiness went so deep that Montgomery abandoned his maps, took up his pilgrim's staff and preached a new crusade with the theme: "We're the best team, and with God's help we shall win." He addressed the men of the invasion forces, often six or seven times a day.

The morale of the American 1st Division was collapsing. The men were asking to be sent back to the States. This was the toughest, proudest and most seasoned of the American divisions in Europe. It had known two "D-Days" already: in North Africa and in Sicily. When counterattacked by the crack armored division the *Hermann Goering*, soon after landing in Sicily, the men of the First had dug in and let the enemy tanks go through. Then they attacked the German infantry following up, and put them to flight. But now the "Big Red One" refused to take part in a third D-Day. It wanted to go home. The morale of the 29th, the other division due to go into the assault on Omaha Beach, was just as low. It had never been under fire, and casualties of 90 percent were predicted. Eisenhower sent General Bradley, who was no orator, to talk to the men. "This stuff about tremendous losses is tommyrot," he told them. "Some of you won't come back—but it'll be very few." The staff reporters of *Stars and Stripes* and other army publications were told to write enthusiastic articles on the great strides that had been made in military medicine. They wrote optimistically about the chances of survival of the wounded.

On both sides of the channel, propaganda was concentrated on the invasion, on the Second Front. Goebbels proclaimed: "We have fortified the coast of Europe from the North Cape to the Mediterranean and installed the deadliest weapons that the 20th century can produce."

Goebbels said: "The final victory will be won on the western front," and the Allies kept repeating this too. The war was dragging on, and the Allied forces were creeping up Italy at a snail's pace, but there was this great sledgehammer blow about to fall on the Germans. America was waiting for it. Russia, exhausted, was waiting for it. So was Britain, which had become so packed with troops and materiel that people were saying the tight little island would sink without the thousands of barrage balloons to hold it up. Occupied Europe, where the Resistance groups were being hounded by the Gestapo, was waiting for it. In France, in 1944, an active Resistance member was reckoned to have only another six months of freedom before arrest and inevitable death. Battles were going on in Russia, Italy and the Pacific. There was fighting on the seas and in the air. But the enemy peoples, drugged by propaganda, held their breath as they waited for news of the decisive clash which was to take place on a few miles of beach. Both sides saw this battle as the "moment of truth" of the whole war, and they were right.

If the Germans threw the Allies back into the sea, Hitler would gain a long respite and all his plans would again become possible. For him, this respite would make all the difference between possible victory and certain defeat. His U-boat packs had been driven out of the Atlantic by the British, but he was building electrically powered submarines whose speed and underwater endurance would enable them to escape pursuit. The Luftwaffe had been overwhelmed by the Allied air forces, but Messerschmitt was making the Me-163 jet, which would sweep the enemy from the skies. These were not secret weapons which might turn out to be illusory, but materiel that would soon be ready for use in the war, and in sufficient quantity to wrest from the Allies the air and sea mastery indispensable for a fresh invasion attempt. There were the V-1's and V-2's, which would rain down on proud London and reduce her to submission. Finally, there was the possibility of driving a wedge between the Allies by negotiating with a Russia disappointed by the Anglo-American failure and reeling under the pressure of German divisions transferred from the west.

All this was at stake for the Führer in the coming clash, and it was in order to explain the situation to his western commanders that he had brought them to his Rastenburg lair on that 20th of March, 1944. The Wall had to be held, come what might. The Wall was where victory had to be won.

But the Wall was a myth. As Von Rundstedt was to write: "Nothing in front of it, nothing behind—a mere showpiece. The best that could be hoped for was that it might hold up an attack for 24 hours, but any resolute assault was bound to make a breakthrough, anywhere along it, within a day at most. And once this had been done, the rest of it could be taken from the rear, for it all faced out to sea and so became quite useless."

The guns had been mounted in concrete casemates instead of moving turrets because of the steel shortage. This limited their field of fire. They had come from 10 defeated countries and were of 28 different calibers. Spare parts were unobtainable; there were very few fire-control instruments, necessary for firing at moving ships. The average age of gunners was 45.

The German Seventh Army, which was to take the whole weight of the Allied assault, was equipped with 92 different models of weapons using 252 kinds of ammunition, of which 47 were no longer being made. The battalion commanders had no cars: they were supposed to go into battle on horseback.

A more serious weakness than the assorted and outdated arms and equipment was the poor quality of the troops. The best men and units were being thrown into the Russian caldron. The west received only the elderly and the very young, the disabled and the sick, soldiers who had suffered third-degree frostbite on the Russian front. Since there were not enough German soldiers, contingents of foreigners had been enrolled to fight under the swastika banner. In 1944 the Wehrmacht, sword of a nation which committed genocide in the name of racial purity, included Negroes and Indians in its ranks. Cossacks, Armenians and Tartars, as well as Frenchmen, Belgians and Mongolians, and 23 battalions of disgruntled Russians, former prisoners of war who had been given a choice between starvation and the German uniform.

But there were also the armored divisions, the paratroopers and the S.S.

The German tanks were superior to all but the Stalin tank. The Sherman's shells could not penetrate the seven-inch thickness of steel that protected the Tiger, and they glanced off the angled armor of a Panther. The only way of knocking out these German monsters was by a flank attack, but a shell from one of their 88's or 75's could stop any Allied tank. Von Rundstedt had 10 armored divisions under his command on D-Day, strategically disposed behind the Wall. They had all been forged on the Russian anvil; the Panzer Lehr was the strongest in the

German army, and the 12th S.S. Hitler Jugend was commanded by the fanatical Kurt Meyer—in August his infantrymen would fight the Canadians with shovels when their ammunition gave out.

Only these tanks and these men could throw the Allies back into the sea.

If Von Rundstedt was to set his trap in the right place, if his armored divisions were to avoid having to make long journeys on roads and rails bombed by Allied planes and harassed by the Resistance, and if their steel jaws were to close on the invasion forces in time, German intelligence would have to answer this double question: "When and Where?"

The periscope emerged off the French coast. Thirty feet below, a British lieutenant commander had his eye glued to the eyepiece. At first he saw only water streaming across the lens, then the dark outline of the shore against the sky. He turned the periscope from left to right. Steep cliffs came into view, then rolling hills, then more cliffs. He lowered the periscope and gave his crew the order to proceed at reduced speed.

The crew normally consisted of two men, but that night a commando officer and sergeant were also in the midget submarine. The motor was purring gently, driving the submarine towards the hostile coast. The lieutenant commander had another look through the periscope, then gave the order to surface. The hull broke through the dark water some 300 yards from the beach. Everything was calm. Seconds later the two commandos, wearing frogmen's suits and each carrying a dagger and .45 automatic, slid into the icy water, carefully to avoid the slightest splash. The lieutenant commander watched them swimming towards the beach until they were swallowed up by the night.

After a few minutes Major Logan Scott Bowden and Sergeant Bruce Ogden Smith reached the edge of the forest of obstacles which, on Field Marshal Rommel's orders, had been growing since January all along the shore. They worked their way between the stakes until they touched bottom. They continued on their hands and knees and crawled the last few yards on their bellies. When they reached dry sand they lay still and scanned the deserted beach for German sentries.

One of Sergeant Ogden Smith's peculiarities was that he was a sergeant. At the beginning of the war it had been a fad among certain stylish young Englishmen to refuse to accept a commission, from a kind of inverted snobbery. They were called "the long-haired brigade." Most of them, in time, had given in to the advantages and attractions of officer rank. But Ogden Smith had remained a sergeant. It pleased him not to be an officer, as it pleased him to wage his own little war within the big one. No one knew exactly what he did, not even his wife.

The strangest part of it was that the major and the sergeant might have been there for nothing. Soldiers often die for nothing, but it is relatively rare for their leaders to accept this possibility, and even rarer for them to create it deliberately. Bowden and Smith had already reconnoitered a score of beaches. There was of course no question of making D-Day landings on 20 beaches, and the five to be used had long since been decided upon. But there was always the chance that the two men might be captured, handed over to the Gestapo and tortured. If they talked, the enemy would be able to concentrate forces on the areas where they had reconnoitered the beaches. So they were deliberately sent to beaches 100 miles and more away from the area chosen for the invasion. They could not therefore reveal the great secret if captured and tortured, for they did not know which of the beaches they had visited were the selected ones.

But on this particular night they were on a beach about two miles long, set between steep cliffs with a line of low hills ahead. The sands they were crawling over would be soaking up the blood of American soldiers before three months had passed. They were on "Bloody Omaha."

They attached one end of a fishing line to a peg which they stuck in the sand. A glass bead had been attached to it every 50 yards. The two men were crawling along one behind the other. The first was digging at the sand with his dagger, feeling for mines. The second was unwinding the line; each time he came to a glass bead he fixed the line in the sand with one of his brass pegs, so that he marked exactly the path being taken. They would thus have no mines to fear on the return journey. At each bead he also brought up a sample of sand and put it into one of his little bags.

Suddenly the two commandos saw a German sentry. He was walking too casually to have had his suspicions aroused. But he was headed straight toward the line they had strung out behind them. They drew their pistols.

It had all begun a few weeks earlier, when an officer on General Montgomery's staff, working on invasion plans, began thinking about vacations he had spent at seaside resorts in Normandy before the war. Thoughts of good old times at the seaside had reminded him of seeing large patches of clay on those Normandy beaches and made him wonder if assault tanks would get bogged down in this clay.

Geologists were consulted, and reported that there were similar patches in England on the beach at Brancaster, in Norfolk. Tanks were driven over the clay patches at Brancaster, and got stuck. This was a disaster. There was only one thing left to do: call in Hobart.

Percy Hobart was a professional soldier and had been one of the pioneers of tank warfare and had given all his time to inventing and perfecting a number of special tanks for the Normandy invasion.

His answer to the patches of clay was the "Bobbin" tank which unrolled long strips of steel matting ahead of it, thus making a firm path for itself and for the ordinary tanks following later.

Then began the task of checking the position of the clay patches on the five chosen landing beaches, so that Hobart's "Bobbin" tanks could there be given priority.

The sentry stepped on the fishing line and it sank into the sand silently. He went peacefully on his way, completely unaware of having provided the enemy with an important piece of information: the beach was not mined. Bowden and Smith stayed flat on the sands for a minute or two longer.

The German sentry had now disappeared, but he might return. The two commandos cautiously withdrew down the beach, taking the line with them. After slipping into the water and swimming for a few minutes they signaled with their flashlights. The midget submarine emerged from the darkness and took them safely on board. Thus ended this visit to Omaha Beach. They were to make another visit, which would be by far the most spectacular and dramatic. Instead of arriving like thieves in the night, they were in at dawn, leading an army brought by 5,000 ships. For General Omar N. Bradley asked at the last minute for the two commandos to guide the American assault troops to the beach they knew so well.

Every yard of beach had been photographed by reconnaissance planes flying high or skimming the waves. Scrutinized, assembled and classified by experts, the aerial photos had supplied a large crop of information. But they could not reveal whether the clayey sand of Omaha Beach would bog down the Allied war machine, or what metal had been used to make the obstacles that Rommel had installed along the shore.

Oddly enough, although these beaches were to be the scene of the first assault, all this information was essential not so much for H-Hour as for the hours that would follow. Rommel's obstacles would hinder the assault troops but could not stop them. The obstacles might, however, hold up the flow of reinforcements and materiel, thus blocking the vital arteries to the beachhead. In the American sector alone, the equivalent of 200 trainloads of troops had to be gotten ashore in 18 hours.

Everything had to be checked: the strength of the offshore currents, the depth of the water, the slope of the beaches, the consistency of the land, the shape and weight of the obstacles.

But to make sure that this elaborately and minutely planned invasion would fail, the Germans had only to know a date and the name of a French province.

In that month of March, 1944, when many agents were converging on Britain to discover the great secret of "When and Where," every German embassy received a cable from Von Ribbentrop, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, which was headed "Highly Confidential and Most Secret." It asked them to find out as soon as possible, and at any price, the meaning of the code name *Overlord*.

This cable must have puzzled all members of the diplomatic staffs except Ludwig Moyzisch, the representative of the German secret service at the embassy in Ankara. Documents relating to Operation *Overlord* had been sent from London to the British ambassador in Ankara, Sir Hughe Knatchbull-Hugessen. Locked by him in the embassy safe, the documents had been taken out and photographed by his valet, Elyesa Bazna. A few hours later,

Moyzisch had sent the photographs to Berlin, having paid Bazna the impressive sum of £10,000 for each roll of film. The traffic had been going on for six months. Photographs of several hundred secret documents had been sent to Berlin. Many were of the utmost importance, for Knatchbull-Hugessen was a top-ranking diplomat and the Foreign Office sent him information that went beyond his function in Ankara. He was kept informed of decisions made at the highest level. In Bazna, who was code named "Cicero" because of the eloquence of the documents he made available, the Germans had the most effective agent of all their espionage network.

On receipt of Von Ribbentrop's cable, Moyzisch got out his file of all the microfilms received from Cicero. After studying them closely for several hours he reached the conclusion that *Overlord* was the name for a military operation on the largest scale: the opening of the second front by the Allies. He immediately sent a coded message to Berlin; as a professional he fully realized the importance of his discovery. The German agents operating in Britain must be warned without delay that the invasion whose date and location they were seeking bore the name *Overlord*.

At that time the small German colony in Turkey was still recovering from the incredible event that had happened two months earlier at the consulate in Istanbul. Two minor officials of the German secret service had defected and were said to have taken some documents to the English. How could Moyzisch have guessed that Hitler's rage at these unimportant defections had made him commit a major blunder: the reorganization of the whole German secret service? And the Nazi intelligence system was too weak to stand reshuffling.

The old fox Duchez would have been valuable to any school of espionage; he was the perfect example of the kind of man not to be used in intelligence work at any price. A house painter with a wife and children, he was loquacious and careless. Every day, the people in the cafes he visited were entertained by his latest account of what Rene Duchez would eventually do to Adolf Hitler.

There were probably only two categories of people who did not lose any sleep over Duchez: the leaders of his Resistance group *Centurie*, especially Leonard Gille, a Caen lawyer, because they knew his great cunning; and the local Gestapo officers, because they thought he was too stupid to be dangerous.

During the morning of May 7, 1942, Duchez read an official notice on the board outside the town hall. It said that the Todt Organization—the German engineering group in charge of building the Wall—needed some of its offices redecorated and asked for estimates, which had to be submitted by 5 o'clock on May 6. Duchez was therefore too late. But he disliked missing an opportunity of penetrating one of the Todt lairs.

Duchez drove his old Peugot truck to the Todt headquarters in Caen. This was on the Rue de la Geole, "Street of the Jail."

There, when asked his price for papering two offices, Duchez named a sum low enough to be sure of getting the job. The officer took him along to the office of *Bauleiter* Schnedderer.

Schnedderer, a burly man with a scar on his face, had definite tastes in wallpaper. The next morning, just before 10, Duchez entered the office of *Bauleiter* Schnedderer for the second time, with a roll of samples under his arm.

Duchez later said that it had all happened as if in a dream. His hands had seemed to move of their own accord, and he had merely watched them.

He was standing three paces from the desk where *Bauleiter* Schnedderer was bent over the samples of wallpaper, showing his bald head, when an officer knocked, entered the room, saluted with a click of his heels, and put a large bundle of maps on the *Bauleiter's* desk. These were acknowledged with a curt nod of the bald head, and the officer at once withdrew. Schnedderer pushed the samples of wallpaper aside and picked up the top map of the bundle. He sat back in his chair to unfold it, but it was too long for him to do so entirely. The map was drawn on thin tracing paper, and Duchez recognized the outline of the Normandy coast. Schnedderer looked at it for only a few seconds, then put it down on his desk and returned to the samples.

Then Schnedderer got up to give dictation and stood with his back to Duchez in the doorway of the office. Duchez took a step forward and drew the map toward him. It was covered with annotations and mysterious signs. He was able to make out a few words: "Blockhouse," "Main Defense Line." In thick red letters in one corner was *Sehr Geheim*. He knew that meant "Top Secret."

Duchez knew that he had not one chance in a thousand of succeeding, but he took the map. Just behind him was a large mirror hanging from a nail. Duchez stealthily moved back a step, felt about with his right hand—still keeping his eyes on the German and slipped the map between the mirror and the wall. Schnedderer at last turned around, glanced at him rather absentmindedly, and noticed nothing wrong. He showed him the wallpaper he liked and told him to start the job on Monday.

It had all been like a dream, or a nightmare. The hardest thing for Duchez was to go back to the Todt offices at 8 o'clock Monday morning. He had no hope that the theft would have gone unnoticed, and knew that suspicion was bound to fall on him. With his pot of paste in one hand and the rolls of paper under the other arm, he walked briskly past the guardroom and went in to start papering the first of the rooms. For two hours he worked away, singing in his squeaky voice, until a soldier came to tell him that it annoyed the officers. Duchez asked when he could see *Bauleiter* Schnedderer. He felt reassured by now; the theft had not been discovered, and all he had to do was to retrieve the map.

"*Bauleiter* Schnedderer isn't here," replied the soldier. "He's been transferred. His place here has been taken by *Bauleiter* Keller."

It was goodbye to the map unless Duchez could get into the *Bauleiter's* office. Next morning, he went back with his papering equipment and asked to see the young lieutenant responsible for the work done to the building.

"It's about *Bauleiter* Keller's office," Duchez said to him. "*Bauleiter* Schnedderer personally asked me to do it. He must have said something about it to the officer who replaced him. . . ."

The lieutenant, disconcerted, took Duchez to the office with the mirror and reported to the new *Bauleiter*.

"I know nothing about it," thundered Keller. "And anyway, we've spent all our allowance for repairs."

Duchez, with a smile of a misunderstood idiot, explained that there had been no question of money between himself and *Bauleiter* Schnedderer. He had offered to repaper the office for nothing, as a token of his friendship for the German Army. Genuine emotion softened the lieutenant's face and he accepted.

The map, which was 10-feet long and more than two-feet wide, arrived in London on June 21, 1942. It revealed what the Wall would eventually be like between Cherbourg and Honfleur, with its blockhouses, flamethrowers and gun batteries.

Allied intelligence officers studied this wonderful gift with admiration tinged by sadness. For it was certain that the Germans, after the theft of the map, would alter their plans and this section of the Wall when completed would have little resemblance to the original conception of the Todt engineers. Such a conclusion was only logical; yet from beginning to end of this crazy episode there was no place for logic. The heads of the Todt organization were so dismayed that they did not report the loss of the map to the Gestapo, or to army headquarters or even to their immediate superiors. The work was begun in accordance with the original plans. Some weeks later, when the first reports on the fortifications being built reached London, it was the turn of Allied Intelligence Officers to think the whole thing was crazy. But the evidence provided by aerial photographs removed all doubt: the Allies were actually in possession of a complete and detailed plan of the section of the Atlantic Wall being built in the future invasion area.

German intelligence was obviously in poor trim. But there was no reason for it to be. If there was one head of a secret service who ought to have felt he had a free hand and could give his imagination and audacity free rein it was Wilhelm Canaris, who Hitler put at the head of the Abwehr, the German Army's intelligence arm, in January, 1935.

During World War I, Wilhelm Canaris had been the lover of Mata Hari, whom he persuaded to act as a spy in France. When her activities became dangerous to him, he denounced her to the French and she found herself in front of the firing squad. Previous to this painful episode he had organized some successful sabotage on the American coast. Then he was captured by the Italians—who were in the Allied camp in that war—but escaped dressed in the cassock of the prison chaplain, whom he had strangled.

Such was the legend surrounding Admiral Canaris. It origi-

nated partly in the minds of British intelligence officers who, in 1942, organized a violent campaign against the head of the Abwehr, calling him an assassin, a "rat with a human face" and an "evil genius." The object was to divert the suspicions of the Gestapo and to strengthen his position with the Nazi leaders.

Actually, Wilhelm Canaris had begun his intelligence career in 1915, when he was the intelligence officer of the cruiser *Dresden,* one of the German raiders which operated against Allied merchant shipping in the South Atlantic. When the raider was finally tracked down by British warships and took refuge in a Chilean port, the crew was interned. Canaris escaped and ended up the war in command of a submarine in the Adriatic. After the armistice he was finally transferred to the small naval base of Swinemünde, on the Baltic. It seemed likely that he was going to end his career there, in mediocrity and boredom, when, in January, 1935, he was made head of the Abwehr.

He was then 47, a small man with a ruddy face and white hair who felt the cold even in summer and hardly ever took off his overcoat. He detested the military virtues and showed great disgust when told that some officer was the epitome of them. The sight of military decorations made him bristle, so anyone who had a favor to ask of him was careful to remove all medals and ribbons. He wore his uniform only when protocol forced him to.

These peculiarities, which hardly fit the usual picture of a master spy, ought to have earned Admiral Canaris several ironic nicknames. But it is significant that he was never dubbed with one. On the other hand, Canaris is probably the only secret service chief in the world to have been called "the father of the persecuted." His mercy was never appealed to in vain. His assistants were continually boasting of his gentleness, while his enemies emphasized that his sentimentality was incompatible with his position.

For such a man to have been placed at the head of the Abwehr in Hitler's warlike Germany is a matter of constant amazement. There was no lack of fanatical officers to choose from; if not a militant Nazi, some specialist who worried little about the ends so long as the means were abundant could have been found.

To Canaris, the aims of the Nazi seemed wrong and senseless. He hated physical violence, and the furies of the Nazi were repugnant to him. Once, when Canaris was told to obtain Dutch army uniforms, to enable German soldiers to seize by trickery the strategic bridges in Holland, he vehemently refused. He told his men to take no real action: "Unlike the S.S., the Abwehr is not a gang of murderers." It took an order from Hitler to overcome his resistance.

Exasperated, the Nazi leaders finally realized how unfortunate their choice had been. They had at their command an inexhaustible supply of adventurers who would stop at nothing, and yet a key post had been given to a type exceedingly rare in German official circles since Hitler had come to power: an honest man afflicted with a conscience and handicapped by scruples. "In many ways," wrote *Brigadenführer* Schellenberg, "he was what might be called a mystic."

Brigandenführer Walther Schellenberg worked up to 17 hours a day, and his favorite relaxation was riffling through his collection of pornographic photos. Schellenberg, whose rank was equivalent to brigadier general, was head of the political intelligence division of the S.S. In 1944 he was 34 years old. He looked weak, with his puny body and sunken cheeks, but his consuming ambition was well served by undeniable intelligence, a great capacity for work, an absence of all scruples and a kind of genius for intrigue. He was no thug, like the average S.S. man, neither was he a bureaucrat of sadism like his chief, Himmler, nor a fanatic like all his colleagues.

Schellenberg, who had been head of the S.S. intelligence service since 1942, was scheming to absorb the Abwehr and so become chief of all the German secret services. He knew that he would succeed only over the Admiral's dead body. Canaris knew it too. The Allied invasion was drawing near, and Schellenberg considered the Abwehr too weakened by defeatism to be capable of winning the secret war that was both the prelude and the key to it. Schellenberg wanted to be the man to discover the Allies' great secret. He had put his bulky file on the Abwehr's underhand maneuvers on Himmler's desk more than once. He wondered how much longer it would be before his boss decided to accuse Canaris of high treason.

Canaris and his assistants did not believe themselves to be traitors. It was because they were convinced that Nazism would be the ruin of Germany that they had endeavored to thwart Hitler's plans. They had tried with all their might to prevent a war which seemed to them lost in advance. They had warned the Norwegians and the Danes of imminent invasion, hoping that the British fleet, alerted in time, would put to sea and stop the operation. By informing the Dutch and the Belgians that their neutrality was about to be violated, Canaris' group had hoped to cause a general outcry, a wave of solemn declarations which would make Hitler hesitate, unable for once to present the world with the accomplished fact. Canaris and his associates had clear consciences; traitors to the regime they might be, but not to their country.

This nuance naturally escaped the S.S.; to them, only hanging was good enough for the "Santa Clauses," as they called the aged Abwehr leaders. In the eyes of the S.S. they were traitors, which was serious, and rivals, which was unforgivable. Since 1933 Himmler and his men—"the Blacks," as they were called by the Abwehr, from the color of their uniform—had built up a police empire whose power stopped only at the door of Hitler's office. But there still remained the Abwehr, an irritating enclave which controlled military intelligence.

But it was in vain that they tried to infiltrate the Abwehr, since it was not an organization for deliberate treason, but rather a mutual aid society in which men animated by a common ideal protected each other. The struggle between the S.S. and the Abwehr went far beyond the personal animosity of the leaders of the two organizations, and could only end when one was absorbed by the other.

When Walther Schellenberg finally took the file on Canaris into Himmler's office for the first time in May, 1942, "Himmler bit his thumb nervously," Schellenberg wrote, "and said to me, 'Leave it here, I'll show it to Hitler when an opportunity occurs.' " But months passed and nothing happened. Schellenberg raised the matter several times, only to receive vague replies from Himmler. He was finally forced to admit that he had underestimated the cunning old fox of the Abwehr: Canaris had a hold over Himmler himself!

Canaris was beginning to think he would survive the defeat and downfall of the Nazis, when one of the Führer's frenzies destroyed the protective network that had surrounded him. This thunderclap resulted from a very minor storm—the desertion to the Allies of two Abwehr agents attached to the German consulate in Istanbul. Hitler was convulsed with rage. On February 18, 1944, he signed a decree which was the fulfillment of Schellenberg's desires and a triumph for the Blacks: "I order the creation of a unified German Secret Service."

Canaris left the Abwehr. He was given a minor post at the Ministry of Economic Affairs. It was only after the July plot against Hitler that he was arrested, by Schellenberg in person; and even then he escaped the bloody reprisals. Not until final defeat was only a month away did Hitler order his execution. He and his chief aide, Colonel Oster, were both hanged by the S.S. in the cold dawn of April 9.

So it was in February, 1944, that Schellenberg took over control of the Abwehr. With its 16,000 agents, it was an instrument that would at last enable him to show his capabilities. He intended to use it in his own way, which was not that of Canaris.

In March, 1944, when the secret services of both sides of the channel were arranging their pawns for the final match, Walther Schellenberg was desperately trying to pick up the threads which had been broken or loosened by Hitler's decree the previous month. He had three months in which to discover OVERLORD.

APRIL 1944

When the man came to you with his frightening proposition, it was like a flash of lightning in the gray drabness of those days. He wanted you to become a spy! What an idea! But, with pounding heart and dry lips, you agreed to do it. By evening you were already wondering whether it wasn't more terrifying than exciting. And with time you realized that it wasn't even an adventure. You were only a tiny spy, a microscopic spy! You were asked only to report the weekly sickness rate among the soldiers manning the battery on the other side of the hedge, the identity of the headquarters staff installed in the chateau,

the number of soldiers occupying the hotel. Far from exciting, it was dull and thankless work.

The whole coast was classified as a "prohibited zone" and anyone who went there had to have a special pass. Inside the zone the German military police had checkpoints on all the roads, and the paths were patrolled night and day. But you could report the names of the gunners in the battery near you, the number of their unit and whether their morale was good or bad. Because it was part of your life, because you saw it every day, perhaps because one of its noncoms was quartered in your house, in a requisitioned room. You didn't even hold it against him personally for living in your house without having been invited. There was a war on.

And because there was a war on, you repeated everything you had learned to the man who came every week to collect information. There was the gun that had finally been repaired; the 15 soldiers who had just arrived from the Russian front with fingers so badly injured by frostbite that they were unable to handle the shells. All this seemed so minor, so insignificant.

But there were 1,000, 10,000, 50,000 of you, Norwegians, Danish, Dutch, Belgians and French. There were 50,000 of you spying on the German armies, from the North Cape to the Pyrenees; 50,000 pairs of ears always cocked. Individually you did not matter, that was true. Together your exploit was without precedent in the annals of intelligence work: between you, you drew up a human map, the *living map of the enemy army*. The Allied airmen who photographed every yard of the coast were unable to do that. The commandos Scott Bowden and Ogden Smith could not do it. Neither could Duchez, for all his cunning. No one man could, for in order to see and hear everything 50,000 pairs of eyes and ears were needed.

When there was no agent in a certain area to soak up all the available information, someone had to be sent there. There were always mailmen, railroad workers and meter readers who belonged to the Resistance, but they were bound by more or less fixed itineraries. But there were those rare pearls who could come and go without rousing the suspicions of German patrols.

There was Cardron the fisherman. A timid man. He did not like to venture far from the coast. He preferred casting his nets right under the mouths of the German guns. A clumsy man, too. Stretched on the deck of his boat, he wasted incredible amounts of time untangling his lines. Concealed among the tangle was his old Kodak.

There was Gilbert Michel, too. His spare-time occupation was being a hostage. A German troop train had been derailed at Moult-Argences, and since then a score of civilian hostages were put in the first car of very troop train. They traveled first class and were given the necessary passes. Michel always volunteered. Then he was successful in being appointed liaison agent for the Todt social services. That was more convenient.

It frequently happened that Resistance men took considerable risks to discover something that was already known to others. But this overlapping and duplication did not displease headquarters in London, for reports could thus be verified.

The Germans were doing their best to confuse all eyes. At the various headquarters in the west there were staff officers keeping double records of the army's strength. Real divisions were marked in red on the maps, imaginary ones in blue. In an effort to make the Resistance believe in the existence of the blue divisions, fictitious headquarters were constantly being created, the French railroads were inundated with false "troop movement orders," and advance detachments were sent to the coast without being followed by anything.

The troops had been duly lectured. They were given courses in counterespionage and made to sign a declaration that they had been warned. Long before 1944 the number of their units had been removed from their shoulder flaps, and all identification marks on trucks and other equipment had been obliterated.

But when a sick soldier died he had to be buried, and his grave in the local cemetery had to have a cross showing his name and regiment; it was indispensable for identifying the grave and having the body taken to Germany, after the victory.

Nor could the fishermen be massacred. Before any coastal battery had a session of target practice, the local Kommandantur put up posters specifying the area that would be closed to all craft. Skipper Thomine of Port-en-Bessin was one of those who took down these posters. They revealed the field of fire of each battery to interested people in London.

It was a hopeless task. With all its security measures, the German army in the west was like an elephant trying to hide behind a fan.

Unable to conceal themselves from the gaze of an army of spies, the Germans set about putting the eyes out. In the spring of 1944 the Gestapo struck in Normandy, and dozens of Resistance members went through its torture chambers. Gestapo men called at Duchez's house; he was not there. They found only Madame Duchez arguing with a customer who was complaining about some work that had been botched by the painter. The irate caller was thrown out—it was Duchez himself, of course—and, for lack of the husband, the Germans sent the wife to the Mathausen concentration camp. Resistance groups from Cherbourg to Le Havre as well as the most important ones in Normandy were decimated by the Gestapo.

But the game was over. All of Normandy, down to the last inch, down to the last gun and soldier, had gone to London.

And London was submerged.

When the moon was full, R.A.F. Lysanders landed briefly in French fields marked out by the Resistance and took aboard sacks and sacks of documents. Each month French fishing vessels were braving the German patrol boats and making rendezvous with British submarines, to hand over more sacks full. Each day hundreds of secret transmitters were sending streams of messages to London. Most of this information eventually reached a building on Palace Street where 120 people headed by Colonel Remy sorted it out. And what raw material they had to deal with.

The average monthly output, received, sorted and distributed by Palace Street, amounted to 200,000 mimeographed sheets, 60,000 black-and-white copies of maps and sketches, and 10,000 photographic reproductions. Resistance members would have probably recognized their work if they could have seen the huge detailed model of the invasion area kept at the Duke of York's Barracks in London. It—kept in a room so top secret it was never dusted—symbolized the victory of the Allied secret services. The meticulously constructed model represented—by the means employed, the sacrifices demanded and the results obtained—a rare accomplishment in the history of intelligence warfare.

Why, then, did the dozen British officers who kept it up to date look so glum?

It was going to be a massacre. Anxiety reigned in the hundreds of Allied offices where operational plans for the invasion were being completed. London was full of pessimistic rumors and forecasts of disaster. There were certain known, unquestionable facts: for instance, German war production was still increasing despite the bombings; the morale of the German soldiers captured in Italy was still good and they had a fanatical belief in Germany's final victory; and the civilian population was standing up well to Allied air raids.

And along the French coast there was the Wall—with all its defects—the strongest line of coastal defenses ever known. A line that was too thin, and therefore fragile, but with some tough knots strung along it—such as Ostek, Le Hoc, the cliffs of Pas-de-Calais and the beach which was to be known as "Bloody Omaha." The Allied troops were fearful of the Wall and had every right to be. The 800 Germans waiting at Omaha Beach were to kill or wound 3,000 of them in a few hours.

The Allied High Command thought it could take the Wall in its stride, and was not far wrong. The mathematically minded generals had already fixed the price to be paid: 10,000 dead. This was more than necessary, for the German machine guns would jam or run out of ammunition before they reached that figure. Even if the stakes had had to be doubled, Eisenhower would have carried on; he could afford it.

The longest day? When Eisenhower's aide-de-camp, Harry Butcher, tiptoed into the general's trailer early on the morning of June 6 he found him sitting up in bed reading a Western. This wasn't the "longest day" for the Allies, because there is no instance in modern history of a large invasion force being thrown back into the sea in the first 24 hours. The attackers, striking when and where they choose, can always obtain an initial numerical superiority enabling them to get a grip on the landing area.

The real problem would be to hang on under the hammer-blows which soon would begin to rain down. So the Longest Day for the Allies was not going to be D-Day but *D-Day plus three*. By that time the enemy could theoretically throw 18 to 20 divisions—eight of them armored—into the battle. Eisenhower

would then have 13 divisions, including armored elements of two divisions, to meet the German avalanche. Churchill, usually full of optimism, hoped for no more than a stubborn resistance which would enable the Allies to hold the beachhead.

There was one possibility which was not even taken into account—though it was in everyone's mind. The detailed calculations on which OVERLORD depended would be completely useless if the Germans discovered the secret of the invasion area. They had no need to know the beaches; the name of the province or department would be enough (Brittany, Normandy, Pas-de-Calais). They could then concentrate their divisions in the right area, rush them to the vital part of the coast with minimum delay, counterattack the assault troops while they were still comparatively thin on the ground and overwhelm them by sheer weight. If OVERLORD were not then postponed or called off entirely, Eisenhower would be sending his troops to be massacred.

The Germans, because of their overall weakness, could hope to win only if they discovered the Allies' secret, and so delivered a quick knockout blow with the steel fist of their Panzers and shock troops. The Allies, despite their strength, could hope to triumph only if they kept the secret of OVERLORD until the very last, so that the troops holding the beachhead could survive the first critical days.

The fact that Britain was an island simplified things. The fact that she was a democracy complicated them. So the great crusade against Hitler's dictatorship began with a skirmish against British liberal traditions. The generals wanted to clamp down on democratic freedom; they asked in particular for the south coast to be forbidden to civilian visitors. General Morgan, who had been in charge of the planning of OVERLORD for 18 months, had told Churchill back in 1943 how easy it was for an enemy agent to deduce the general direction of the Allied invasion of the Continent from geography alone: If the best units were seen to be concentrating in *southeastern* England, the invasion would be aimed at Pas-de-Calais; if in the *southwest,* at Normandy or Brittany.

Churchill and the Cabinet hesitated to take stringent security measures in the name of democratic principles. Morgan replied that the government was merely trying to avoid irritating the population for political reasons. "If we fail," he said, "there won't be any more politics." Then Eisenhower entered the fray. With his friendly eyes and beaming smile, Ike had a touching way of saying that if his security requests were refused he would have to "go back home." So the government decreed that after April 1, civilians would be prohibited from entering a coastal zone 10 miles wide extending from the Wash to Cornwall; a similar zone was established round the Firth of Forth.

On April 17 the British government withdrew the privileges of the diplomatic pouch, prohibited the sending of messages in code and informed foreign diplomats that neither they, their families nor even their servants would be allowed to leave Britain before the end of June. These measures applied equally to the Allied governments from the occupied countries.

By the middle of April the British people were annoyed by restrictions on movement and the foreign diplomatic corps—including the Allies—had been shocked. But unfortunately all the Bigots could not all be confined to a small desert island.

Every officer who knew the date and place of the invasion was a Bigot. He had a special pass to enter certain offices which a non-Bigot officer could not enter, no matter what his rank, just as he could not read documents marked "Bigot." When one Bigot spoke to another about OVERLORD over the telephone they used special green telephones equipped with "scramblers," so that their conversation was unintelligible to anyone who might be listening on the line.

General Morgan watched over his Bigots like an anxious mother hen. But there were several hundred of them. How could he be sure an ugly duckling had not slipped into this large brood, in spite of the thorough screening by the security services? And how could he be sure that one drink too many might not lead to loose talk? Just before the North African landings, men in London bars had loudly asked about the best hotels in Algiers.

And suppose the enemy came and snatched a Bigot from under the general's protecting wing. Since the Allies were making commando raids on the Continent, why couldn't the Germans do the same thing on the English coast? British Security had recently carried out a revealing test: an officer dressed in Luftwaffe uniform had walked around London for an hour without attracting any attention.

April 26 dawned at last; the day had been awaited with increasingly nervous impatience, for the American 4th Division was to carry out an important exercise: a rehearsal of its assault on Utah Beach—off England's southwest coast.

That morning the Luftwaffe could have wiped out the Allied Command with a single bomb dropped on Landing Craft 495. Eisenhower had stepped aboard at 6 o'clock and was accompanied by so many American generals that it looked as though all the stars in the sky had dropped into the craft at dawn. For each of the generals it was like waiting to see his baby take its first steps.

By 7:15 it was obvious that the exercise was off to a bad start. The amphibious tanks were not yet in the water and were going to reach the beach behind schedule. The officers finally saw them come down the ramp of their L.C.T.'s and float on their big air-filled cushions. One sank immediately. Cheerfulness had already given way to uneasiness and this turned to desperation when H-Hour arrived and not a single soldier had set foot on the beach. Finally, with appalling slowness, the first assault wave was landed on the beach.

As for the troops, they lacked spirit, initiative and cohesion, and their officers were clearly not up to their task. Harry Butcher, Eisenhower's naval aide, wrote in his diary that evening: "I am concerned over the absence of toughness and alertness of young American officers whom I saw on this trip. They seem to regard the war as one grand maneuver in which they are having a happy time. Many seem as green as growing corn. How will they act in battle and how will they look in three months' time? A good many of the full colonels also give me a pain. They are fat, gray and oldish."

The generals gloomily agreed the exercise had failed. But the hardest blow was still to come. That evening Eisenhower learned, 17 hours after the event, that a convoy of landing craft had been attacked by German motor torpedo boats. Two L.S.T.'s had been sunk and a third damaged. There were 700 men dead or missing. It had happened before dawn, and none of the generals had been informed of it during the exercise.

For the Allied commanders, the day ended on this funereal note. For the security services, the day had only just begun, for 10 "Bigot" officers were reported among the missing. Now the disaster was complete. The Germans, who may have taken prisoners and knew how to loosen their tongues, were going to learn all about the invasion plans. The next day, the Allied high command considered abandoning OVERLORD.

General Morgan and his men organized a vast fishing expedition for corpses. Rarely could human corpses have been pursued with such determination. Four were found, then five, then six. It was an unusual and distressing quest, for each macabre discovery aroused enthusiasm and revived hopes. Probably never before had men hooked corpses of their brothers-in-arms from the sea with such glad hearts. The seventh was found, then the eighth and the ninth. Was the invasion to be put off because of one man? Finally the sea gave up the tenth Bigot already stiff in his life belt.

It was a battle won, but the secret war continued. How could the Germans fail, when they had so many opportunities? There were aerial reconnaissance flights, commando raids, seamen of neutral countries whose ships docked in British ports and who could observe the preparations, there were the inevitable indiscretions when a secret is shared by hundreds of men. . . . And there were, of course, German spies operating in Great Britain.

German espionage in Britain had made a bad beginning. Two networks had been established by 1937. The first was composed only of minor agents, chiefly several hundred young German maids whose task was merely to snoop on their employers. These small fry would keep the British security services busy and divert them from the professionals in the second network whose orders were to take no action until the outbreak of hostilities. There were then about 3,000 agents in Britain, but only 35 of them belonged to the second network.

The security roundup of enemy aliens began on the night of September 3, 1939, and continued for several weeks. Two thousand police worked their way through a list of 73,235 names: 1,004 were arrested and 6,000 had their movement restricted.

This immediately eliminated the first network, which the Germans had expected and nearly all the second network too, which they had not. For the professionals belonging to it had been carefully selected and then trained by the Abwehr at its school in Hamburg. Most of them, on reaching Britain, had scrupulously observed the lessons they had been taught, especially the very instructive ones given by Hans Stultz. This young instructor was an Oxford graduate, and his job was to teach the agents how to speak, dress, eat, drink and sleep in order to appear to be Englishmen. Some of his tips were quite ingenious. There was, for instance, the one about savings banks. Stultz told his students to deposit their money in a savings bank, then to go to the police and say they lost their bankbook. They would thus make an excellent impression on the police who, like all Englishmen—a nation of shopkeepers—judged a man's respectability by the size of his bank account. There was no reason why the German agents should not follow their instructor's advice. How were they to know that Hans Stultz was a very clever British agent? How could they have guessed that they had been carefully watched, and that all their contacts had been discovered ever since their visit to the police station about a lost bankbook?

After the massive sweep in September, London was convinced that the German spy network had been wiped out. Berlin was convinced that it had not, for a few agents were still in radio contact. But they were isolated, frightened and few. So in 1940 the Germans bravely started again from scratch, or almost, making use as much as possible of human material gathered from the conquered countries. With little preparation, they sent men to a country where the changed conditions due to the war could only be guessed at, a country the men had never set foot in before, and whose language most of them spoke badly. It was all wildly romantic; the suicide spies who tumbled into Britain had something of the tragic grandeur of the Japanese Kamikazes who crashed their planes on Allied warships, except that they did little or no harm.

Karl Meier and Rudolph Waldberg, a Dutchman and a German, were landed by boat on the south coast of England, near Romney Marsh, during the night of September 2, 1940. At 9 in the morning Meier knocked at the door of a pub and asked for a bottle of cider. He was hanged on December 10. No one had told him that English pubs do not open until at least 10:30. Waldberg, arrested 24 hours after Meier, was hanged on the same day. He could not speak a single word of English, which limited his chances of survival.

After this batch, which had given the hangman plenty of work, the Germans changed their tactics. Since the spirit of self-sacrifice carried to the point of suicide had not paid off, they would try to use more cunning. It was regrettable that, despite their tight controls, European Resistance fighters still managed to get to England, by boat or by way of Spain; but perhaps some good would come of this evil situation if a few German agents were slipped into the stream of escapees.

The idea was ingenious. But the Germans' almost total ignorance of life in wartime Britain meant that their agents still arrived there with no more assurance than astronauts taking their first steps on the moon. And many more German agents were caught and hanged.

But on May 2, 1942, Hans Sorensen crossed the threshold of the "Royal Victoria Patriotic School," where 32 counterespionage officers screened all new arrivals. This time, the experts in detecting spies were up against an expert in spying.

Sorensen was the Abwehr's ace spy. In 1936 he had pulled off a minor exploit—like that of the famous Cicero in Turkey—by photographing all the secret documents in the safe of the French consulate at Hamburg, where he worked as a doorman. He operated on Sundays, while the consul was at Mass. During a visit of the French ambassador, Francois-Poncet, Sorensen had succeeded in stealing a list of the Deuxieme Bureau's agents in Germany. Soon after the war began he sabotaged some British ships in the then neutral ports of Rotterdam and Antwerp.

His story in London was simple: he had deserted from the army. Sorensen had had enough of war.

The duel between the spy and the spy hunters began. It lasted eight full months. The British called in some German refugees who had fled from Hitler before the war, and with their help prepared a questionnaire hundreds of pages in length. Sorensen was shown several kinds of German army underwear and asked when they were issued. The interrogating officers knew the answer; so did Sorensen. He said he had been in the 388th Regiment, stationed on an island in Oslo Fjord. He was shown an aerial photograph of the army camp on the island and asked to identify the huts and buildings. He was able to do so. Then he was handed another photograph, taken outside German army headquarters in Oslo. Did he recognize the man coming out of the building? No, he did not.

Hans Sorensen had just won his spurs as a master spy, for it was he himself who had been photographed by a member of the Norwegian Resistance. He remained unshaken by this knowledge that he and his men had been trailed and spied on while they were preparing for a minor mission. His courage paid off. The photograph of him was slightly blurred, just enough to make identification uncertain. The security officers were convinced they were dealing with spies, but were unable to establish sufficient proof to bring the men before a court. In December they threw in the towel. But Sorensen spent the rest of the war in an internment camp. The Abwehr's best agent was thus reduced to impotence.

Yet suppose Sorensen had remained free—what freedom would he have had to carry out espionage and sabotage? Sorensen had put that very question to his superiors, and they had told him that he could act during his weekend leaves. The Abwehr was creating a new kind of secret agent: the weekend spy.

Hans Schmidt, 26-year-old Dane, mechanic by trade, jumped from a Heinkel one moonless night at the end of August, 1940, and landed safely in England. He was still there in March, 1944. He was working on a farm in the southwest, and had become perfectly integrated into English life. In 1942 the Germans had even received a radio message from him, one of the most unusual ever received by any secret service: "Will be out of touch for two weeks. Just got married. Going on honeymoon." Another message was sent in 1943, just as unusual though quite logical: "Am father of a seven-pound boy." Hans Schmidt was obviously out of danger. After such a long time, why should British counterespionage take any interest in him. Yet Hans Schmidt, who had been sent to England in 1940 to help prepare for the German invasion, was to send the Germans information about the plans for the Allied invasion nearly four years later—under the supervision of the British officers who had caught him three years before and put him to work for the Allies. Actually the young Dane had never set foot on a farm. He led an uneventful life with his wife and son in a small house in a London suburb, his sole occupation being the transmission of messages designed by intelligence officers to mislead Berlin.

Schmidt's survival was entirely due to the fact that a recording of his transmitting style was kept in the Abwehr files. Each radio operator has his own particular rhythm and touch—his "signature." By comparing a spy's transmissions with the recording made before his departure, the Abwehr was assured that he himself was sending the message. All the spies rounded up in September, 1939, all the hapless pupils of Hans Stultz, could not be sent to the gallows if the Germans were to be duped with false information. The toughest of them had been disposed of, but the more amenable had become double agents.

The British plan succeeded beyond all expectation. Berlin had been depressed by the great proportion of spies captured, and therefore tended to regard as supermen those they thought to have evaded the counterespionage measures. There was no surprise at the amount and variety of information supplied by the farm laborer Hans Schmidt.

In April, 1944, the British began their biggest attempts at duping the enemy. Hans Schmidt took the leading role, but a whole wretched band of spies who had been "doubled" since 1940 also played a part. Even fictitious spies were used—spies who existed only in the British files.

The whole operation was based upon the well-proven maxim that a good offense is the best defense. The work of the Bigots was defensive, for it consisted in guarding the secrets of OVERLORD. But complete success could hardly be expected; so instead of passively noting any German triumphs, a counteroffensive was undertaken. The object was to flood the enemy with false information, to deceive him about the date of the invasion, and especially to convince him that it would take place not in Normandy but in Pas-de-Calais.

This operation was called FORTITUDE, an apt name. The Allied commanders were haunted by the possibility of a sudden concentration of German divisions in Normandy, and it was a

comforting thought that FORTITUDE was endeavoring to keep the best German units 200 miles away from the landing beaches.

Leonard Cheshire could almost drop a bomb in your pocket. At 25, he was the youngest colonel in the R.A.F. His group of bombers, the 617th Squadron, was reserved for special missions. On May 16, 1943, it had performed the terrible feat of bombing the Ruhr dams, freeing 330 million tons of water which swept down in a huge tidal wave over towns and villages, flooded coal mines within a radius of 50 miles, submerged airports, destroyed 125 factories, carried away 25 bridges and drowned 1,300 people. To set off this catastrophe, the British pilots had to make their run in at a height of only 60 feet and keep straight at the target, thus presenting an easy mark for the antiaircraft guns. A deviation of only a few feet would have made the special bombs lose much of their effect. Eleven of the 19 bombers failed to return, but the drop in German production due to the lack of electric power was the equivalent of six months' work by 100,000 men.

In the spring of 1944 the Allied air forces began pounding away at France. Eisenhower wanted to seal off the northwest by destroying bridges and railroads, to prevent the Germans from bringing up reinforcements after D-Day. The job would have suited the 617th Squadron perfectly: Leonard Cheshire's sharpshooters had proof of their expert precision bombing.

But on April 29, at the outset of the air offensive over France, Cheshire was summoned to group headquarters and told that his squadron would not be operational during the next few weeks. It was being put back in training. He was mystified—the 617th in training? He was informed that his squadron was to prepare for a special mission in connection with the Normandy invasion. On D-Day the crack 617th Squadron would have the most important of all the tasks assigned to the air forces. And it would not have to drop a single bomb.

By April, 1944, *Brigadenführer* Walther Schellenberg too was mystified. He knew that his victory over Canaris was an empty one. He had replaced the admiral at the helm of the Abwehr, but many of the crew had deserted the old ship and the remainder were reluctant to sail it. Richard Protze, who was in charge of the Abwehr's Amsterdam office, said: "When the admiral had gone, I stopped sending reports to Berlin. Without him, we had no confidence in the Service." Hundreds of officers resigned from the Abwehr and volunteered for the Russian front. In the west, to avoid being absorbed by the S.S. intelligence service, the Abwehr men formed themselves into mobile units directly under the orders of the Wehrmacht, on the pretext that the danger of an invasion called for close liaison between intelligence agents and the army. At a time when the secret war had reached its height the Abwehr was like a phantom vessel, completely unfit for battle.

However, there was still the S.S. intelligence service. It was still a bumbling child and it was expected to take on an experienced and crafty giant like the British Intelligence Service.

But even if Schellenberg had had the time to build up his organization, its success would have been by no means certain. Himmler and his friends had, like bad fairies, given the newborn service poisoned gifts such as fanaticism, a rigid outlook, and the primacy of courage over intelligence. These are traditional German characteristics. They make excellent soldiers and bad spies. But the S.S. leaders were unaware that the qualities necessary for a secret agent are not the same as those of a front line soldier. Even their courage lacked imagination.

Much was possible, but nothing was done. The Blacks were prepared to fight to the last to defend the "Fortress Europe," as ordered, but they never thought of leaving it in order to surprise the enemy at his preparations. They lacked the pragmatism, the "perverse" turn of mind and the macabre sense of humor of the gentlemen graduated from Oxford and Cambridge. Those German giants of crime were pygmies in espionage. Even so, they hardly deserved the "Cicero" fiasco.

Elyesa Bazna was the most opportune of agents. At a time when the German espionage services were doing everything they could to get their agents into Britain, the valet Cicero fell from heaven with his bundles of documents from his employer's—the British ambassador—safe. He was obviously better placed than any German agent to discover the Allies' secrets. He was a godsend. The S.S. intelligence service had undoubtedly realized all that, because the mistakes it made were not marked by its usual startling imbecility. Clearly, it was trying hard to show competence. Nothing was done about sending experts to help the secret service man in Ankara, Ludwig Moyzisch, to "handle" Cicero; all Moyzisch received was a large crate filled with spy novels and treatises on espionage, so that he could improve himself. Moyzisch also received strict orders not to show the microfilms of documents he obtained from Cicero to the German Ambassador to Turkey, Franz von Papen. He was to send them straight to Berlin. This was a simple security measure to protect Cicero, such as any other secret service would have imposed.

But the unbelievable happened: Moyzisch disobeyed. For reasons which he never explained (but which seem to be linked with Hitler's treatment of the two minor members of the Abwehr who defected), he showed Von Papen copies of secret documents received from Cicero. The German ambassador was thus able to read the record of talks between the British ambassador and the Turkish government. Turkey was preparing to abandon her neutrality in favor of the Allies.

Little Von Papen, full of pompous self-importance, when armed with this information asked for an audience with the Turkish Foreign Minister and threatened him with massive reprisals. No sooner had Von Papen left than the minister informed Knatchbull-Hugessen of the disaster. That evening a cable reached London: "Von Papen obviously knows more than he should." A few days later some members of the British counterintelligence arrived in Ankara; a new alarm system was fitted to the ambassador's safe, and security measures at the embassy were thoroughly checked and tightened. From then on, all that Moyzisch received from Cicero was data of no great value, such as the invoices of office furniture bought by the embassy. . . . Considering that one of the gravest defects of the S.S. intelligence service was an excessive emphasis on discipline, it would seem rather unjust that the disobedience of one man should have had such dire consequences for the whole service. At the very least, it was a stroke of bad luck.

Schellenberg still had some hope of discovering the secret of OVERLORD. Even if he had untrustworthy ears in Britain, he had many loyal ones along the Dutch, Belgian and French coast—at the radio-interception stations. These were powerful enough to pick up radio communications between the various headquarters in England and even radio messages exchanged by troops and tanks on an exercise. The Dutch station had once succeeded in picking up conversations on the London-New York radiotelephone link, by listening in on the same wavelength as the Allies' "scramble" system. Schellenberg had thus received a recording of several talks between Roosevelt and Churchill. One of them had caused a sensation among the Nazi leaders, confirming their belief that war was much too serious a business to be left to democracies. Roosevelt, having given an opinion on matters of high strategy, had ended with the words: "Well, we'll do our best. . . . And now I'm going fishing."

However, Schellenberg's real hope was to get in contact with London via Resistance channels. When a Colonel Giskes was in Amsterdam and in charge of counterespionage in Holland, he made a worthy effort to make up for the deficiencies of German spies by mounting Operation NORTH POLE.

On March 6, 1942, he had "doubled" a Dutch radio operator who had been captured after being parachuted into Holland by the Allies; through him, Giskes was in contact with London. The British replied to the Dutchman's messages and gave details of other agents and radio operators to be dropped into Holland. Giskes had them all captured on landing, "doubled" the radio operators and duped the British with false messages more than ever. Twenty months after the Germans captured the first radio operator, three of the imprisoned agents managed to escape, and succeeded in informing London of the disaster. Operation NORTH POLE was over—without answering the question "When and Where."

The number of Resistance groups penetrated or watched by the Germans was continually increasing. Unable to wipe out the Resistance movement, the German counterespionage services had at least succeeded in contaminating it.

In order to launch the Resistance into guerilla warfare and sabotage when the invasion began, the Allies had prepared a series of code messages that would be broadcast by the B.B.C. at the right time. Certain phrases—"A" messages—would mean that invasion was coming within the next two weeks. They would be followed by the "B" messages, which would indicate that the time for action was imminent. And within 48 hours

after the "B" messages, London would broadcast the personal messages that would send previously selected groups into battle.

Schellenberg knew more than two dozen of these phrases, through his double agents in the Resistance. They sounded innocent—"The flowers are turning very red;" "The long sobs of the violins of autumn;" "Therese is still sleepy"—but they would announce the imminent launching of the military operation on which the outcome of the war depended. And since the messages were different for each Resistance group, Schellenberg thought it would be possible to discover which part of the coast the enemy intended to land on, for he knew the territory covered by each group, and could note those which had messages sent to them.

Besides the cards he already held, Schellenberg still had the hope of receiving an unexpected trump such as luck sometimes deals: a miraculous spy like Cicero, a prophetic item of information dropping like manna from heaven; a wink from fate.

MAY 1944

There was a lot of winking by fate. In mid-April Allied reconnaissance planes had photographed the stakes which the Germans were erecting in meadows. There were trip wires running between them, said messages from the Resistance, which when touched would set off mines or shells. Parachutists would be blown to pieces and gliders would be ripped open by the stakes, as well as being damaged by exploding mines. And the stakes had first appeared in meadows by the river Orne, just where the parachutists and gliders of the British 6th Airborne Division were going to land. . . .

The anxiety was soon dispelled, for more "asparagus" sprang up all along the coast from Normandy to Pas-de-Calais. This dispersion proved that the Germans had neither guessed nor discovered the secret of the landing. The Allied commanders breathed more freely again.

But not for long. London was like a pot coming to the boil. The invasion fever which had the whole world in its grip was at its height in this city packed with military staffs. A dozen fresh rumors were born and died each day.

Above all the agitation, but stirring it up by their mere presence, were the Bigots with their slightly condescending air. Their days were hard, but at evening parties they had the subtle pleasure of being the ones who knew, were known to know, but could not even be questioned. This inner satisfaction was not enough for one U.S. Air Force general, who had been a classmate of Eisenhower's at West Point. He was at an afternoon party at Claridge's when some of the ladies complained about the poor quality of the pastry. He gravely pointed out to them that Allied freighters were carrying war supplies and that foodstuffs would start to reach Britain again after the invasion, so there ought to be good pastry to eat again after June 15. He was demoted and sent back to the States.

Eisenhower really had a fright. Until then his even temperament had saved him from great anxiety and nervous tension. His considerable confidence had not been shaken when Churchill had said to him after they had lunched together on May 8: "I'm in this thing with you to the end, and if it fails we'll go down together." After the officer's indiscretion, Eisenhower began to think it might fail. "This breach of security is so serious that it practically gives me the shakes," he said.

There were more shakes to come.

On a wet, gusty May morning in London, a window of the War Office sudenly blew open and 12 copies of a report summarizing OVERLORD were whisked out into the street. Officers dashed downstairs and recovered 11 copies at once, but the other one could not be found. Two hours later, after much inquiring and searching, the missing copy was discovered. It had been picked up by a civilian and handed to a sentry on the other side of Whitehall. The civilian wore thick glasses and had said to the sentry that the print on the copy was difficult to read. It was impossible to trace the civilian. Had he taken the trouble to read all the text? And if so, would he hold his tongue?

Reports from the French Resistance: The 17th Panzer Division had been shifted from Poitiers to Normandy. The 91st Division was being moved from Germany to southern Brittany, but as the troop trains were nearing the Loire a last-minute order sent them to the Cotenin peninsula instead. The division was now at La Haye-du-Puits, in the heart of the peninsula.

These units were ordered to prepare to meet an enemy airborne assault. They were in the exact area where the American paratroopers were to land.

This information caused consternation in England. The commanders of the American 82nd and 101st Airborne Divisions, Generals Matthew Ridgway and Maxwell Taylor, were hurriedly summoned to headquarters, where they learned that their long-planned missions had become impracticable. They would be heading straight for disaster. Opponents of the airborne operation pressed for it to be called off. A compromise solution was reached. The 82nd, instead of dropping in the area of Saint-Sauveur-le-Vicomte, to the west of the peninsula—with the object of isolating it and preventing the enemy from reinforcing his troops to the north—would now drop in the area of Sainte-Mere-Eglise, in the center of the peninsula.

However, although it was still possible to modify the airborne operation, the assault on the beaches could not be changed in any way. The British would have to attack almost under the guns of the 21st Panzer Division, on the alert just south of Caen. So vast was the concept of OVERLORD that the slightest alteration would mean a general readjustment. It was too late for that.

At Saint-Germain-en-Laye, where his headquarters building was a huge, three-floored underground blockhouse, 100-yards long and 60-feet deep, Field Marshal von Rundstedt was waiting for the Allied invasion. He had been expecting it for more than two years. In the past, in a third of that time he had forced two nations to capitulate and had driven a third to the brink. He was one of the most outstanding commanders in the German army. He had planned and carried out the lightning campaign against Poland, had overrun France after his breakthrough at Sedan, and had led his armies across Russia as far as Rostov. In November, 1941, when he was at the very gates to the Caucasus, he had resigned his command rather than obey Hitler's stupid orders, thereby gaining immense prestige among the German officer corps. Von Rundstedt was respected. Even Hitler, who respected nothing and nobody, was nevertheless not the man to leave this paragon of prestige and military science lying idle. He recalled him in March, 1942, and put him in command of the German armies in the west.

So Gerd von Rundstedt was now learning the virtues of patience after having tasted the delights of the Blitzkrieg. He was doing quite well. Laden with years and honors, he did not exert himself overmuch, but left his junior, Rommel—whom he called "The Boy Marshal"—to hurry from one end of the Wall to the other, to inspect damp blockhouses and to make rousing speeches to the troops.

A less lofty commander would have long since lost his calm. Not only did Von Rundstedt have some 1,400 miles of coastline to defend, but the German intelligence services were constantly sounding false alarms at all the gateways to the "Fortress Europe." As far back as May, 1942, they had given warnings of landing in Denmark, but soon it was Belguim. By the spring of 1943, however, the danger zones had been narrowed down to Pas-de-Calais and the Contentin Peninsula. It seemed certain that the Allies would invade there.

Von Rundstedt had known it would come back to that. He had been little concerned by all the false alarms. All the scares of invasions elsewhere only served to confirm him in his scorn for intelligence services in general, and those of his own country in particular.

It was not quite accurate that the Blacks of the S.S. intelligence service were held in suspicion by the army: they were just considered downright scoundrels. The Wehrmacht had not forgotten the Von Fritsch tragedy. The Gestapo had fabricated an accusation of corrupt morals against Von Fritsch, the commander-in-chief of the Wehrmacht, which had obliged him to resign his command—and later commit suicide.

But if Von Rundstedt as a man detested the German intelligence, as a field marshall he condemned it as inefficient, unfailingly duped and incapable of discovering enemy plans.

They had been completely discredited by the corpse of Major Martin. There was no Major Martin. The body, that of a civilian who died in England of pneumonia, had been meticulously decked out as a Royal Marine courier complete with a

fake attack plan. After a British submarine positioned the corpse along the Spanish coast, German intelligence found the body and, because of the contents of the briefcase found with it convinced Hitler to protect his flank in Greece rather than the central Sicily.

Consequently Rommel, Hitler's best general, and one Panzer Division weren't there to prevent the first Allied beachhead in western Europe.

Since 1942 there also had been such a constant succession of failures—Anzio and Russia—to give advance warnings. Von Rundstedt was quite convinced it would be madness to place any confidence in intelligence services which could predict imaginary landings and never the real ones. It was by calling on his great experience of strategy and tactics that he, the only German field marshal still unbeaten, sought to solve the riddle of the invasion. Deep in his den at Saint-Germain, he asked his maps to tell him the secret of D-Day.

They answered him.

"Pas-de-Calais," he often told his staff. It was obvious, clear as daylight, practically irrefutable for five reasons:

One—Choose the shortest crossing. Obviously Dover—Calais. The crossing to Normandy is three times as long, to Brittany four or five times. By invading across the Straits, landing craft and ships could make more journeys and so speed up reinforcements and supplies.

Two—Obtain the greatest air support. Since Pas-de-Calais was close to the English air bases, the Allies could give the best air cover to their invading forces. Whereas Normandy—and Brittany even more so—would raise problems of refueling, and fighter aircraft could remain over the landing areas for only a limited time.

Three—Seek the greatest gain. The shortest route to the Ruhr and its heavy industries, which were indispensable to the German war effort, passed through Pas-de-Calais. Once the beachhead had been established, the Allied armies could reach the Rhineland in four days. A thrust at the heart, and the Third Reich would collapse. But an invasion of the Cotentin peninsula might be sealed off. Even if the Allies succeeded in a breakout, they would still have to fight their way across France.

Four—Capture a port. This was essential for the buildup. Without a port and its installations how were the Allies to land their tanks, trucks and heavy artillery? Normandy had no suitable port, apart from Le Havre or Cherbourg, and both of these were heavily fortified and strongly defended. Whereas a landing in Pas-de-Calais might quickly lead to the capture of Calais, Boulogne or Dunkirk.

Five—Destroy the enemy. The V-1 and V-2 launching sites were in Pas-de-Calais. A race had been going on for months between the missile organization and Allied Bomber Command. During the winter, British bombers—including Cheshire's 617th Squadron—had destroyed 73 of the 96 launching platforms which were ready to send the terrible new weapons over England. The sites had been repaired and made less vulnerable to air attack; in particular, they were much more carefully camouflaged. Hitler had given orders for a supply of missiles to be at hand in the area. He was waiting for the invasion to begin before starting his V-2 offensive, for the Allied air forces would then be concentrating on tactical objectives and have little strength to spare to attack the launching sites.

But Von Rundstedt had forgotten the lesson he had taught the French generals in 1940. They had decided, using Von Rundstedt's logical "commandment," that the enemy was bound to attack across the Belgian plain—certainly not through the Ardennes, with its forests and winding, hilly roads—forgetting the "Sixth Commandment," the most important of all: *Take the enemy by surprise.* Von Rundstedt had not changed. It was his situation which had changed. He was no longer the cat, but the mouse—a transition which is bound to have some psychological consequences.

Von Rundstedt's obstinancy was superb. Even had his initial guess been correct, he should have realized that his massive fortifications and troop concentrations were enough to make the enemy decide to attack elsewhere. But he fiercely clung to his idea. The commander-in-chief of the German armies in the west gratified the most ardent wishes of the Allies: he was still positive that the Allied attack would come in Pas-de-Calais.

Why, then, was there a sudden movement of units to reinforce the troops in Normandy—the 21st Panzer Division to Caen, the 91st Division to the Cotentin peninsula, and the 6th Parachute Battalion to Periers? Von Rundstedt had given the orders reluctantly and on specific instruction from an amateur strategist who was scorned by all the best military minds in Germany, from the man Von Rundstedt disdainfully referred to as "the Bohemian corporal": Adolf Hitler.

The scene is Hitler's headquarters, any morning. The Master is still asleep. He went to bed at 4 in the morning, as usual, and will only get up in time for the staff conference at noon. In the map room, Vice Admiral Bürckner of the Abwehr is completing his report on the situation on the eastern front. His assistants are shifting little flags around on the operations map. There are red flags to represent Russian divisions and blue ones to represent German divisions. Bürckner frowns as he watches them. Now and then he grunts: "Ach! Don't put so much red on the map!" And his men, either from discipline or indifference, put a few Russian divisions into their pockets. It would not do to upset the Führer, and a rash of red flags always throws him into a rage.

Hitler refused to believe that he had overextended his armies or that his enemies were creating such a military colossus that his empire could not possibly escape being crushed. And anyway a Führer does not stoop to salvage the furniture; he dies under the ruins.

Hitler still had hope. The bright intuition which had brought Europe prostrate before him in the splendid days of 1940 had dwindled to a mere flicker, but it needed only a favorable opportunity to flare up again. This opportunity was not to be found in the east, where the only thing to do was to resist the patient, steady pounding of the Russian giant. But in the west, when the Anglo-American champion lunged forward, he might throw himself off balance and leave his guard open.

When Hitler had told his western commanders-in-chief, on March 20, 1944, that final victory would come with the defeat of the Allied invasion, he had also given them the benefit of his intuition:

"The areas most favorable to the enemy, and consequently the most threatened, are the Cotentin peninsula and Brittany. Both are equally tempting, for they provide the greatest possibility of establishing a beachhead, which could be gradually extended by using aircraft and armor in great strength."

The Führer had not based his opinion on specific information any more than Von Rundstedt had done when he put his finger on Pas-de-Calais. Involuntarily combining their efforts, the German and Allied secret services had achieved this prodigious result: the two men on whom the fate of the German armies in the west depended had lost all confidence in intelligence reports. Hitler relied only on his intuition, Von Rundstedt on his reasoning. Neither could provide the slightest proof in support of his contentions.

Five weeks after the conference reinforcements were sent to Normandy, much to London's alarm. Not that Von Rundstedt had discarded his "Five Commandments;" he still thought the attack would come in Pas-de-Calais. But the "Bohemian corporal" had found a disciple: the "Boy Marshal."

At 7 in the morning of May 10, 1944, Field Marshal Erwin Rommel left the headquarters of the 84th Corps at Saint-Lo and headed for the east coast of the Cotentin peninsula. Since the beginning of the year he had been running up and down the Dutch, Belgian and French coasts, shaking up the staffs and exhorting the troops. Hitler had first entrusted him with the command of the troops in Pas-de-Calais, Normandy and Brittany, even though he was under the distant authority of Von Rundstedt.

On this particular morning, Rommel's Horch Convertible, driven by the faithful driver Daniel, was making for the coastal battery at Morsalines. Daniel was probably driving at full speed that morning; he usually did. The mist had cleared by the time they reached Morsalines and the hill overlooking the bay. The battery commander reported that the previous night enemy bombers had made a low-level attack, after dropping flares which were so bright that it had seemed like day.

From the top of the Morsalines hill, now bathed in sunshine, Rommel could see the yellow sand of Utah Beach. The high rocky spur of La Pointe du Hoc hid Omaha Beach from his

sight. Further on lay the beaches of Le Bessin. Rommel did not know *when* it would be, but he was convinced that this was *where* it would be. He had not always thought so. Like everyone else, he had first thought of Pas-de-Calais.

Rommel, the "Desert Fox," may not have been a great strategist, but he was sure of his common sense. "From the Allied point of view," he wrote, "the number one objective is to get firmly ashore. . . . This is improbable on the Pas-de-Calais coast, which is strongly defended, but possible on the Normandy coast, which is barely fortified." So strong was his conviction that if the High Command showed reluctance to strengthen fortifications in Normandy he would appeal to the Führer himself.

With three armored divisions lined up along the coast, and 24 antiaircraft batteries in the Cotentin peninsula, he would be able to defend the whole area that lay before his eyes. But would he have time to put his plans into effect? When would this gray, smooth sea be covered with enemy ships?

In the afternoon Rommel inspected batteries at the Cap de La Hague and along the west coast of the peninsula. He found everything in good order, and that his anti-invasion obstacles were being erected on the beaches at a satisfactory rate. As was his custom, he distributed accordions to the units who had made the best progress. He always took a number with him, piled on the back seat of the Horch, when he went on a tour of inspection. The soldiers who received these instruments did not always know how to play them, but coming from the famous field marshal the gesture mattered more than the gift, for he was almost as popular with German troops as he was with British troops. The latter regarded him as the most formidable military leader they had had to face since Napoleon. He had already decided to lend his prestige to the plot that was to culminate in the attempt to assassinate Hitler on July 20.

But although Rommel had become anti-Hitler he still remained intensely patriotic. When the Führer had been eliminated, negotiations could be opened with the Western Allies; and in order to obtain honorable peace conditions the best means was to break up their attack on the Normandy beaches.

On the morning of May 18, the German radio's first news broadcast announced that the invasion might come at any moment. That same morning, Londoners read in their newspapers that the hospitals were sending home all patients except the critically ill. The papers also announced that when the invasion began all laundries would have to give priority to hospital linen.

Yet in Eisenhower's headquarters the feverish excitement of the first two weeks in May had died down. It had reached its peak with Exercise Fabius, a rehearsal for the attack on Omaha Beach. The worst had been feared, for the convoys of landing craft had to go well out to sea and presented an easy target for enemy torpedo boats. But except for one soldier collapsing with pneumonia and an officer being accidentally shot in the behind, everything went smoothly.

The American troops were ordered to send home all their personal belongings, at government expense. The waiting troops were hemmed in by barbed wire, barriers, patrols and prohibitions. There was doubt and anxiety everywhere. After months of frenzied activity, England was sinking into lethargy.

It was, of course, only the calm before the storm. On May 16—when Rommel was informed by Schellenberg that the invasion would probably begin on May 18—Eisenhower had decided to attack on Y plus four, that is, June 5.

Across the channel, in pillboxes along the Wall, at Rommel's headquarters and in Von Rundstedt's underground bunker, the nervous tension had almost reached the breaking point by May 18. Since April the Germans had been like sprinters waiting for the starter's gun. A dozen times they had thought they heard it, and each time they had made a false start. One on May 18 had drained away what little nervous energy they had left. After that, forecasts about the invasion suddenly became reassuring, as though from an unconscious reaction. The navy announced that no attempt was to be feared before August: the weather and tide experts guaranteed it. German intelligence now maintained that before making their landing the western Allies would surely wait for the Russian offensive, which would give them powerful indirect support; and since the thaw in the east had come much later than usual, the Russians would not move before the end of June. Having arrived too early at the Wall rendezvous, the Germans finally convinced themselves that the enemy would never turn up.

Then, like clowns entering the circus ring between acts, the men of Operation FORTITUDE came on the scene. . . .

The German reconnaissance plane had been picked up by radar even before it was over the channel. It was headed for southeastern England. When the R.A.F. and the coastal antiaircraft batteries had been notified, the approach of the solitary aircraft was followed on the screens with almost loving care.

This pilot was a brave one. Alone in the blue of the enemy sky, he continued his course towards the Kent coast with no regard for danger. Unlike many of his colleagues, he did not turn back, preparing a story of massive enemy reaction to justify the failure of his mission. He flew over Dover, which is directly opposite Pas-de-Calais. Finally he turned back still followed affectionately on the radar screens.

He was going back to the Continent with photographs of a concentration of landing craft in Dover harbor. When German naval experts examined those pictures they would realize that Normandy was too far away for such craft, so that they must be intended for landings on the coast of Pas-de-Calais. It was precisely to make the Germans draw this conclusion that the landing craft had been brought to Dover, and the R.A.F. had been ordered not to intercept the reconnaissance plane, and the antiaircraft gunners had been told to shoot too low.

Landing craft had only to be moored, but with armored divisions it was another story. There were dozens of men keeping up a shuttle service from one part of the southeast to another. They arrived at night in their trucks and unloaded their equipment; piles and piles of folded rubber. These were pumped up, and became tanks, guns and halftracks. They were left camouflaged on the edge of a forest, but not too well camouflaged. The last job was to leave tank tracks leading to the forest, and the men had special machines for the purpose. So when dawn came, there was a phantom armored division opposite Pas-de-Calais, all ready to be sighted by a German reconnaissance plane.

On the other hand, the bombs that were dropped on Pas-de-Calais were quite real. For every bomb on Normandy, two were dropped on Pas-de-Calais. This rule was strictly adhered to, despite the Allies' understandable temptation to concentrate their whole bombing strength on the selected invasion zones. A group of English communications specialists set up a fake headquarters in Kent, opposite Pas-de-Calais, from which Montgomery was supposed to be directing his army group. His real headquarters was in Portsmouth, opposite Normandy. His messages were *telephoned* to the fake headquarters, so that they could not be picked up by the enemy, then were relayed to their destinations by *radio,* for the benefit of the German interception stations. On May 21, two weeks before D-Day, Rommel noted in his diary: "The locating of Montgomery's headquarters south of London confirms that the center of gravity of the Allied forces is in southeastern England." This was the first breach opened in Rommel's Normandy convictions. It was a sizeable one, Montgomery was the best English general, the man who had defeated the Afrika Korps; "my personal enemy," Rommel called him. If he was preparing to direct the invasion from southeastern England, it was improbable that Normandy was his objective. Rommel's interest in Pas-de-Calais increased sharply.

Bernard Montgomery wore thick-soled shoes in order to appear taller. He insisted on sporting a beret, although he had twice been ordered not to wear it because it did not befit his rank. He neither smoked nor drank. He read the Bible regularly. At the beginning of his staff conferences he gave his officers two minutes in which they could cough; after that, no coughing was allowed, except during very occasional one-minute breaks. Every week his troops, generals included, had to do a seven-mile cross-country run. Montgomery was not exactly an accommodating man. But he agreed to something that the German generals, wrapped in their dignity, would have scornfully refused to do: he cooperated with FORTITUDE's team of clowns.

One day near the end of May a large official car passed through London on its way to Northolt airport to catch a plane bound for Algiers. Each time it was stopped by a traffic light a small crowd gathered and shouted "Good old Monty!" In the car, Clifton James responded with the "Monty smile" and the "Monty salute." He was almost numb with stage fright. Before the war he had been an actor with touring companies; he was now playing the part of a lifetime. His audience, indirectly, was

the German Supreme Command. And he had been chosen because of his striking resemblance to Montgomery, except for a missing finger. But the fact that James had lost the middle finger of his right hand in the First World War presented no problem to the planners of FORTITUDE: a finger is easier to counterfeit than an armored division.

The FORTITUDE planning men reasoned that if Montgomery, England's first-string general, was thought to be making a tour of Africa, the Germans would assume the assault across the channel could not be scheduled for the immediate future. And further, even if they were not convinced *before D-Day* that the invasion would be in Pas-de-Calais, they might believe *after D-Day* that the Normandy landings were only a diversion and that the main attack was still to come where Von Rundstedt expected it. If that part of the great bluff succeeded, the 15 German divisions in Pas-de-Calais would go on waiting for an attack that would never come, instead of heading for the Normandy beaches.

If anyone had told General Patton that he was as fiery as Murat, as brave as Ney and as wily as Davout, he would have been furious: he thought of himself as another Napoleon. Tall, athletic and admirably dressed, Patton was the star of the American army. He caused a sensation at the English court when he arrived with two pearl-handled pistols slapping his hips. His men had for him the kind of hate-tinged devotion that they could be expected to have for a commander who led them to victory but made them wear ties even in combat zones. The anger of American mothers had fallen on him when he slapped a young GI in a hospital in Sicily. The boy was suffering from shell shock but Patton's action seemed to show that such illness was insufficient reason for giving up the joys of combat. The shrieks of protest from the home front rose so high that they almost reached—and pulled down—Patton's stars.

Eisenhower's pleas saved him from that hell, but not purgatory. Patton was given command not of the American First Army, which was to attack Normandy, but of the Third which would not see action until the end of July.

It was a bitter blow for Patton, but fortunate for the FORTITUDE planners. The Third Army had not yet been formed, but it was given an artificial existence through the radio signals from a fake headquarters opposite Pas-de-Calais. The Germans picked them up, and learned that Patton was in command of the Third Army. To them, he was the American equivalent of Montgomery. He had driven them out of Sicily. They feared him like the plague. They would probably assume that Eisenhower had given the most important task to the Third Army rather than to the First Army of Bradley, Patton's onetime assistant. He too, was a great general, but he had not yet proved it. General Patton, named "the cowboy general" by Hitler, was to become FORTITUDE's most illustrious martyr.

There were martyrs who deserve more pity. In his memoirs, published six years after the end of the war, Churchill wrote: "It would not be proper even now to describe all the methods employed to mislead the enemy." He set the tone in this matter, and was followed by most of the Allied commanders in their writings. Questioned 20 years later, they are quite willing to help in matters like finding the number of the first tank that landed on Omaha Beach and the ages of its crew, but they close up like clams when they are asked about Operation FORTITUDE. The men who directed the secret warfare on the Allied side are equally willing to enlarge on subjects like the rubber divisions or Montgomery's double, but although they admit there were other things, they refuse to be diverted from inoffensive themes.

If we want to discover the ultimate secret of FORTITUDE, perhaps we should begin by cutting into the scars left by Operation NORTH POLE.

Take NORTH POLE first, with the Dutch parachutists whom Germany's clever Colonel Giskes caught as soon as they landed, the transmitters he used for sending false information to London. It was a remarkable success. But for whom, the Germans or the Allies? At the end of the war, three of the captured agents were still alive. All the others had been executed in Germany. One of the survivors was Hubert Lauwers, the radio operator whose capture enabled Giskes to establish radio communication with London for the first time and set up his operation. When he was accused of treason by the Dutch after the war, Lauwers talked.

He admitted giving Giskes his code; but at that time every radio operator dropped into occupied Europe was authorized to divulge his code if necessary: London recognized that otherwise it would be dragged out of him by torture. But radio operators were under orders to preserve the secret of their "security check" at all cost. This was a prearranged, deliberate mistake (an unnecessary letter, for instance) or a key sentence which had to appear in every message; its absence was an indication that the operator had been captured and was transmitting under duress. Lauwers had given Giskes a false security check. He assumed this would prevent London from falling into the German trap. But to his dismay London accepted his messages as genuine and replied by announcing the dispatch of more agents. Had there been a lack of attention? It was hardly likely, since each message was taken down by two operators working independently. Still, it was possible, for the men were overworked and not all were experienced. Lauwers thought of another way to warn London: by a clever combination of letters he succeeded in inserting the word "prisoner" into a message. But London continued sending agents and weapons into the waiting arms of the Germans.

Lauwers was by now convinced that it was all a put-up job by the Allies. For some unknown reason, unknown to him, it had been decided to deliver into enemy hands the men sent to carry out Operation HOLLAND—supposedly preparation for an invasion of Holland. However, just in case, he managed to get through another warning, slipping into a message—under the eyes of the German experts at his side—a whole sentence: "Fooled by Jerries since 6 March," London took no notice.

Lauwer's revelations after the war caused an understandable outcry in Holland. A parliamentary committee made a two-year investigation. It asked the British government for an explanation, and the Foreign Office issued a statement: the absence of the security checks had not been noticed at first, then it had been decided not to take account of their omission. Why? Because agents quite frequently forgot to insert their security check, so it did not constitute a real test. A strange explanation! The system of security checks was the only means of knowing whether or not an agent had been "doubled" by the enemy, and the British kept trying to improve it all through the war. Nevertheless, the Foreign Office statement concluded solemnly: "The suggestion that the lives of Dutch patriots were deliberately sacrificed in the interests of other objectives, in the Netherlands or elsewhere, is both repugnant to His Majesty's government and the British people." To the British government and the people? No doubt. But to the secret services? It is their nature—in all countries—to employ repugnant methods.

The doubts about Operation HOLLAND still in the minds of Dutch ex-Resistance men spring from a series of fortuitous circumstances. There was the matter of the security checks, to begin with; and the fact that the British deliberately ignored warnings sent by the Resistance members who had heard of the capture of several parachuted agents (one message even gave the names, and London ordered Resistance groups to break off all contact with the man who had sent it); the fact that the British paid no heed to the pleas of Dutch intelligence officers, who were understandably worried; the fact that they had never asked for the return to London of a single one of 53 agents dropped into Holland—a circumstance that is probably unique in the annals of war; and finally the fact that they had set up a parallel Resistance group in Holland at the same time they were parachuting the 53 agents.

That the Allies made use of the Resistance in their plans to deceive the Germans appears likely in Operation NORTH POLE. The chief purpose was to make the Germans believe that the invasion would not come in Normandy.

This is undoubtedly the ultimate secret of FORTITUDE.

But such extremes were not needed in order to dupe the enemy. It frequently happened, in 1944, that a Resistance leader succeeded in reaching London after his organization had been shattered by the Germans. After a few weeks he would want to return to his men. Permission was often refused, for death lay in wait for him at the end of the journey. Occasionally a leader was allowed to go back because only he could gather up the scattered remnants of the group. He was facing almost certain capture, and he knew it. Was there anything wrong in giving him false information ("Pas-de-Calais in July") which revealed under torture, would help to deceive the enemy?

The fact remains that men were deliberately sacrificed. Now, 20 years later, is it not time to acknowledge that they were,

while admitting that the sacrifice was not in vain? Now that tears have dried and wounds have healed, is it not possible to accept the harsh truth? A British officer told one "guinea pig" agent after the war: "You're a good businessman. You can understand these things. And you know it's sometimes necessary in business to write off five thousand francs to save half a million."

It was human lives, not money, involved, but the British and American leaders were well aware of that. They made their own compatriots, as well as members of the European Resistance, pay heavily to keep the secrets of D-Day. When they decided that the Allied fleet would open fire on the Wall only 45 minutes before the assault, they were deliberately sacrificing the lives of hundreds of their soldiers. They knew from reports of amphibious operations in the Pacific and elsewhere that many hours of naval bombardment were needed to destroy pillboxes and bunkers and silence coastal batteries. But Normandy was not an island; the enemy could rush up reinforcements when warned of an attack, so Eisenhower limited the softening up to three-quarters of an hour in order not to lose the advantage of surprise. This meant, however, that the leading assault waves would have to attack fortifications which were still strongly defended. The men who were cut down by their fire died less dramatically than the Dutchmen of Operation NORTH POLE. They simply sprawled on the sand and no controversy ever arose over them. But their lives were sacrificed on the Normandy beaches, just as other lives were sacrificed months or years earlier in the tortuous maneuvers involved in duping the enemy.

The Resistance was an anvil on which both the Allies and the Germans hammered, but to some extent the success of OVERLORD was forged on it.

A strong chorus of double agents provided a background for the tragedies and comedies of FORTITUDE. One was the "farmer" Hans Schmidt, since the Germans regarded him as their most reliable source of information, and he was supported by all the German agents captured and "doubled" since 1940. Siren songs had been driving the Germans wild since April. For weeks the enemy thought the invasion would come the following night, and this had finally led to his lassitude in mid-May, and his growing conviction that there never would be an invasion.

It was then that the double agents really got going. Schellenberg's service was flooded with 173 messages in less than two weeks. They said:

"The invasion will take place as soon as weather conditions permit."

"The assault will come in July between Dunkirk and Dieppe."

"The Allies will land in Denmark before June 18."

"Belgium will be invaded between May 15 and May 22"—and so on.

It is impossible to tell which of FORTITUDE's many facets was the most effective. Was it the rubber divisions or Patton's prestige? The false information gathered from the Resistance or Montgomery's false headquarters? In all probability it was the sudden flow of messages from double agents, for they gave support to arguments which had not previously been considered decisive. In any case, the fact remains that in two weeks Hitler and Rommel covered half the distance that separated them from Von Rundstedt. On May 15 they had strongly believed the invasion would be in Normandy. On May 31 they still thought Normandy would be attacked, but believed it would be only a diversion and the main assault would be in Pas-de-Calais.

JUNE 1944

June 1, 115 hours before D-Day

(British time, one hour earlier than German time.)

The British assault divisions began to embark. The Americans, who had a longer crossing to make, began going aboard their landing craft two days before.

The troops began leaving their camps on May 26. They were taken to assembly areas near ports, called "sausages" because of their oblong shape. When they entered them they still did not know their destination. The maps issued to them gave no clue; Caen was called Warsaw, and the rivers of Normandy had been given Russian names.

When the assault divisions were in the "sausages," 2,000 Field Security and Military Police took up positions to prevent all contact with the outside world. French money was issued.

The officers received real maps. Then the men were given photos of the beaches where they would land. These photos were so clear that they could even make out the faces of the German soldiers they had to kill.

Now the troops are packing into the landing craft, and must remain in them. At night, a smoke screen covers the ports to prevent the Luftwaffe from discovering the invasion fleet with its flares. British and American pilots have been warned that any aircraft flying over the ports will be shot down, even if it bears Allied markings.

The invasion is still scheduled for June 5.

114 hours before D-Day

Luftwaffe intelligence reports: "Considerable increase in parachuting of weapons since the full moon of May 28. Officers in uniform have been dropped in small groups. Since they can hardly stay underground for long, there is reason to regard the period beginning June 12 (moon's last quarter) as dangerous."

The Luftwaffe reported a great deal of road traffic on the southwest, apparent because the drivers are careless about lights. Von Rundstedt believes that this "carelessness" is deliberate, that the enemy is trying to make him think the landing will be in Normandy rather than Pas-de-Calais.

112 hours before D-Day

Group Captain Stagg is studying the weather reports. Eisenhower has been testing his forecasts for several weeks, with highly satisfactory results. There are five weather requirements for OVERLORD: a wind of under 15 miles an hour on the beaches, under 20 miles an hour out at sea; visibility of at least three miles; cloud ceiling no lower than 3,000 feet; not too bright a moon. These conditions are needed for at least three days.

Records over the last hundred years show that there is only one chance in 13 of all five weather requirements prevailing in the channel during the month of June.

99 hours before D-Day

At German 15th Army headquarters in Pas-de-Calais, Colonel Meyer, head of the monitoring station, has just picked up one of the 28 warning messages broadcast to the French Resistance. Meyer orders the troops into a state of alert. They have been in that state almost daily since the first of April.

In France, the Resistance receives the messages with surprise and enthusiasm. After such a long wait, it had seemed that they would never come. Final preparations are immediately begun. Each group will have its part to play in the four plans that have been worked out. During the spring, agents from London explained to the Resistance leaders that the folly of a general uprising must be avoided. On D-Day they said only the groups near the landing zone will be sent into France and reported by Luftwaffe intelligence.

Some groups are already commanded by Jedburgh teams consisting of three officers (usually one American, one British and one French). These are the "officers in uniform" parachuted into France and reported by Luftwaffe intelligence .They have been sent to lead the sabotage and guerilla operations.

Gathered around their radios, Resistance members are now waiting for the messages that will tell them whether or not they are among the elect.

June 3. 70 hours before D-Day

Warships leave ports in Scotland and Northern Ireland at 3 o'clock in the morning and make for the zone off the Isle of Wight where the invasion fleet will assemble. The zone has already been nicknamed "Piccadilly Circus."

54 hours before D-Day

The crews of the Mulberries have taken their places on their huge concrete caissons, but will not be towed away until dawn on D-Day. The construction of these two artificial ports, each the size of Dover harbor, has been one of the big headaches for the planners of OVERLORD, mainly because of the difficulty of keeping such an enormous enterprise secret. Now the crews on

the caissons are listening to the English traitor "Lord Haw-Haw" broadcasting from Germany. His words are directed to them. "We know exactly what you intend to do with those concrete units," he is saying in his smooth, silky voice. "You intend to sink them off our coast in the assault. Well, we're going to help you, boys. We'll save you some trouble. When you get under way, we're going to sink them for you."

The men listening know what wonderful targets they offer on these caissons which are as big as houses. For once, Lord Haw-Haw has shaken them.

49 hours before D-Day

In London, an Associated Press teletype operator is practicing her speed. She types the "flash" that every journalist would like to be able to send: "URGENT ASSOCIATED PRESS NYK FLASH EISENHOWER HQ ANNOUNCED ALLIED LANDINGS IN FRANCE." Her "flash" is accidentally sent out. Twenty-three minutes later the Associated Press issues a retraction, but the "news" has already been repeated by Radio Berlin and Radio Moscow.

June 4. 45 hours before D-Day

It is 4 o'clock in the morning when Eisenhower holds his conference. It is a clear, windless night. But, Stagg presents a gloomy forecast. Eisenhower decides to postpone D-Day from June 5 to June 6. Orders are given the convoys already at sea.

Despite the order to return, for some unknown reason an American convoy is still proceeding towards Utah Beach. A seaplane is sent after it, and succeeds in alerting it.

Rommel's aide-de-camp, Captain Lang, brings him the daily weather forecast. It is the work of Professor Walther Ströbe, now a colonel and head of the Luftwaffe meteorological section in Paris. It predicts rain, high winds and low cloud. At this moment another meteorologist, Major Lettau, is writing that no landings will be possible for the next two weeks. His report says: "The enemy has not taken advantage of the three recent periods of good weather, and it is far from certain that there will be any more in the coming weeks."

42 hours before D-Day

Seven o'clock in the morning. Daniel stops the black Horch in front of the building. Rommel shakes hands with his staff officers. "It eases my mind," he says to Admiral Ruge, "to know that while I'm away the tides will be very unfavorable for a landing. Besides, air reconnaissance gives no reason to think it's imminent."

Having said this, Rommel gets into his car and leaves for Germany. He intends to go first to his home at Herrlingen to celebrate his wife's birthday on June 6, then to Berchtesgaden, to see Hitler. He has decided to use the privilege of a field marshal to have direct access to the Führer—to push for a more strongly fortified Normandy. He has already telephoned to his friend Major General Rudolf Schmundt, Hitler's adjutant, to ask for an interview. Schmundt has replied that it might be possible between the sixth and ninth.

36 hours before D-Day

The news of the interception of the 28 code sentences reaches Von Rundstedt and meets with blase indifference.

On the evening of June 4, the commander of the German armies in the west did not deem it necessary to put them on the alert.

29 hours before D-Day

The rather unexpected success of FORTITUDE has prompted Eisenhower to ask for an extension of the security measures in Britain, particularly as applied to foreign diplomats. He wants to keep from the Germans as long as possible the fact that the Normandy landings are not just a diversionary attack.

27 hours and 30 minutes before D-Day

The Allied commanders meet to hear the verdict of the meteorologists. It is a wet gusty night, with gales in the channel. But Stagg forecasts a period of relative calm that will last from the night of June 5 through the morning of June 6.

Eisenhower decides to go ahead. One of his reasons, and probably the main one, is the necessity of keeping the secret of OVERLORD. The assault troops now know their objectives. There would be little hope of maintaining secrecy if they were to stay in England two weeks until the weather changed. But an attack undertaken in such poor conditions will involve risk and sacrifices. Eisenhower chooses to take the risk rather than lose the advantage of surprise.

June 5. 21 hours before D-Day

The rain has stopped. After Stagg has confirmed his forecast, Eisenhower says "Okay. We go."

19 hours before D-Day

From many different ports, the 5,000 ships and landing craft of the invasion force are converging on "Picadilly Circus."

In Paris, Walther Ströbe, the German meteorologist, has given his officers the day off. Since he forecasts that bad weather will prevent any raids, the antiaircraft gunners are also given leave.

12 hours before D-Day

Von Rundstedt signs the weekly report to be sent to the Führer. Then he goes to the Coo Hardi to have lunch with his son, a young lieutenant. He plans to make a tour of inspection in Normandy tomorrow, June 6, and is looking forward to showing the Atlantic Wall to his son.

His report to Hitler states: "It is unlikely that the invasion is imminent."

Eight hours before D-Day

The invasion fleet is assembling at "Piccadilly Circus."

Six hours and 30 minutes before D-Day

The B.B.C. begins to broadcast a number of personal messages. French Resistance members are told to stand by for further messages.

Four hours and 30 minutes before D-Day

The headquarters in Normandy have lost a few generals and colonels. They have set off for Rennes, where there is to be a *Kriegsspiel*—a map exercise. Its theme is: "Enemy landings in Normandy, preceded by paratroop drops." The practice alert scheduled for the night of June 5 has therefore been cancelled.

Because of the storm, there will be no patrols at sea during the night.

Two hours and 45 minutes before D-Day

After its 9:15 news report, the B.B.C. French service broadcasts *all* the "B" messages and *all* the personal messages ordering *all* the Resistance groups into action.

In London, the Free French officers are stunned. Since they are not in on the secret of OVERLORD, they have prepared four different plans so that wherever the landing is made the Resistance groups and the Maquis in different areas will gradually be brought into the struggle. Days earlier everyone agreed that a widespread uprising would only bring about a bloodbath, which must be avoided at all costs.

And now the bloodbath is to take place tomorrow. Tomorrow thousands of civilians will throw themselves almost barehanded against the German armored columns. At Ain, Vercors, Savoie, Dauphine, Haute-Province. History will forget them. When it adds up its totals after the landing, it will count only the corpses in uniform lying on the beaches of Normandy. But the underground fighters who are about to die in French fields, forests and towns will also have paid their tribute of blood to OVERLORD.

When news of the interception of all the "B" messages is received at Von Rundstedt's headquarters a staff officer exclaims: "Does anyone really think the Allies are crazy enough to announce their arrival over the radio?"

The German Seventh Army, on which the defense of Normandy depends, has not been informed of the interception of the messages. No one has seen fit to alert it.

The Germans' last hope lies in their radar stations. They have suffered 1,668 air attacks since May 10, but, thanks to the efficiency of the repair units, there are still enough screens in service to pick up a fleet of 5,000 ships. Surrounded by uncertainties, the German generals have always been sure of one thing: that their radar will give them at least a few hours' warning of the invasion.

One hour before D-Day

Eight planes of Cheshire's 617th Squadron take off for France. Each aircraft has two pilots and two navigators. Inside the fuselage is a pile of paper-and-tinfoil strips, black on one side and shiny on the other, and three men to throw them out.

The chance for action has come just in time for the men of the 617th. A short time earlier, to liven the monotony of their exercises, Cheshire conceived the idea of having pistols, submachine guns and grenades issued to them, on the pretext that there might be an attack by enemy paratroopers. For lack of enemy paratroopers, the airmen waged an entertaining but dangerous little war among themselves. Grenades went off outside the mess hall, and anyone venturing out at night ran the risk of encountering submachine-gun fire. The flight order came as a great relief to their superiors.

The flight approaches Le Havre, then turns east and follows the coast. In single file, the planes fly back and forth 35 seconds in one direction, and 32 seconds in the other. Each time they turn to take the 35-second direction, the three men in the fuselage throw out a bundle of tinfoil strips.

If the maneuver is carried out with absolute precision, German radar screens will pick up what will seem to be the image of an enormous convoy, 14 miles long, proceeding up the channel toward Pas-de-Calais at a speed of seven knots.

45 minutes before D-Day

All over France the sabotage groups are at work. In Normandy, they are damaging the railroad lines between Paris and Cherbourg, Paris and Granville, and Saint-Lo and Coutance. They are cutting the telephones that connect German army headquarters with one another.

40 minutes before D-Day

Radar stations near the Normandy coast report intensive "snowing" of the screens. Those in Pas-de-Calais, which have purposely been spared by Allied bombers, report great activity in the channel.

30 minutes before D-Day

At Cherbourg, Rear Admiral Hennecke and his staff officers have been to a concert and are now having supper with the performers.

At Herrlingen, Rommel is savoring the joys of family life.

At Berchtesgaden, Hitler is receiving a few Nazi leaders and their wives. They are going to listen to Wagner.

D-Day. Midnight

There are 1,087 airplanes on their way to Normandy. Inside them are 18,000 paratroopers who will jump in an hour and a quarter. Below them, 5,000 vessels, carrying 185,000 men and 20,000 vehicles, are only two hours away from the anchoring berths that have been assigned to them off the Normandy coast.

In France, which is on German time, D-Day is an hour away.

The secret war ended more or less at the same time that the fighting began. On the morning of June 6, any machine gunner above Omaha Beach had more influence on the fate of Germany than Walther Schellenberg did. The success of OVERLORD now depended on the American paratroopers jumping from their C-47's, and no longer on the men who had labored for so many months to prepare and protect the operation.

But because of the vast groundwork information ferreted out by spies, the soldiers preparing to land in France had more chances of killing than of being killed. They knew as much about their adversary as it was humanly possible to find out. But "humanly" includes a few mistakes. Great bitterness was felt by Colonel Rudder and his Rangers, who lost 135 men in scaling and capturing La Pointe du Hoc, only to find that there was no battery at the top. Yet the *Centurie* group had sent a message to London reporting that the guns had been withdrawn a mile or so inland. The message may not have got through. Or it may have arrived too late.

Nevertheless, the Resistance in Normandy did accumulate a vast amount of precise information about the coastal defenses. The sweeper-up spy was later able to read this tribute by Eisenhower: "We sailed for France possessed of all the tactical information which an efficient intelligence service could provide."

Past masters in the art of deception, conjurors, implacable hunters, masterful humorists: the heads of Allied intelligence—especially the British—were all those things. They were the cold-blooded mathematicians, prepared to subtract a few lives, or a few hundred, or a few thousand, on the truly irrefutable principle that it is sometimes necessary to sacrifice a little in order to gain a lot.

The Allied intelligence services first had cleaned house, sweeping up all the spies in Britain. Then they succeeded in imposing on that liberal country more stringent security measures than any dictatorship had ever known. Then they erected an impenetrable wall around the great secret. Despite a few close calls, they won the defensive battle that they fought on the threshold of OVERLORD.

For shortly before 12 o'clock on that fatal night in France, there was not a single German officer or soldier who really believed that in a few moments D-Day would begin for him. The troops had been placed on the alert far too often; their intelligence services had stretched their nerves too much, sent too many false warnings. The troops in Normandy would believe in enemy airborne landings only when the paratroopers tumbled on top of them, and would believe in the invasion fleet only when they saw the hordes of ships and landing craft. But by an extraordinary quirk of fate, the nervous occupation army, so intent on having tangible evidence, was going to be vanquished by an army of *their own* phantoms.

It all was begun by Colonel Roenne, head of an intelligence section with the special task of assessing Allied intentions. He was little interested in promotion and protested strongly against the habit of Hitler's lackeys: to constantly underestimate Allied strength.

Roenne and his section were then regarded as pessimists and defeatists of the worst kind; they became known as those who always looked on the dark side of things. Little notice was taken of their estimates of the Western Allies' strength. Reassured, Hitler began moving divisions from the west to bolster up the eastern front. What could Colonel Roenne do to prevent this folly which was draining the best forces from the west? Roenne answered his own question—by committing the sin of falsifying intelligence reports. Toward the end of 1943, he succeeded in halting the exodus of German troops from the west.

But then came D-Day. Hitler, Rommel and Von Rundstedt all agreed that it was only a diversion, that the main assault would come in Pas-de-Calais. But Roenne became especially agitated when Cherbourg fell to the Allies, who then had 14 divisions in Normandy and were opposed by German forces with the strength of only six or seven divisions. There were 15 German divisions in Pas-de-Calais, but they remained there, as though the disasters in Normandy did not concern them. Hitler was holding them to meet the Allied assault still to come. They were going to throw back the fresh divisions that Eisenhower was keeping in reserve. Only Roenne knew that those divisions did not exist, because he had invented them at the end of 1943—*30 divisions with one stroke of the pen*—to convince Hitler not to empty the west of its last troops.

It is easier to invent 30 divisions than to make them disappear. Roenne could not think of a way to do it. He left his 30 phantom divisions where they were, and Hitler left his real ones in Pas-de-Calais while the Allies pushed theirs into Brittany.

"The German reserve at Pas-de-Calais," Eisenhower wrote later, "if committed to battle in June or July, might possibly have defeated us by sheer weight of numbers."

Hitler did not let go of his reserve divisions until the end of July. By then the German front had been cracked and the battle for France had been practically decided. German intelligence, driven mad by four years of self-delusion, had given the final touch to the masterpiece of deception that had been elaborated in London.

French clocks were about to strike midnight. In the sky, the British and American paratroopers were standing up in their planes, ready to jump. The fleet was only an hour away from its anchoring berths.

The German soldiers were sleeping in their concrete fortifications or in their tents. In a few more minutes they would begin opposing Operation OVERLORD with their usual courage and determination. It would take them a long time, and cost them much blood and suffering, to discover that another operation, called FORTITUDE, had already sealed their fate before the 12 strokes of midnight began.—**Gilles Perrault**

THIS FUNNY LIFE

Two day before departing for our annual two-week summer training period my Army Reserve unit was notified it would definitely be included in any Reserve call-up President Johnson might order as a result of the situation in Viet Nam. As a result, the 10 days or so of our training which preceded the press conference in which the President announced his decision were filled with rumors about our reentering military service for an indefinite period.

On the day of the Presidential announcement every officer in the battalion was clustered around the TV set in the dayroom of the BOQ. The President was unusually late in making his appearance and the suspense grew almost unbearable. The commentator described the scene, naming various officials who were present, etc. Just before the President appeared, however, the tension was broken by one young lieutenant who cracked: "If he comes in wearing fatigues, we're in trouble!"

William H. Luzier
Frederick, Md.

Just before my birthday my 10-year-old grandson announced he was going to buy me a present. "But," he added, "I don't know what you'd like."

"Well, always remember," I told him, "the best and kindest gift you can ever give away is something you'd like to keep yourself."

The next day he proudly handed me a football.

Milly Bergh
New York, New York

Motto on an officer's desk in the Pentagon: "The Secrecy of My Job Does Not Permit Me to Know What I'm Doing."

E. L. Brown
Inman, S. Carolina

We took my sister and brother-in-law Herb to a night club to celebrate their anniversary. Sis, however, was miserable because Herb was paying too much attention to the curvaceous cigarette girl.

I was just going to tell her she was imagining things until Herb put his foot in it. When the girl walked past our table, he casually asked her for "a pair of cigarettes."

Thomas April
Los Angeles, Calif.

A professor of French had carefully surrounded himself with legends of naughtiness which he thought were essential to the success of any teacher of a Romance language. He had a very charming girl in one of his classes, but she was entirely out of her depth when it came to Baudelaire and Verlaine. Realizing her shortcomings, she telephoned the professor just before the final exam.

"I know I'm pretty terrible," she murmured in a soft voice, "but isn't there anything . . . anything at all . . . I can do to pass your course in French?"

The answer came back like a flash: "Not over the telephone, my dear!"

Dan Bennett
Pacific Palisades, Calif.

A small 5-year-old kindergarten pupil kept informing his teacher that he was going to get a baby brother.

One day his expectant mother permitted him to place his hand on her stomach to feel the movements of the unborn child. After that the boy didn't talk about his expected brother any longer, until one day his teacher inquired, "Say, whatever happened to that baby brother you were supposed to get at your house?"

The little 5-year-old's face saddened. "I think Mommie ate him."

Mrs. Dorothy Lakin
Granite City, Ill.

A U.S. general visited a camp of Vietnamese soldiers who were resting up after battling Cong guerrillas. The general praised them for their courage and bravery while an interpreter made a sentence by sentence translation of his remarks.

The general closed his talk with a lengthy anecdote and the interpreter waited until he finished, then cut the anecdote down to a few words. The soldiers laughed hard and long.

"Looks like you did a good job condensing my story," complimented the general. "What did you say?"

The interpreter replied, "I said 'The general made a joke. Everybody laugh!' "

Clarence Roeser
Saginaw, Mich.

A buddy and I had been successful in our approach to two young ladies seated in a booth at our regular coffee-break cafe one morning. The relationship had been advancing quite favorably and future prospects were rather encouraging.

The conversation got around to each one's special interests and my friend, who is very outspoken, expressed his feelings about man's favorite sport.

The young beauty sitting across from him sighed and said, "Just once, I would like to meet someone who doesn't think about *sex* all the time!"

With that the man in the next booth got up and turned to the girl: "Come on home with me, honey." We were all speechless until he smiled and added, "I'll introduce you to my wife."

Jack W. Jones
Springfield, Mo.

$100 will be paid on acceptance for each original, not previously published, true anecdote (preferably from your own experience). Contributions, which must be typewritten, cannot be acknowledged or returned; and if your submission is not accepted within six weeks, consider it rejected. Address: TRUE Magazine Fun Editor, 67 West 44th Street, New York, N. Y. 10036.

Christmas Gift Order Card for

TRUE

THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

Fawcett Place, Greenwich, Conn.

Special Low Gift Rates

One—1 year gift $5.00
Each add'l. 1 year gift $3.50

In U.S., Possessions, APO, FPO and Canada
Add $2.00 per subscription for all other countries

Please enter gift subscriptions to TRUE for:

Name . . . . . ☐ Check if renewal

Street . . . . . .

City . . . . . State . . . . . Zip . . . . . .

Name . . . . . ☐ Check if renewal

Street . . . . . .

City . . . . . State . . . . . Zip . . . . . .

Name . . . . . ☐ Check if renewal

Street . . . . . .

City . . . . . State . . . . . Zip . . . . . .

My Gift Card(s) Should Read
From —

☐ Remittance enclosed ☐ Bill me

My Name . . . . . .

Street . . . . . .

City . . . . . State . . . . . Zip . . . . . .

If You Also Want TRUE Sent To You, Check Here ☐
☐ Check here if your own is a renewal

FIRST CLASS
PERMIT NO. 80
Greenwich, Conn.

VIA AIR MAIL

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
No Postage Stamp Necessary if Mailed in the United States

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY

TRUE

THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

FAWCETT PLACE

GREENWICH, CONN. 06830

STRAIGHT KENTUCKY BOURBON WHISKY · 86 PROOF · ©ANCIENT AGE DISTILLING COMPANY, FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY

If you can give a better bourbon...give it!

Behold, the Christmas spirit! Ancient Age in a unique 3-dimensional showcase gift carton that pictures the charm and warmth of the holiday. Worthy of the brightest spot under anyone's tree.

Ancient Age
BOURBON

America's Largest Selling 6 Year Old Kentucky Bourbon!

"Us Tareyton smokers would rather fight than switch!"
Join the Unswitchables. Get the filter cigarette with the taste worth fighting for!
Tareyton has a white outer tip ...and an inner section of charcoal. Together, they actually improve the flavor of Tareyton's fine tobaccos.
Tareyton
Tareyton
FILTER CIGARETTES